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With kindest regards
To your mother & family.

G R E A T H E A R T.

VOL. I.

..The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Greatheart, and bid him take sword, and helmet, and shield. . . . Mr. Greatheart was a strong man, and he was not afraid of a lion. . . . Then there appeared one that it seems had taken upon him to back the lions. . . . Now the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of his slaying of pilgrims."

"Pilgrim's Progress." Part II.

G R E A T H E A R T.

BY

WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF

“HAUNTED LONDON,”

&c., &c.

“He that will not rule by the rudder, must be ruled by the rock.”
Cornish Proverb.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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Gen. Wm. May
Placerville, Cal.
18 Jan. 1855

B. B.

THIS CORNISH STORY IS DEDICATED

WITH THE SINCEREST LOVE AND GRATITUDE

BY

HIS ADOPTED SON.

THE AUTHOR.

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C O N T E N T S

OF

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CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ELEVEN-FORTY-TWO.

THE train was ten minutes late.

The porters kept looking Plymouth way, and Truro way, but it did not seem to hurry the train the least. As for the station-master, he had grown a little anxious, and was bullying the telegraph boy, in order to conceal his anxiety; but that did not do much good either.

An expectant Cornish town was represented simply by two fat hotel "touts" and one lean 'bus conductor, who were watching outside, with chins uncomfortably spiked on the wooden paling of the station, for visitors.

Round at last, however, went the scarlet target signal, and in roared and raced the dilatory and fussy train. A great puff of exulting white vapour burst from the engine funnel—the myriad wheels slackened—the buffers beat together and rebounded—the stoker lifted up his brass-bound cap, wiped his grimy brow, and nodded to a friendly porter—a dozen door handles turned simultaneously, and out leaped the irrestrainable passengers.

There was a shout running down the platform

of "Bodm'arod!" The shout was meant to signify to strangers that they had arrived at Bodmin-Road Station. In rushed three wild 'bus conductors, who shouldered trunks, and turned themselves into moving Atlases of luggage—up dashed two porters' trucks with half-intreating, half-imperious "by your leaves." Tickets were given up at the gate, and off dashed the three omnibi, proudly triumphant, in a clumsy way about their immured victims—off dashed the smarter and more youthful dog-carts—off drumbled Lord Rose-trevor's great yellow barouche. In less than ten minutes the station had relapsed into silence; the impetuous train was half-way to Lostwithiel, and the station-master had gone to dinner.

The 'buses had long since unloaded at their several hotels; the bustling and important commercial gentlemen, imported by those 'buses to spread civilization and cotton goods through the furthest west, were snugly settled down; luncheon and all the excitement of the arrival of the 11.42 had, in fact, entirely subsided along the whole way from the station to the town, when a short thickset man, in a blue Flushing jacket, adorned with unnecessarily large blackhorn buttons, came tramping sturdily along the last turning leading into the town, an unnecessarily big oak stick in one hand, and a strikingly small dingy carpet bag in the other. There was an honest weather-beaten, sturdy, simple-hearted look about the face of the latest arrival, and a slight roll about his

walk, that indicated the man who had so long lived on a fluid and variable element, that he could scarcely yet persuade himself that the earth was *bonâ fide*, and solid, and to whom even yet dry land was scarcely entirely familiar.

Bodmin is a tolerably large town, but still it is not so infested by travellers as to be devoid of all curiosity about a stranger, so it was, however, that a flock of geese stopped feeding off the roadside grass as the new arrival paused to scratch a fusee on the coping stone of a low wall, to relight the contents of a short blackened briar-root pipe, and followed him, strutting, hissing, and cackling, as if they had suspected him of being a poulterer, on a tour of inspection, and were determined to expose him. At the same moment, too, some rough Cornish boys stopped their battle with stones, and stared and grinned at the Gentile who had presumed to be born out of Bodmin.

One bright-eyed rascal indeed went so far as to shout, with a bursting laugh,

“Gooze seems to know him!”

“Hurrah! Gooze seems to know him! Hurrah!” shouted his parasites and imitators, the younger boys.

The stranger’s grey eyes kindled with fun, as he stopped, smiled at the boys, took off his wide-awake to the leading gander, and said,

“Good-bye, messmate; hope to meet you again at Michaelmas. What’s the best place, you boy, to hire a trap in Bodmin?”

The boy happened to be an hostler's son. The sound of the word "trap" fired his blood.

"Show you, sir," said Master Beswetherick smartly. "The Royal, sir—this way, sir. A big house, with the gateway; on the right, sir, as you go into the town."

"How far's Camelford from here?"

"Don't know; may be forty mile."

Forty mile was the boy's way of putting an unknown quantity. He had the true Cornish blood in him, and was not going to affect ignorance to a man born out of Bodmin.

"Forty be hanged! Belay there, boy! When you can't answer a question, say so, then you'll grow up a man—now mind my words. Forty mile be hanged!"

The boy coloured, and slunk back to his play.

"All I know is, it is thirty from Craddock Moor, and father says Craddock Moor is——"

"Pshaw!" said the stranger, puffing at his pipe; "a swab like you doesn't know what a mile is! Here's a penny for you. Don't buy those buttons on paper. I never allow my boys to buy them; ain't wholesome—painted!"

While the lad was still showing this heaven-sent penny to his retainers, the stranger strode away.

"That's a rum un," said the boy, looking after him; "but he's a good un." And the lad was not far wrong.

Five minutes more brought the sturdy pedestrian (as guide-books call travellers on foot) to

the archway of the Royal Hotel. He entered the commercial-room, where luncheon was still raging furiously, and rang the bell for a biscuit and a glass of ale.

"Luncheon, sir?—cold meat, sir?" said a bold-eyed girl of the coarser Cornish type, who answered the bell; "very good ham."

"Avast heaving there, gurl," said the traveller, testily, but quite unconcerned about the staring commercial gentlemen who, not being themselves original, were astonished at originality; "I asked for a biscuit and a glass of ale. Do you people in Cornwall always ask to go for'ard when you mean to go astern? When I want ham, you may be sure I'll ask for ham—I'm not bashful."

"No, I'm sure!" said the girl, under breath, and flounced out of the room.

"Excuse me, sir," said a stout, blustering, Manchester man, in a white waistcoat, rising with a vulgar bow, and staring hard at the stranger's pipe, "but the law of our commercial rooms is never to allow smoking before nine o'clock at night—you'll excuse me, sir, but such is the rule of us commercial gentlemen."

"Then all I can say, it's an *infernal* bad rule," replied the irascible stranger addressed; "and the sooner it's altered the better. But if it's the law of the mess not to smoke before so many bells, out he goes; and to prevent your being pained by my putting the hatch on before the cargo's out, let me inform you the pipe's just finished."

Messrs. Binns, Bags, Snip, Snap, and Co., indignant at an irony of which they caught only a glimmer, but still an irritating glimmer, scowled at the unconscious intruder; and in order to ignore him, commenced a noisy conversation about a certain bay mare that one Fripp of Bristol had just bought "for nothing" at Truro; really one of the "cleverest things" in the west of England, as all allowed.

The stranger, in the meantime, heedless, as Gallio, did battle with the bread and cheese, and, to use the language of despatches, "covered himself with glory."

"If you please, sir," said the boots, a tall, thin fellow, in a black serge-sleeved waistcoat, who suddenly appeared at the door unsummoned, "there are two gentlemen upstairs going to Camelford in our waggonette, if you'd like to join them."

"Waggon!—what!—ay, ay, man, say happy to join them."

"All right, sir—it'll be round in five minutes. Luggage, sir?"

"Carry it in my pocket."

"All right, sir—ready in five minutes, sir."

With a boots everything is "all right." They are so accustomed to use this expression to the coachman, when they go out to punch the near leader in the side, twitch off the horse-cloth, and see the land-ship roll off upon its road. It is not for a boots to laugh at jokes that "the gen-

tlemen" may possibly not intend, so the boots only pulled his forelock, looked very hard at a bust of Shakespeare on the mantelpiece, scraped one foot, as if he was a horse, and disappeared.

The stranger rose, rang the bell loudly, and though a frugal, and naturally an unostentatious man, not to mention an old traveller, gave the pert waiting-maid twopence, no doubt in order to prove to her that he was a gentleman of property, and as liberal as any commercial traveller in England. He then, with a "good morning, gentlemen," left the room, and strolled to the door of the inn, to wait for the waggonette. Two trunks already stood under the archway, like two obelisks. One of them was a black one, stamped with a red diamond. The stranger patted this special valise twice, approvingly, as much as to say, "Sharp fellow this—any one can find his sheep by this brand all over the market."

At the post-office, opposite the Royal Hotel, stood two young-looking pedestrian tourists, probably lawyers' clerks—retiring, modest fellows, with no opinion of themselves at all. They wore wide-awakes, adorned with turkey feathers and sprigs of heather flowers; they carried tremendous spiral sticks, that looked like the petrified snakes on the caduceus of Mercury. In striking and rather theatrical attitudes, but without the least desire to strike awe and wonder into the minds of the Bodmin people, those puny overcomers of dangers

by land and sea, like two young Hercules, stood waiting for letters.

At that moment, unluckily, Master Beswetherick happened to stroll by, sucking one of those deleterious striped sticks of sweatmeat so quaintly and playfully denominated, probably during the old French War, "The Ribs of Bonaparte," and catching sight of the daring tourists, remained with his back to a saddler's window, transfixed with a half-contemptuous wonder.

The stranger, who happened singularly enough at the same moment to be looking in the saddler's window, with his back to the tourists, touched the boy on the shoulder. He held a penny in one hand—his retaining the penny implied that he required some preliminary service to be done for the penny.

The boy's eyes glistened at the discovery of this second vein of copper.

"Go and ask those gentlemen opposite"—(this was said in a low voice)—

"What, yon buffleheads with the curly sticks?"

"Yes; go and ask them when the wild beast show's coming into the town, and here's the penny for going."

No Cornish Knight of King Arthur's Round Table ever leaped forward more eagerly at the news of a fresh dragon to be hunted down, than did Master Beswetherick.

In a moment he was across the street; in a moment more he was dashing at a tip-top pace

down a side archway, to escape the frothing wrath and the upraised serpent sticks of the enraged cockney tourists; who, however, as if some good genius had suddenly held a mirror to their eyes a moment after, pulled the ridiculous feathers and heather from their caps, as if ashamed at an assumption well enough in the Tyrol or at the Finsteraarhorn, but here ridiculous.

The stranger did not laugh, but a sort of phosphorescent sparkle was for a moment visible in the centre of his greenish grey eyes.

“It will do my young customers no harm,” he thought to himself; “and if I have taught my two young messmates that they were making precious tom-fools of themselves, I haven’t thrown away my penny.”

Presently out trundled the waggonette, and soon after the two travellers appeared—they were two young Middle-Temple men, sucking barristers, shortly to be called; nice, hearty, clever fellows, but a little cold and assuming (a fault Time, in his own rough way, very soon cures). The elder one, a square, stalwart, ugly fellow, with red hair and a big beard, wore spectacles, and their repelling glitter gave a supercilious air to his broad coarse face. The other was handsome, and had soft brown hair, and a bland manner, and was more obliging, talkative, and sociable.

The Templars were full of the grand scenery about the Lizard, which they had just visited. The younger, who was poetical, and knew it,

discoursed well of the great rocks that, seen through the green shallow water, looked like rough blocks of emerald; of the sea spray scattering in white dust; of the black chasms hungering for wrecks; of the little bays floored with the whitest sand, and strewn with drift-wood. Then, all at once, the eldest, as if inspired, stood up in the carriage, and, with a fine robust voice, spouted those fine sonorous lines of Tennyson's manly epic fragment, relating how King Arthur, when a child, was found on the Cornish shore among the wet, black boulders, having been miraculously sent to govern Lyonesse.

The lines the Templar spouted run thus, and they rather startled the driver :

“Born after tempest, when the long wave broke
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,
They found a naked child upon the sands
Of wild Dundagil, by the Cornish sea,
And that was Arthur.”

“And yet,” said the younger, “you go and compare a man who could write such Homeric lines as those with Browning—*Browning!*—a man” (here the Templar, as young barristers are apt to do—I suppose for practice—assumed a withering and Demosthenic air) “whose style is as thorny as a furze bush, and rough as verjuice; who is as proud of his own affectations as a hermit is of his vermin. Why, you duffer, how can you be such a fool as to throw away a melting peach, and gnaw a sour crab-apple! The man who

would prefer Browning to Tennyson, would leave the nectar of the Gods, and feed on carrion."

"And now, perhaps, as you're out of breath," said the other, biting the end off a fresh cigar, "you'll allow me to observe, Powis, that your metaphors I've met afore, and that your arguments are new, but bosh. Who can live for ever on blancmange and cheesecakes? Would not one sooner take even to horse-flesh? I'm tired of lines filed down till they have no bur or sharpness about them. I'm tired of Locksley Hall, and the stagy outlaw, tired of second-hand metaphysics in verse, tired of vigour and robustness for ever sacrificed to harmony and lady-like mannerism. No, give me

"Marching along ; twenty score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing one song ;"

or that tremendous and dashing ride, 'To bring the good news to Aix.' That's the stuff, O'Brien. There's '*robur et æs triplex*' there. Let Browning write a little more plain and musically, as he well can, and he'll bang Banagher, I tell ye."

"Very well, then, we'll appeal to an impartial arbitrator," replied Powis, turning sharply round on the stranger. "Now, sir, let me ask you, in your candid opinion, which of the two (Tennyson or Browning) is considered, by the world in general, as the greatest poet?"

"But I disagree," shouted O'Brien, who was a choleric disputer. "I disagree. I won't have

it, Powis. What does popularity show? Tomkins is popular in verse, so used Bodger to be in prose, so is Browser as a novelist. Time alone, I say, gives the true verdict.

"Nonsense! be quiet, old man. I come here to an intelligent member representing the English people, and I ask him this great question—"

"May I ask what is the question?" said the innocent arbitrator.

"Is Tennyson or Browning considered by the bulk of the people as the greatest living English poet? I think that's putting it properly, O'Brien," said Powis, hot with enthusiasm.

O'Brien ungraciously yielded, so far as to confess that it was what he slangily called "tol-lol."

The stranger looked down, rubbed his long chin, punched the side of the trap with his big stick; then looked up and said, very gravely:

"I never heard of Tinnyson—unless he was any relation to a captain of one of Green's vessels I once knew at Singapoore; and as for Browning—to tell you the plain, downright truth, gentlemen, except the Bible, I never read but two books, and they were 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' Yes, I forgot, I believe I once began 'Peter Simple;' but I never got through it, for we were wrecked off the Malabar coast before I'd finished the third chapter."

The two Temple-men looked at each other for a moment, and then broke into a hearty laugh. It was the old story—men of a clique discovering

that the great outside work-a-day world cares for few of the topics that engross them.

"You've read the Book of Nature, I'm sure, and that's the best book!" said Powis, pleasantly.

"Well, I've travelled, young men, and I suppose I know a jib-boom from a foretop gallant-sail," said the stranger, receiving the compliment graciously. "But—God bless me!—this *is* a wild country!"

He was right this time—it had grown rather wild. No soft green Dorsetshire meadows, dappled red with sleeping cattle—no bonny Devonshire orchards, billowing with blossom, rosettes of red and white—no winding lover's lanes, arched with wild roses—no soft air, warm with the breath of the gulf stream. No, this was a sterner and more masculine region, rough with honeycombed granite blocks, and lashed with Atlantic storms—a region of haunted moorland and lonely crag, of mine and marshy waste.

Yes, the country *had* changed, as if by enchantment. The green, wooded, sloping braes that shoulder round Bodmin on the Launceston side (the young oak tree boughs as close as a beaver's fur) had turned to a wizard-smitten mass of moorland; here rusty with withering fern, there spotted golden with the blossom of the furze. It was no longer England; it was the home of some Celtic tribe—it was Wales, it was Brittany.

Powis was in raptures, O'Brien was cynical and politico-economical.

Powis rhapsodised.

"By George!" he cried, "isn't it like the country Balzac describes in his first novel 'Les Chouans.' Look at the old broken stone crosses at every turning, the deep sunken roads, walled in with huge rampart banks of stone and turf. The churches, too, named after saints, too, unknown elsewhere—Saint Advent, Saint Breward, Saint Teath, Saint Juliot, Saint Just, Saint Ives."

"A century behind the rest of England," said O'Brien. "Every cottage a hotbed for fever, births unduly predominating over marriages, the people's manners rude, surly, and overbearing. By-the-bye, I wonder, Powis, if Saint Teath was dentist to King Arthur."

"Avaunt, miserable and bumptious materialist!" laughed forth the gushing and irrepressible Powis. "Keep your chaff for your next call party or the 'wine' some fool spendthrift asks thee to. Look at the miles of barren moorland rolling away till their waves unite and break forth in those twin mountains."

"Brown-Willy and Rowtor," said the driver (who was no less a personage than Mr. Beswetherick, senior), pointing with the butt-end of his whip, thinking he had been asked, and hearing something said about mountains.

"I wonder what wages are here?" said O'Brien.

"Bad enough, sir," said the driver, shifting his pipe with a sour grin.

"Any grouse on these moors, driver?" inquired Powis.

Mr. Beswetherick shook his head slowly. The fact was, he did not know exactly what a grouse was.

"Plenty of peal and trout in the Camel River down yonder, gentlemen; water's been so low this year, some of my brothers have caught them in their hands. Worth sixpence a pound in Bodmin."

"What's that wild valley down there, with the tall rocks, called?" asked the stranger, who had been brooding in silence.

Beswetherick's eyes brightened as he pulled up his horses.

"That's the famous Devil's Jump, gentlemen. You must take a good look at that—that's one of our Cornish sights."

It was a stony and wooded valley intersecting the moor, torn apart as if by a flood, and evidently the lurking-place of a mountain stream. In one place it was walled in by two blanched ghostly rocks, which cropped out like ruined towers, fifty feet or so above the bed of the stream. Between them yawned a dark chasm, certainly beyond anyone's power to leap, except he was the devil or his very near relation.

"There, gentlemen—they say the devil took his last jump, when he left Cornwall—and not a bad jump either."

"I suppose his majesty left Cornwall to avoid

being put into a pie. They say the Devonshire and Cornish people put everything in a pie," said Powis laughing.

They all laughed at this.

In half an hour more the waggonette reached Camelford Inn. The stranger and the Templemen here parted; they to go to Tintagel, he to push on fourteen miles more along the coast to Tolpedden, his ultimate destination.

When the two dog-carts were out of sight of each other, Powis said to Mr. Beswetherick, who was now driving a fresh horse,

"What do you think, driver, of that gentleman we just put down at Camelford?"

Beswetherick puffed at his pipe for a moment or two, till the top layer of bird's-eye grew a fiery scarlet, then he turned his head slowly round, and replied solemnly—

"What do I think, sir? Why, I think he *do know tin*."

"What the devil does the fellow mean?" said Powis to his friend.

"Mean?" said O'Brien, "why, it means that our driver thinks old aquamarine was a very sharp fellow. It's a favourite miner's saying."

CHAPTER II.

IT GETS RATHER DARK.

THE country *was* wild; the stone and turf walls that took the place of hedges were battlemented with slanting slates, to keep out the goats and the sheep. The stiles were not swinging wooden gates, but slabs of slate or granite. The cottages, square and massy, and all of whitewashed stone, stood few and far between. Here and there on the desolate horizon of moorland arose the gaunt ruined chimney of some deserted mine, or far away, to the right or left, on some furzy slope, grew the apparently isolated grey fortress of a church tower. Broad tracts of grass bordered the roads, now and then only was there a plot of plough land visible. The small hayricks had their thatch bound sternly down with lines of straw cording, weighted with lumps of stone.

All of a sudden the new driver pulled up his horse at the door of a village inn glorying in the eccentric name of "The Indian Queen," and hailed the driver of a large covered van, who stood at the door drinking a glass of amber-coloured ale.

"Why, Rozzy (Cornish for Erasmus), my dear man, what traad have 'em there, mate?" pointing at the van.

"I've a ben to Bodmin church town," replied

Rozzy, "for a pack of stew-pans, and skillets, and kitchen stuff, for that London gentleman that's come to Dunchine—you'll meet two waggons full of coals ahead—they're for him, too. Augh! he levs like a fighting-cock, I tell ee', Jan. You'll come up with un before you get to Four Hole Cross. Whatever's good by land or sea, he wool have—*he wool*."

This is, I fairly confess, a very faint sketch of the Cornish dialect; but I do not wish to vex my readers with any pedantic display of what, if thoroughly done, would be only, after all, unintelligible. Once for all, let me say that I have aimed only to express the rustic manner, and to give here and there, throughout my book, a quaint and original word, avoiding the conventional stage rustic language, yet using no Cornish phrase unless it has a special power or beauty of its own.

"Who is this gentleman your messmate spoke about?" asked the stranger, as Jan drove steadily on towards Boscastle, now and then jerking at the mare's mouth, to make her mend her speed.

"Genleman from London, as lives in pratty great style at Endellion, near Dunchine, sends all the way to Port Isaac for flesh—aye, and buys up all the *mabjers* (chickens) from here to Bude. He comes down every summer, fishing and shooting; the air in London, they do say, not being as good as it might be."

The driver chuckled—he never laughed. The

stranger wondered to himself what sort of animal a *mabjer* might be, but was ashamed to ask.

All at once, on the brow of a hill, a deep grey bar of cloud rose above the horizon ; it was only a little darker than the sky, and yet it could not be sky, for there was an inner pulsation in it, a sort of vital movement, that cloud never has, even when quickened by the soft fire of sunrise.

It was the sea, and the old sailor's heart beat faster when he again saw his old rough friend.

On the left of the road spread headland and promontory ; on this highland stood the Tower of Forraberry ; on the next, Willipark Point, a coast-guard tower ; to the right, on the other side of Boscastle harbour, rose a white flag-staff, and beyond stretched a long grey line of wild and iron-bound coast.

"What do they import here?" said the stranger, looking down on the little clustering stone cottages and shops beneath them.

"Coals and lime-stone, sir."

"Any smuggling?"

This was said with almost a professional sharpness.

The driver paused for a cautious moment, then said, half-carelessly,

"Maybe a little, now and then, cappin."

The new driver was not a careless, ill-dressed, reckless sort of fellow, with a pipe always thrust sideways in his mouth, like Mr. Beswetherick ; on

the contrary, he was a neat, elderly man, who had passed thirty years of his life on a saddle as a London post-boy; and since railways, had come home to turn driver. He wore a white hat, and his grizzled hair was twisted into jaunty crisp crops of side curls; he had little, amusing, half-shut eyes; and he boasted a healthy, frosty, red complexion that was pleasant to look at.

As if seized with a sudden conviction that he had hitherto been rather unsociable and silent, Mr. Penrose (that was the driver's name) all of a sudden became very chatty and communicative, with possibly an eye to ultimate fees.

"Wild country for 'ee to travel in, sir," he began; "no getting a snap to chunk (swallow) yon side of Boscastle, till you get well nigh to Bude, unless—as we used to say in London when I was at Mr. Hart's livery-stable in the Old Kent Road—you put up with a Spitalfield's dinner, that is to say, sir, a tight neckcloth and a pipe of baccy."

Mr. Penrose bent his head down at this joke, and chuckled till his eyes began to swim with half-tipsy tears.

"You know Mr. Tolpedden by sight, I think you said?" inquired the stranger, in an absent way, as if he liked the sound of the driver's talking, but did not pay much attention to the sense of what he said.

"Seen him scores of times at Bodmin, with his son—fine young man, sir; driven 'em from the

station when he first came to these parts—hoosh! sir, ten years gone, I suppose now.”

Here Mr. Penrose, who took special pride in his knowledge of persons and localities, removed his dingy white hat, looked in carefully at the maker’s almost obliterated name, threw defiantly into the recess a swab of red handkerchief that he took from under a cushion, and then flipped the mare with great exactitude on the extreme apex of the left ear.

“I’m his brother,” said the stranger, with a droll abruptness.

Mr. Penrose slewed round on his seat, and looked with half-tipsy intentness in the face of his fare.

“Anan! are tha indeed, sir? Well, I’m sure!—well, who’d have thoft it!—well, I did rally thoft I saw a likeness!”

It did not make the slightest difference to Mr. Penrose; but he thought it due to his fare to express surprise.

“I’m not much like my brother Henry,” said the stranger; “I’m an ugly dog.”

“Well, well, there!” croaked jovial Mr. Penrose, deprecatingly, then shook his head, as if there was a wasp on his ear, and chuckled again till the tears ran down. “You mustn’t leave our country, sir,” he said, “without going to ‘Jamaica Inn,’ and from there to Dosmary Pool—that’s the pool that no one yet has ever fathomed, sir—it’s near Brown Gilly, up among the

hills, sir. There, in snow time, and winter time, they say, the giant Tregagle is heard howling, as he does his work, weaving of sand-ropes, at the devil's orders ; or trying to bale out Dosmary Pool with a limpet shell. The lake was once his palace, and the moor his park, so the old story says, and the moor men see lights on the shore, and hear his coach o' nights jolt and splash down into Dosmary Pool."

"Why doesn't he try steam power for the lake?" suggested Mr. Tolpedden, drily.

This produced a new convulsion, ending in a short, but, for the time, almost dangerous cough in Mr. Penrose, on whom rum-and-water, bought at the hotel at Camelford, in, perhaps, almost too sanguine anticipation of future fees, had done its work. All at once he rallied, and went on.

"I've known the men who go there to cut peat and gorze from those moors round Saint Nitts, tell me that sometimes they've heard the devil hunting Tregagle at night round Four Hole Cross, and on to Liskeard ; and all he can do then, they say, is to get, as well as he can, helter-skelter, to Roche Rocks, fifteen miles off the main road, and there ram his head in at the chapel winder, where the devil, and all his imps, witches, and wizards haven't power to touch him."

"Suppose, sailing-master Jan, you shortened your yarns, and attended to your vessel a little more," said Mr. Tolpedden, somewhat sharply, for Mr. Penrose, in his enthusiasm, had slackened his

pace till the lazy mare was all but standing still. "We've been ten minutes getting up that last *topè*" (like most old Indians, Mr. Tolpedden was in the habit of almost unconsciously using Hindostanee words), "keep your weather-eye open, I say. I see some running tackle loose now about the mare's head; why, it'll be midnight before we get to Tolpedden. Now, let's go smart, man, down this bit of a nullah."

"Immedjantly! immedjantly!" said Mr. Penrose, deprecatingly, and with averted face. "We haven't more than eight miles or so to go now, captain."

They had by this time left Boscastle, with its strip of narrow streets, and water-mill, and pottery far behind. Its deep, stormy valley and little harbour lay some miles behind them. They had left, too, the beautiful valley that opens from Boscastle, and stretches away towards Lostwithiel, with its wooden coombes and bluffs covered with furze, sloping down as if to mirror themselves in the trout stream that glides through their shadows, and were now once more in the high, lonely, half-moorland, unlikely country that lies between Boscastle, Saint Gennis, and the sea-coast; a country only sprinkled here and there with a few small farm-houses, and intersected with bridle-roads and horse-tracks, hard to distinguish, being seldom favoured with stone crosses, much less with direction posts.

Now a weasel slid across the lonely road;

once a hare actually ventured to shamble before them from hedge to hedge. There were no singing-birds to be heard, only from time to time the peculiar cry of the "moor-goat," or larger snipe, from its haunt in the moorland splashes; even the furze-chaffinch had gone to roost in his favourite bush.

It was a good deal past sunset; the sun had sank down seaward an hour since, into a crater of orange flame. There was now left but a pale greenish glimmer westward, below a first star that had just sparkled forth.

Mr. Penrose seemed to think the distance required apologizing for.

"It's only a way bit more, sir," he said, turning round to his fare; "and I'll undertake to do it in the vally of one hour—yes, I will."

"Are you sure you know the course?—do you think you are gone on the right tack, sailing-master?" inquired Mr. Tolpedden, in a tart voice.

"Do I know my right hand from my left hand?" replied the driver, angrily. "What have I been driving over the country for for forty years, if I don't know the road from Boscastle to Tolpedden? Why, I should be a 'letter-pooch' and a 'tom-doodle,' if I didn't know the road across every moor thirty mile round Camelford!"

And on he drove in silence, but administering, occasionally, severe lashes to the mare, perhaps wishing it was Mr. Tolpedden he had in harness, for just ten minutes or so.

The unmeaning and wilful road seemed to wind on for ever; miles of furze and rushes, now and then a cross-bridle track, that seemed to lead only into an outlying bog, and no further—that was all.

It grew rapidly darker. Mr. Tolpedden only wished that he had a light to look at the little compass that hung on his watch-chain. He remembered, with a true sailor's instinct, that Tolpedden lay nor'-west by west of Boscastle, and if he could only see the compass for a moment, he could ascertain if the drunken fool of a driver, as he now ruthlessly called him, had lost his way or not.

A bright thought suddenly struck him. He got his compass ready in his left hand, then snapped a fusee close to it. In the moment's sputter of flame, he instantly saw that they were going steadily north-east. He felt a strong inclination to punch the head of wilful Mr. Penrose, but he restrained himself. All he said was, gruffly:

“You're going clean wrong.”

Penrose made no reply, but drove stolidly on.

Luckily at that moment there were sounds of hoofs on the road, and in a moment or two up rode a horseman through the darkness at a sharp trot.

“Hail him!—hail him!” said Mr. Tolpedden irascibly to the driver.

Mr. Penrose did so, in a careless way, as if he did it only to pacify his fare, and secretly protested against the interference.

"Which is the turning to Tolpedden?"

A bland manly voice answered loudly,

"You're quite out of the way. You must go back a mile to the last stone cross, then turn to the right, down the third bridle-road across the moor—you'll know it by a great block of whitish marble at the corner. Good night."

Mr. Tolpedden could restrain himself no longer.

"Why, you lubber!" he cried to the immovable Mr. Penrose, "you ain't fit even to drive geese to market. Are you going to keep me out all night in this open sea here, and on a lee shore, without grog or biscuit? Why the deuce didn't you take a pilot on board at the last place we touched at, if you can't steer us into harbour. If these are your Cornish ways, I don't like 'em. By George! sir, if I had you at sea, I'd mast-head you to-morrow for this. Now, turn the horse, man—turn the horse; and look alive, too, or be hanged if I don't take the tiller myself!"

Penrose grumbled, and obeyed; but the change led to no good. They came to a cross, and duly counted the branch roads; but when a fusee was struck at the third turning, no block of white stone manifested itself. There was nothing at the corner but a cart full of furze bushes, and the turf and wall beyond seemed to lead only to a small quarry close to the road. On either side stretched the doleful endless moor.

Mr. Tolpedden was very angry, quite hot with rage. He couldn't see the driver, but he put

his head close to his shoulder, and said between his closed teeth,

"If you 'aven't missed your stays again, by Jupiter. *Here!* give me the reins. Why, you scoundrel, I could have walked it sooner than this."

"I thought afterwards," Mr. Penrose confessed over his night-cap glass, "that he was going to give me a 'whister-clister' (Devonshire for a blow on the ear). I put my arm up, and in so doing lost a whip worth six shillings, if it was worth a penny, but I daren't say anything."

"My head's all *mingle-cum-por* (confusion)," he said in a humbler voice than before; "and in my opinion, we've been plisky-led (fairy-led)."

"Don't know who's leading us," growled the wroth traveller; "but whoever it is, let me tell you, he doesn't know much about it. Hullo! Why, look man, there's a light—there! over that wall to the left. That's a farmhouse. Now, you get down, and run and ask the way. Don't mind a shilling if the farmer will come himself, foot or horseback, and take us to my brother's door."

Penrose descended gloomily, for he was now quite chapfallen, but not reluctantly, for he was getting rather afraid of being benighted. Over the roadside wall he blundered, stumbling over the "piliers," or great bosses and tufts of rushes, heather, dead grass, fern, and stunted furze, and was soon swallowed up in the darkness.

It was full ten minutes before he returned. He returned groaning, scared, and dripping. Mr. Tolpedden could just see him by the red glow of his own pipe, which he had lit to comfort himself for the vexatious delay.

“’Twas all a missment (mistake), I tell ’ee, mister!” he cried, shaking himself in a sour and frightened way. “All a blamed missment, and Tregeagle’s got something to do with ’em, or the pliskies, or old Nick himself. It was no farm at all, I tell ’ee, but a gurt swamp-hole full of padgitipooes, with a blue light dancing and bobbing about it; and while I was a-staring at ’un, I fell in simly (seems to me) up to my chin, and might have been drowned but for a clump of rushes I caught hold of, that helped me to fooch (push) my way out. There’s a mile of feather bog out there, enough to drown Pharaoh and all his hosts. I tell ’ee we don’t go a step further to-night. Back we go to Boscastle church town. Willy, nilly—wish! mare!”

Mr. Penrose was roused, and again he turned the head of the tired mare.

“Perhaps ’tis best,” said the traveller, in a half reluctant way. “Bout ship then, and let’s get to our moorings soon as possible, sailing-master—sorry you’re wet.”

The mare cheered up, went faster on the straightforward homeward road, and seemed already to smell the distant stables.

The belated men had not perhaps gone more than two miles before they suddenly heard, as they

slackened the mare's pace to ascend a stiffish hill, a vile nasal voice shouting a well-known Ranter's hymn—"Only repent, and you'll be saved" to the irreverent and certainly too lively air of "The King of the Cannibal Islands"—a rhythm which gave the words a rollicking and tipsy character shockingly unfitted to their gravity.

"I wish a may die," cried Penrose, in an earnest voice, pulling the mare up, so that she staggered back almost on her haunches—"I wish a may die, if that isn't Sampy Sandoe, the Dowser. Hi!" he shouted, "Sampy—Sampy!"

A disagreeable voice answered with the Cornish singing inflexion,

"If you're a child of grace, as I take you to be, good hevenning!"

"Why, Sampy, it's I, Jan Penrose, of Brother Jones's congregation at Camelford. How dost do?"

"Clever! How be you, brother, then?"

"Braave, thank the Lord! But, Sampy, we've been and lost the way, and want you to show us the road to Tolpedden. Death! I tell 'ee the whole day it has been a missment with us. Come, get up, and master here 'll give you a shilling, and a glass of grog. We're plisky led, and I've been almost drowned in a feather bog."

"Jan, the elect are as safe in a feather bog as in Brother Jones's chapel, and that you ought to know. It was the Lord sent me to guide you this night!" said the Dowser, as he clambered

up into the chaise, and indicated the right way by pulling the reins roughly to the left.

“Jan, keep on by Saint Julliot’s,” he said, “you ought to have taken the coast road; but, with the Lord’s help, I’ll take you to Tolpedden in the vally of an hour!”

“I’m glad we picked up this canting dog, nevertheless,” thought worn-out Mr. Tolpedden; “and he shall splice the main-brace, if there’s only one glass of rum left in my brother’s house.”

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

“**T**HE Lord be thanked, Jan, for this is sartinly a special Providence!” ejaculated the Dowser, nasally, as Jan got down from the chaise, and felt in the darkness for the bolt of Mr. Henry Tolpedden’s gate. “The Lord be thanked for bringing us into our desired haven. Jan, lead the mare, and unite with me in a Hallelooliar.”

May the pen drop from my paralyzed hand if ever I make a mock at even the smallest and humblest evidence of true religion; but there was something so gross and unreal in this man’s voice, something so revoltingly conceited and hypocritical about every word he uttered, that even Saint Ives himself, that great Cornish saint, would

not have much blamed Mr. Tolpedden for saying, somewhat sourly :

“ Stuff, man, stuff ! We all know that there’s an angel at every helm. Wreck or salvage, it is God’s orders, and is all for the best ; but what’s this hour or two in the dark ? Why, to hear you groaning there, one would think we had been rolling two days off Cape Horn, in a nor’wester, masts gone by the board, and all hands at the pumps. It’s an ill wind that blows no good ! If we’ve got cold, you’ve earned a shilling, man, and some grog by it.”

The Dowser gave a tremendous groan, and alluded to the hardness of some men’s hearts. The wheels of the chaise crunched over the gravel walk, and Mr. Tolpedden felt outstanding boughs brushing past him.

In an instant or two more the chaise had drawn up before the doorway of a tall, straggling house, the sharp gable-ends of which could just be distinguished from the sky by their intenser darkness. There was a light at two windows, and two windows only.

Jan pulled a bell imperatively. The sound seemed to vibrate all through the house, and a loud-toned, hearty bell rang a long way off. Mr. Tolpedden grasped his bag, and leaped down, glad to once more straighten his cramped limbs.

There was a sound of voices, and of hurrying footsteps. The door flew open, and a tall, grave, stalwart man stepped forth, and shook Mr. Tol-

pedden warmly by the hand. Behind him stood two smiling and bright-eyed Cornish maid-servants, one of whom held in her hand an enormous lantern.

"Why, Nelson! Nelson! old boy! glad I am to welcome you to Cornwall. But how late you are, old fellow! Why, it's past ten! We began to get anxious. I was just going to send out Lizzie and Fanny to look for you in the moor. We thought Tregeagle had got you."

"Hallelooliar!" groaned the Dowser, determined not to be overlooked.

"We were nearly drowned, Mr. Tolpedden, sir," said Jan, "but for the Dowser here, the Lord be thanked!"

"Come in, mau," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden, "and have a glass of the elixir vitæ, and bring in your friend too. Lizzie will give your horse a feed, if you take it round to my stable."

"The Lord be thanked for all his mercies!" replied Mr. Penrose, assuming a religious tone, and facing his friend. "The fact is, the Dowser, sir, came yesterday to the Delabole slate quarries, to a revival meeting among the poor sinners there, and accompanied home a brother who was about to celebrate his wedding feast at St. Petrock's, and it was while returning from there that a gracious Providence led him to meet our chaise, which he truly was the humble means of bringing here in safety."

"I sartinly was a humble means, Jan," said

the Dowser, with a too palpable humility, and too obtrusive a groan.

"Another shilling out of you, Nelson, for that pious ejaculation," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden, laughingly, as the two brothers walked into the room arm-in-arm, like two school-boy friends. "Well, and how's your dear little wife, and Johnny, and Ned, and Kate, and, above all, wonderful Miss Bobby?"

"All well, Harry—all right and taut; mother and chicks, they all sent their love to you; and—but where's Nephew Arthur? He hasn't forgotten his old uncle, who taught him to swim, and how to rig a vessel, to be sure; and how's dear old Liddy?"

"Arthur will be here soon, Nelson. The fact is, he is a most influential full private in the Royal North Cornish Rifles, and is gone to drill with his company at St. Petrock's. I keep him at it because it sets the boy up, makes him smart and ready, and keeps his rifle-shooting going. But, come, off with your great-coat, and come up to my room and wash your hands, while Fanny lays the tray. There's a steak on the fire already for you. But you must first come and see Liddy. I can't think why she is not here by this time, for she's been talking of you all day."

"Dear old Liddy!"

But at that very moment the door opened, and in came the old servant, without knocking, just giving one last touch of arrangement as she opened

the door to a beautifully neat, old-fashioned frilled cap, tied under the chin in a bow, from which bow streamed broad, lavender-coloured ribands, which sufficiently explained her delay.

"Why, you dear old bird, how are you?" said the new arrival, running forward, and taking her hand between his. "How glad I am to see your dear old face once more!"

"Just as he used to be," said the delighted old nurse; "just as he used to be! And how's your wife, Master Nelson, and all the dear children?"

The Tolpeddens remained always children in the mind of the good old woman.

"All taut, Liddy, thank you—all taut; thank God, I've had no name yet to strike out of the ship's books. And how do you get on?"

"Well, you know, it's been a very busy season, Master Nelson, with the preserving; not that the girls are not good enough girls, but then they're very young, you know, and since poor dear mis-sus's death, it all falls on me. Do you remember the apricot-tree in the far garden at Summer-lease?"

"Of course I do, Liddy—the one just by the bee-hives, you mean. Poor George and I used to——"

"Now, look here, Nelson," said the elder brother, "you mustn't let that steak spoil while you and Liddy get talking over old times—there is plenty of time for that. Go and get some wine up, Liddy—mind, we want both sorts; and be

sure and see that the driver and his friend have a stiff glass of grog each."

"I never did see such a country as yours in any cruise," said Mr. Nelson Tolpedden to his brother, as he was washing his hands upstairs; "all moor and waste of stone and furze, by Jove! almost ever since we left that nullah, beyond that little town down there—what's its name?"

"Boscastle."

"Yes, Boscastle; why, Harry, it's only fit for snipes to live in. Why——"

"Wait till the morning, and you'll change your mind. There is not such scenery this side the Tamar. You should just see our coast—mining country, too."

"Any good harbours?—don't talk to me about scenery, Harry."

"No; but you take a mere professional point of view. Oh! yes, there's Port Isaac, forty miles down west, if you want a harbour. Why, there's that boy of mine, Arthur, writes verses about the scenery here by the yard."

"The shaver writes verse, does he?" muttered the old preventive officer, for such was his present profession; and down went his nephew thirty degrees in the thermometer of his appreciation. He had never known anyone who wrote verse but a purser's clerk in the *Jemsetjee Jejeebhoy* of Bombay, and he once borrowed a sovereign of him and never returned it. Honest Mr. Nelson Tolpedden's mind, never very subtle in its power of combining

ideas, had always therefore associated poets with one of two disagreeable and unsatisfactory classes—*rogues* or *beggars*—two classes, indeed, by some remorseless and well-to-do people, considered as almost synonymous.

Supper was over, and slippers having been brought by Liddy, that good soul was now busy cutting little delicate curls of lemon-peel, evidently for rum-punch; these yellow shavings she next proceeded to immerse in spirits, and entomb in dissolved sugar.

“And when do you expect promotion, Nelson, in that laborious and ungrateful service of yours?” inquired the elder brother. “And here have we been for ten years, and never had a visit from you before—it is too bad.”

“Stronger, Liddy!” exclaimed the old sailor, intent on the punch; “I never take but one glass of grog, and that only on high days and holidays, and I like what I do have strong—a wine-glass and a half of rum, Liddy—it’s the weak grog that always disagrees with me—all sugar and water. Do you remember, Harry, my father once complaining of how the old port went, and Liddy taking him to count the empty bottles in the stack in the yard, and showing him a specially large pile of them, saying, ‘There, sir, if you want to know, *all those* were out of your study?’”

“*Indeed* I do,” chuckled Liddy; “dear, dear, how the boy remembers things!”

“I remember it!—oh! I remember it!” replied

the elder brother, laughing; "but about your preferment, Nelson, when is that rascally Admiralty going to give you a better station than Osmington? I suppose you'll have your retiring pension in another ten years? Doesn't that constant night-work hurt you?"

There was a peculiar dimness in Nelson Tolpedden's eyes, and the slightest possible move of his head indicated that he wanted Liddy out of the room. His brother saw the signal.

"Liddy," said he, "be kind enough to go and see that the two men are taken care of, and I'll ring when we want anything. It's almost time for Arthur to be home, too. See about his supper—he'll want something, poor boy."

The moment the door shut, Nelson Tolpedden looked very hard into his tumbler, and as he kept bruising the lemon-peel with his spoon, said in rather a low voice,

"They've turned me off without a pension."

"The ungrateful, shabby rascals!" exclaimed his brother, fiercely; "what! treat gentlemen like hack-horses, that one sends without a regret to the knackers?—throw them forsooth under the table, like worn-out cards, and then expect fidelity! Why, fie on them! They say truly, Nelson, that public bodies are abstract essences, they have no hearts and morals; but these men are the nation's servants, and have no right to neglect and ill-treat those poorer and humbler than themselves. What reason do they give, then?"

“Why, they bring forward a sort of agreement that some of us Indian officers entered into when we joined the coastguard, fifteen years ago—that, when superannuated, we should retire without pensions. They discharged all us Indians last Tuesday.”

The brother's face darkened, as a consulting lawyer's does when his client begins to relate some weak point of his case.

“That agreement alters the matter,” he said slowly.

“Avast there! not a bit; the words are (not that I ever even signed the thing), *when* superannuated; but I'm not superannuated—I'm as hearty as a boy—I'll run up a hill with your boy Harry. I was examined in April—did I tell you?—in the guard-ship at Portland, and pronounced sound, wind and limb, and a good life. I wish still to serve; I'm as fit for work as ever. The fact is—the simple fact is, Harry, they want to get rid of us all, and fill our places with a pack of coxswains and boatswains, and such twopenny-halfpenny fellows, the favourites of admirals and captains. They don't want to have gentlemen—they don't like them. But, isn't it too bad to set an old fellow adrift at fifty-two years of age, and without a penny of pension. I only ask you, is it fair?”

“Fair!—it's infamous! But why don't you petition the Admiralty, Nelson?—show it up in

the papers?—worry them?—say that you are not past work, and don't want to retire?"

"I have; but they won't listen to us. So the next thing I shall do, is to get one of the Elphinstones, who was a messmate of mine, to bring forward the case in the House—he'll tease them. I know whose doing it is, and, by Jove! sir, I won't rest till I expose his injustice and his malice! We're not to be fooled and insulted, as if we were such trash of fellows as they're putting into the stations now, spoiling the service!"

"Shall you leave Osmington, then?" said the elder brother, placing one foot on the fender, and staring abstractedly into the centre of the scarlet coals, and not into the face of the person he addressed. There was a meaning in the way the words were spoken, quite unobserved by the hearty and guileless old ex-preventive officer.

"We *must* leave, as the house belongs to the Government; but God only knows where we shall go, or what we shall do. Jersey is a cheap place, and Jersey vessels touch at Osmington. Then there's the Isle of Man——"

"Nelson," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden, rising, and pacing up and down the room, with his hands behind his back, "you must come, all of you, and live with us. I am not rich, as you know; and Arthur will soon be going to college; but still I can do something. It will, at all events, give you time to look round."

"You're a dear good fellow, Harry, and your heart's as sound as ever!" exclaimed Nelson Tolpedden, jumping up as brisk as a boy, seizing his brother's hand and shaking it warmly. "I said that about leaving just to try you; but the fact is, I have managed to save nearly fifteen hundred pounds out of my pay, so I'm no beggar, brother; and if I do come to Cornwall, I can contrive to live in my own frugal way, and send both the boys to school, too, though the Admiralty has been doosed shabby."

"I needed no such touchstone, Nelson," said the elder brother, in a low voice. "Well, I am glad to hear of your savings; but it's wonderful—why, you must have pinched yourself sadly?"

"Pinched!—no, nonsense; there is nothing to waste money on at Osmington. One glass of sherry a day—bread and milk at night, because I found it better than grog to sleep on; twice a week perhaps a game of pool at the market town—I win at pool;—then I'm not a dandy in clothes; I give no parties, and I only smoke three pipes a day."

"Oh! here comes the boy at last!" said the anxious father; "I'm sure I heard him slam the outer gate."

The anxious father's ears were keen. The next moment there were steps—then came a vigorous knock at the front door, which was instantly opened by Fanny, and a pleasant voice inquired if uncle was come."

"Yes, here he is, all alive, and in the state cabin!" shouted Mr. Nelson Tolpedden.

The parlour door flew open, and in darted a fine young fellow of twenty, wearing a well-fitting grey uniform, the cuffs and collar scarlet. His white gloves, a little stained with powder, were tucked in his broad leather belt; and he had his rifle still slung over his left shoulder.

Arthur Tolpedden was a fine, well-made fellow, pleasant to look on, and dangerous to encounter. There was an unquenchable vigour and life in every glance of his quick, frank brown eyes; good humour and high courage even in the manner he strode forward to grasp his bluff old uncle's hand, at the same moment tossing off his cap, and placing down his rifle in a safe corner. There was nothing shy or awkward about the young Cornish rifleman—his strength was without clumsiness, his self-confidence without vanity. In his every look there was the indescribable bloom and magic of youth, and his fervid manner, and the quick and elastic versatility of his questions and replies, were pervaded by a sense of that boundless hope and imagination that but too soon desert us. Yet in no look nor gesture did he betray the slightest consciousness of his own courage or talents. He was neither a book-worm nor a groom; no one would have doubted that he rode well ahead in the hunting-field, but they might not have conjectured that he was also passionately fond of reading.

But the great charm of his character, his bold defiant moral courage, could not have been so long concealed from a keen observer, for it was at once apparent in the manly way in which, without any foolish shame, he ran up and touched his father's forehead with his lips. There was none of that absurd affectation of cynical coldness or indifference, or that sham immovability about Arthur Tolpedden, which is the insolent characteristic of some of our modern youth. He had not yet learned to stare at his father with a sort of blank superciliousness, through an unneeded eye-glass, or to repress his own generous and warm-hearted individuality, and affect a stoicism that only age should bring, and that age has always so much reason to regret. That immovability can only be purchased by the loss of the hopes and pleasures, of the illusions and ideals, that irradiate and glorify youth. We need not be eager to put on that changeless and death-like mask. Time thrusts it on us soon enough, and stops, one by one, with his cruel, chilling hand, all those warm impulses of the heart that fools who still feel them so anxiously disown.

"How is Aunt Polly," he said, "uncle, and Jack—my favourite Jack—and Teddy, and Kate, and dear little Bobby, your pet? How glad I shall be to show you all our lions; you shall come and see our company shoot for the cup Colonel Tremaine is going to give us, on the seventeenth; and we'll go fishing together, uncle; you and I

and Doctor Bradbrain will go snipe-shooting in the splashes, Camelford way."

"Why, what a fine strapping lad the fellow's grown!" said his admiring uncle, passing his hand through his nephew's wavy brown hair, that clustered in a rich, half-curling mass, above his high, arched, prominent, white brow. "I only hope my Johnny 'll be like him—he's very like his grandfather."

"And how did you get on, Arthur, at the target to-day?" inquired the father.

"Pretty well up to the six hundred yards, only three misses in fourteen shots; but the wind blew across the range, and drove the bullets so much to the left, that we all shot worse than usual. Why, even that dodgy fellow, Boscawen, couldn't get more than one bull's eye at the seven hundred and fifty."

"Their range is on the cliffs up by Cape Cornwall," remarked the marksman's father; "and is too much exposed to the wind, except in the full summer."

"Ha! we had a gun at Osmington," said Nelson Tolpedden, "and we used to fire at a floating target, not easy to hit in rough weather, I can tell you, Harry."

"Arthur," said the elder Tolpedden to his son, who was busy rubbing the moist powder-stains off his rifle, "you must ride to Endellion to-morrow, and begin your Greek play again with Mr. Tregellas. He has written to-day to say that he is

just back from Sidmouth, and that he and Euripides are ready for you."

A slight cloud passed over the youth's brow; but he was too accustomed to feudal obedience to dispute his father's wishes. All he said was,

"*To-morrow!* and uncle here?"

"Yes, to-morrow, Arthur. You must be there by ten; you can take the pony, and be back by two, in time to walk with us to Dunchine. We shall have letters to take in; besides, I want to show your uncle the wonderful castle, and the wonderful editor."

Arthur Tolpedden laughed, as he drew up his fine, manly, alert figure, and made the military salute, gracefully, and yet without affectation.

Just then a noisy hymn, howled rather than sung, and set to a most ribald and notable tune, arose from the kitchen. It was the irrepressible Dowser.

Mr. Henry Tolpedden's brow darkened.

"Go and stop that, Arthur," he said. "That is poor Liddy's only fault, encouraging those noisy and vain itinerant preachers. It's the driver's friend; tell them both to go, if they've had their suppers. My kitchen is not a Ranter's chapel, and shall not be turned into one; but gently, mind."

"Out he goes!" said Arthur; and off he flew, eager as Mercury on a special errand of the Gods.

The next moment a reeling step was heard past the window, and a voice, hoarse with much

rum and water, groaned out under the window :

“Hallelooliar! seed has falled here in stony places. Amen! Good night all. Brother Jan, get the chaise round.”

Then there was a sound of wheels and closing gates.

“Who is that noisy fellow, Arthur?” said Mr. Tolpedden, as Arthur appeared, out of breath with laughing; “is his name Browser, or Dowser, or Bowser?”

“That! Why, that’s the celebrated man for using the divining rod. He is always sent for to discover metal. Half the miners round here believe he has a supernatural power. What! papa, do you mean to say you did not know the fellows still use the divining rod here?”

“Not I; but I am extremely curious to hear about it; I never reject a thing because I don’t understand it. Run, Arthur, run and try and catch him. Tell him he shall have a bed in the stable.”

Young Tolpedden darted from the room like a greyhound when the leash is slipped.

“*I* used to run in that way, Harry, till I got the rheumatism in my left knee,” remarked the old officer, with bland composure.

“So used I, thirty years ago,” replied his brother.

The pursuit of the magician proved ineffectual. The Dowser, surly, and rather drunk, had refused to return to a house “built on the sand, to one of no faith, to one who had refused a cup of cold

water to a Christian brother who was dry!"

"Oh! the wicked story!" said Liddy, who just then entered the room with a tray of bed candles. "Why, the man had three full glasses of grog, and as much bread and cheese as he could eat. What did he want?"

"Cold water," said his young expeller. "I should like to have had him pumped on, the hypocrite! Let me show you your bedroom, uncle—you'll want no rocking to-night."

"Well, at home I must confess I am an early man. I do feel the dust in my eyes. Good night, Harry—good night, Arthur, my boy. Call me early. Thank God, I've no patrol to-night! It's not a feather-bed, I hope? No. Well, that's all right. Good night."

There was no paltry arithmetical doubts perplexing the brave old simple-hearted sailor; he knelt reverently down by his bedside, as soon as he had locked his door, and breathed forth his short, unadorned prayer to the one great ever-watchful Being for his dear little wife and Jacky, and Kate and Teddy, and, above all, for his dear little Bobby. He named them all, dwelt upon their names with simple love, as if he were talking to some good and wise and powerful friend. Then hastily undressing himself and leaping into bed, he lay tranquilly thinking of the pleasure of meeting again his favourite brother and his old playfellow, Arthur.

It was not often that a metaphor intruded into

that small transparent healthy mind, but as he lay there, in a new room, half asleep, thinking of the brave young stripling so full of hope, courage, and ardour he had just parted with, there seemed to rise before his closed eyes a shipwright's yard, where an artisan was busy painting with careful pride the figurehead of an unlaunched vessel. The red, the blue, the gold, were clear and untarnished. To the old officer's eyes, the result was a work of art as wonderful as Raphael's.

Presently this scene melted away into cloud and sea—turbid, drifting black cloud, yeasty restless, wild sea; and through the breakers and the fountains of spray there rolled and struggled in upon the boulders of the beach a splintered and beaten piece of almost shapeless wood; yet defaced and crushed and sodden as it was, he, Nelson Tolpedden, seemed to be able to identify it at once as the gay figurehead of the shipwright's yard.

"Yes; that's life, that's life!" he muttered. "That boy, Arthur, will wash ashore some day, like the rest of us. God guard him in that time of need!—God guard him! God bless him, and Harry too!"

A moment more and the worthy old sailor was asleep—the slender tiny ray of one of the smallest but brightest of the guarding stars twinkling cheerily on the brass cornice of the bed just above his free sturdy old head, as if it had brought him from heaven some sweet gladdening dream of home and his little ones.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

VERY soon, indeed, after daybreak that active and hearty elderly gentleman, Mr. Tolpedden, was up and about, and could be heard below piping away merrily on his nephew's flute the cheerful and not inappropriate melody of

“How brightly breaks the morning !

Tra la, tra la, tumty ra, tra la, tra la.”

He was one of those equable ascetic men who never indulge themselves in unusual luxuries, and whose life is shaped strictly according to mechanical rules. Not that Burns could have denounced the old lieutenant as “tideless-blooded,” for his heart beat as quick as anyone's; nor, indeed, was the temper of the excellent old fellow *always* quite under its master's control, but habits of routine had made him punctiliously methodical.

Is it not a wonder, indeed, that so many people can, from mere want of will, deprive themselves of that intense and almost Pharisaical pleasure that a person feels who rises earlier than his fellows—not that he does not, of course, find himself a mere useless and petulant invalid, till breakfast sets the human will at work—not that he is not greatly in the way of the incensed servants, who look upon him as a fool, a spy, a meddler, and a *mala-propos* intruder—not that he really does anything,

not yawn, and rub his hands, and flatten his hideous and obtrusive nose against the window-glass, but then he has done something which proves a power of will, and a tenacity of purpose, beyond the other inmates of the house, whom he covertly lectures and sneers at when they crawl down to breakfast, scarcely caring even to conceal his intolerable and insolent contempt under the mask of a still more insufferable pity.

But Mr. Nelson Tolpedden's Pharisaism was of a more gentle and harmless description. It is true, that he was, of course, in the way of the servants; but then he chatted with them, and retreated into the garden before their brooms. It is true he beat at his brother's door, and tatooed also loudly at the wall of his nephew's apartment; but then it was done with such dry fun, and so much in the way of questioning, that it was like being awoke by the gentle violence of a sunbeam falling warm upon your pillow; and everyone, however tired, liked the cheerful disturbance. Men, as they advance in life, we all know, require less sleep, so rising early is less of a merit in them; as for young Arthur Tolpedden, however, the soft warmth of bed was a Siren's narcotic to him; and when he did at last dash out of that delicious warm nest into the cold lake of a sponge bath, the effort, though not perhaps quite Spartan in its intensity, was by no means a mean one. Men of iron, who work only their bodies, and let their brains lie fallow as oxen's, do not require much sleep. Any-

one can rise promptly enough from a bad bed, but there's birdlime in our dangerous modern seas of eider-down; the organization of the nineteenth century people is surely more subtle and spiritual than that of Sparta or Rome; and we need fresh and frequent encouragement to our rapid, strenuous, and unceasing toil, for the world works at high pressure now.

The old lieutenant, in his hearty way, went into the drawing-room, a little tired of waiting; not in the smallest degree fretful, only requiring some quiet occupation to pass the time. So he undid the top and bottom bolts of the glass door opening on the little garden terrace, where the fuschias were weighed down with purple-eyed flowers, and stepped gaily out into the open air.

It was a beautiful scene, for the house stood on the slope of a hill, and all the deep valley, trending away to Boscastle, lay far beneath him; not so far off but that there rose from its recesses the sweet bubbling sound of water, beating itself to music against coloured pebbles and drooping boughs. Beyond, and facing him, rose the long waving line of hilly horizon, pieced out into great squares of grassy pasture, and chocolate-coloured fallow, and misty-tinted moorland, chequered with lines of stone wall, and with here and there a lone cottage, or a tiny cluster of trees, that marked some outlying farm. Far to the left was the village of Lostwithiel—"Lost in the Hills," say the unquestioning etymologists—a mere cluster of stone cot-

tages and barns, huddling, as if for protection, round the grey tower of a little church, that looked so small that a giant could have held it on the palm of his hand, and turned it into a pastille burner. It was a pleasant sight, radiant in the soft sunlight of a bright September morning, dappled with the flying shadows of great volatile and fickle white fleece-clouds, bent on distant travel.

The lawn at his feet was silvery-grey with dew—that here and there, however, turned to jewelry, where it caught the slant eastern sunshine. The pampas rose in huge feathers; plumes fit for Goliath, or the giants that warred on King Arthur. The dark red lobelias were glistening with moisture. The great blue and pink bunches of hydrangea flowers, too, were radiant with the warm, damp vapour of the night, that lay in glistening pearls even upon the white spongy heads of two or three large mushrooms, that, probably, a few hours since had been a resting-place for Titania's court.

The old sailor looked at the sky in a sort of reproachful way, and, compressing his lips, said, gravely aloud, these prophetic words: "Sou' by west it is!" He then unbuttoned his blue frock-coat on the left, and proceeded to button it on the right side, just as a cautious mariner might prepare for change of weather by some reduction of sail. Now I do not wish to imply that Mr. Nelson Tolpedden was by any means as severely frugal a man as a certain Welsh curate I once

heard of, who cut and cut, and pared and pared the cuffs, and collars, and tails of his coat, for various not unnecessary mendings and patchings, till, in course of time, he actually turned the once lavish garment into that ridiculous vestment called a *spencer*; a change almost as absurd as that of the over-anxious poet, who altered and altered till he cut down his epic poem into an epigram.

But this I must confess, that the old lieutenant was frugal almost to excess, and that the change of buttoning had indubitably some mysterious reference to a change of weather, since such a practice had been invariable with him for five-and-twenty years, whenever the wind turned south-west.

Mr. Tolpedden's weather eye was no glass one. Even in a moment or two a great, white, luminous fog (they call this sort of fog prettily in Cornwall "The Sea-Fret,") came beating up fast from the seaward end of the valley, sponging out one by one field after field, till the whole became one moving mass of opaque and showery vapour. Then fell a fretful, irregular rain; nothing could be seen twenty yards off, nothing heard, but the rattling chuckle of a disturbed magpie in one of the adjacent fir-trees. It came as sudden as the terrible glooming of destiny arises and darkens a Greek tragedy.

Wisely is the future hidden from us. No ancient seer, however gifted, could have detected the lightning shafts of misfortune that were am-

bushed in that sky, their points turned already bodingly towards the ill-starred house of Tolpedden; and the old lieutenant returned indoors as happy as he went out.

"That's master's study," said Liddy, as she observed Master Nelson, as she still called him, reconnoitering a room that led from the parlour, and which seemed a congress of glass bottles, strange bent tubes, retorts, magnets, dusty drugs, electric machines, old worm-eaten books, journals of chemistry, and records of the Geographical Society. An acid smell pervaded the room. There was a small stove and furnace in one corner, and on the mantelpiece stood rows of geological specimens, and pieces of ore.

"We never are allowed to clean that room," continued Liddy. "As long as that skeleton is in the corner, there's no getting Fanny or Lizzy into the room, even to deliver a message."

"I don't seem to know my reckoning here," said the old sailor, surveying the retorts, sand-baths, and air-pumps, with a look of wonder that was almost awe. "It would turn my brain in a week."

"So I tell master," said the old servant, who disapproved of her master's chemical studies; "and that he'll go and work himself to death. Why, Master Nelson, do you know he pores half the night over those rubbagy books? Pack of rubbage, I says, better be in bed! As well put red and blue bottles in the window, and keep a

hogshead full of black draught at once. And what's it all for, that's what I say? What good does it do the family, or young Master Arthur?"

Servants are not often hero-worshippers. They are too materialistic, they look upon their master's brain-work as miserable and dangerously eccentric, as unpractical, profitless, and driving a man away from simple household duties.

"Take up any of them," said Liddy, dipping down among piles of books, and selecting a dusty quarto of the end of the seventeenth century. It happened to be one of Newton's works, and the book opened where that great man seems to agree with Moschus, who lived three thousand years before him, as to the Atomic Theory. "Read it anywhere!" cried the enemy of science, thrusting the book before Mr. Tolpedden's face; "read any of 'em, and see if they ain't all rubbage. Look at the 'Holy War,'—now that's a book worth reading."

Mr. Tolpedden took the book cautiously, with a protest, and fixing his double tortoise-shell glass on his nose, read where Liddy pointed, in an angry and promiscuous way. He read slowly, and with rather perhaps too much of a parish-clerk's solemnity and slowness of inflexion.

"It seems to me that God, in the beginning, formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, moveable particles, and that these primitive particles being solid, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them—so hard,

indeed, as to be unbreakable and undividable."

"There, just hear that," said Liddy, contemptuously; "why, it's all Hebrew—a man to go and re-write the Book of Genesis, talking as if he had been present when the world was made."

Mr. Tolpedden did not make a reply for a moment. He first relieved his nose of his double eye-glass, then winked both his eyes, like an owl in the daylight, and said slowly,

"I can't make out the stem of it from the stern, that's the truth. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the only book I ever did care much about, Liddy. This fellow seems to me to write as if he had taken this world and the next, beaten them up with a hammer, and then weighed the lumps in a pair of grocer's scales. In my opinion, a round dozen would not have done the dog much harm, going about unsettling people's minds, and talking such crack-brain nonsense. Why, Liddy, when I was once in the Gulf of Mozambique——"

But Newton's two simple-minded critics were at that moment disturbed by the approach of young Arthur Tolpedden, who came dashing downstairs with a scarlet and black pompon, that he wanted Liddy to fasten securely in his rifle shako; as he came, he was singing the glorious last verse of that great and most real ballad that Scott ever wrote, "Bonnie Dundee"—

"He waved his proud hand and the trumpets were blown,
The kettledrums clashed and the horsemen rode on,

Till on Ravelston cliff and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee."

"Well, uncle, good morning, how did you sleep? I have got a South American hammock in my room—would you like to have it to-night, and dream you are at sea again?"

"No, thankee, my boy; can't leap into it as I used to," replied his uncle, greeting the fine stripling in his hearty way. "Oh! here's your father—well, I confess I shan't be sorry when breakfast comes!"

The gong thundered as if for a feast of Jugger-naut, and instantly the muster of the house appeared, like the demon in a stage incantation. The servants, headed by Liddy, filed in, a chapter of the Bible was read, and then breakfast began.

"Rain fall above the average here?" inquired the lieutenant, as he chipped an egg, with the manner of a man whose mind was already made up as to the answer.

"A good deal of rain—but slight rain—a steady downfall, rarer perhaps than elsewhere," replied his brother.

"We have a proverb here, that a Cornishman is never lively unless the weather is drisky (showery)," said the son, standing up, the better to cleave a large crusty loaf.

"By-the-bye, Arthur," said his father, as he rose from the table, "be sure to ask Mr. Tregallas when his daughter Lucy is coming back from Devonshire. She's a nice girl, I hear, and will

be a pleasant companion for your Aunt Mary. Now don't forget. We shall start at three."

The breakfast over, Arthur Tolpedden lit his pipe in the porch, mounted his pony, and cantered off to his tutor's at St. Petrock's, a village about a mile from the sea, and four or five from Tolpedden.

Nature has little care for man, his joys or his sorrows. Her great laboratories work on, the seasons change, the skies lighten and darken, the sun burns its conquering way daily from east to west, the winds gently move the violets or rise and sink the ship, the waves carry the shells lovingly to the sand-reach, or break upon the cliffs with charging thunder; and all the time Nature seems heedless of the tragedy or comedy man is playing, while he frets his petty hour upon the world's stage. Nature, in her awful imperturbability, calm as the sphynx of Egypt, scarcely seems thoroughly to harmonise with us, or, indeed, to recognise us as anything but poor transitory parvenues upon this planet—something only a little better than the sponge, a degree or two more spiritual than the oyster.

There is no special glory in the sunshine that adverts some great epoch of our happiness—there is, we fear, no special sadness in the rain that falls even upon our graves. It is only our restless vanity that turns Nature's regulated aspects into portents.

Arthur Tolpedden, being unfortunately no prophet, saw nothing in that bright September

morning either to excite his hopes, or rouse his fears. Perhaps, on the whole, a slight cloud of vexation passed over his mind as he thought of leaving his own discursive reading, his shooting, riding, and fishing, for the cold round of routine work with a tutor. His nineteenth century brain—full of dreams of chivalry, from Scott; stoical self-denial, from Carlyle; forms of ideal beauty, from Keats and Shelley; metaphysical poetry, from Tennyson; deeds of generous recklessness from Lever; sturdy kindness from Dickens; pluck and Christian manliness from Charles Kingsley—was busy coining visions of super-human courage, beauty, and patriotism—treading under foot meanness and oppression, shooting down hypocrisy, inflicting mortal blows on selfish, effete feudalism, and, in fact, charging through the black squadrons of human vices and follies, with all the proud and defiant daring of a young Rupert, unconscious of fear, and heedless of defeat. The rout, the retreat, the repulse, were, as yet, unknown to him. The Deity that he saw enthroned upon the globe was an armed and triumphant virtue. The Astræa of his ideal world carried a diamond and invincible sword, and was aggressive. The virtue such men as Carlyle adore is a martyr virtue, singing hymns amid the bigot's flames; because old age sees the world as it is—youth only the world as it should be.

Gaily Tolpedden cantered up the deep sunk Cornish lanes, striking at the slate battlements

with his crop, or lopping off the green succulent tips of the brambles ; now riding as fast as if he was carrying a reprieve, now lingering like a lag-gard school-boy to pick blackberries from branches level with his head, to stick a bunch of purple foxglove bells in the band of his white deer-stalking hat ; or to stop at a great granite stile, and listen to a lark, that type of ceaseless, simple happiness, that rose into the great azure hermitage above his head, to sing its little hymn of praise to God.

Then striking the pony with his hand, he would dash again on his erratic ride to the local temple of learning, chanting forth, with a fine sonorous baritone voice, some verses of his own writing, for he was not without a spark of poetic fire in his composition ; and his thoughts seemed just then to marshal themselves almost spontaneously into verse.

The lark had flown with lessening wings
Far over furze and thorn,
The rosy clouds were melting fast
Before the proud sun's scorn.
The bee was nestling in the thyme,
So purple, crisp, and sweet ;
But oh ! the honey kiss I stole !
In coming through the wheat.

She looked down on the narrow path,
Looped with the yellow ears ;
As we stood between those golden walls,
Hope drove away our fears.

She turned, and oh ! the look she gave
Of love and wonder born !
It was a plighting kiss I stole
Amid the waving corn.

By this time Tolpedden had threaded the last of the intricate lanes leading to his father's house, and had debouched from a track of moorland that even the autumn sunshine could scarcely gladden, on to the main road leading to St. Petrock's—the sea now breaking upon his delighted vision with a broad grey lustre, only two fields off. Those fields led down to the caves at Endellion by a cross-path well known to such a seeker of sea-birds as our young student, and formed the last portion of the Tolpedden property ; beyond which spread the precipice and little bay of Dunchine.

There were two or three red-hided cows sleepily feeding in the nearest field close to a tall slanting block of marbly slate, some tons in weight, supposed by such sound antiquarians as Borlase and Polwhele to have been a Druidical altar.

Tolpedden stopped for a moment to look at the sea, vague as the future, sublime as immortality, restless as the human mind, treacherous as hope. All at once a man carrying a long-handled Cornish shovel, and a miner's gad, stepped from behind the stone, with his back turned to the road, and began to pick and scrape eagerly in a place where the slate rock "cropped" out of the surface.

The indignation of a young landed proprietor instantly fired up in the spectator's breast. He

leaped off his pony, tied his bridle to the gate, and running "at the double," was in a minute facing the intruder who, looked up sily and deprecatingly at his approach.

It was the Dowser again—pale, sanctimonious and crawling as ever, in his greasy black clothes, that never seemed taken off, and a once white neckcloth, long since turned by age and dirt into the very ominous presentment of a rope. A huge purple birth-mark covering the whole left side of his face heightened the moist pallor of the other half, and gave him a somewhat ghastly and supernatural character.

"Wherewithall shall a young man cleanse his way even by ruling—" he said, as he squeezed the earth from his spade with his forefinger and thumb. "Ha, my dear Mr. Tolpedden, the gold of this land is good—yes, here is bdellium and the onyx stone."

"Look here, you canting rascal," stormed the angry youth, "you be off—you know you're trespassing here? This isn't the first time I've seen you sneaking about my father's fields. I won't have it. You mean as much good to us as a raven does to a sick lamb. Now, come, get out of it. You'll find nothing here, you rogue, to tempt greedy fools to dig bottomless pits to throw their wealth down. Now be off ; for I've a good mind to thrash you for your impertinent message to my father last night."

"All good gifts may be abused," said the

Dowser, cautiously, however, all the time stealing towards the gate. "The Lord sent us wine, but he did not send us drunkenness. Yes, I have been an instrument in my time, and so they'll tell you if you ever go to St. Just; ask them—ask them if they were not on the very point of abandoning the great copper mine under the sea, when I came with my divining rod and told them that there were acres of metal under the very blastings they had relinquished. Ha! my dear young friend, simply (seeming to me) you are one of those who, in driving from you the poor, sometimes turn away angels unawares. The wheal Mary Anne at——"

"Be off!" said the young squire; "your impudent lies are worse than even your loathsome canting—be off, I say!"

The Dowser slunk away, showering suspicious blessings on his traducer's head, like an evil spirit shrinking before some potent exorcism, as Tolpedden, leaping on his pony, trotted on towards St. Petrock's, singing with careless gaiety that beautiful and mocking air from *Rigoletto*, "*La Donna e mobile*," having at the same time a most contradictory and profound belief in woman's truth, lying warm at a heart that love had hitherto scarcely visited, but for a flying moment.

A quarter of an hour more brought him up to the rectory of St. Petrock's. As he pushed open the great gate that led through a meadow up to the house, a pretty little rosy nursemaid met him,

driving vigorously a perambulator, containing the youngest Tregellas; a fine little boy of a year and a half old, two bigger girls, and a pretty boy of some five years, bringing up the rear. They were going for their morning walk, that well-devised excursion that delights children, and at the same time leaves one's house for an hour or two quiet. The troop were in the most rampant spirits, and they all shouted together, "like one man," when they saw their playmate Tolpedden.

"Give me a ride!"

"Give me an apple!"

"Dear Mr. Tolpedden—give me a kiss!"

"Swing me on the gate!"

"Let me pull some hair from Gipsy's tail!"

Such were the entreaties of the young voluptuaries, insatiable of noise, fun, sweets, and horse-hair. The elder boy, Leonard, ran up, and seizing the pony's bridle, led off Gipsy to the stable, as his own long-established privilege.

"Do you know dear Lucy's coming home this week, Mr. Tolpedden?" exclaimed Bertha, the eldest girl, seizing both his hands prettily in hers; "and we are all so glad—Lucy's such fun, and we do so love her!"

"Oh! we shall have such fun when Lucy comes back," chimed in Dora.

"We are all so glad!" loud chorussed the other children.

Upon which Clara leaped about and danced; and even the little fat sultan in the perambulator

clapped his chubby little hands together, and let recklessly fall a box full of red and white comfits just given him.

"Yes, it's quite true," said Kitty, the nurse-maid, "Mr. Tolpedden; and we are so delighted, because it's always cheerful when Miss Lucy's at home, she sings and laughs all the day long."

"Jemmy, where are Lucas and Maclean?—out in the garden?"

"Yes; they're playing at single-stick," replied the boy, indignantly; "they've been pelting me with apples, I don't like it. I can't fling as far as they can—'tain't fair; and they do it every day."

It was not more than half-past nine, and the young men at Mr. Tregallas's didn't "go in to work," as they called it, till ten; and knowing this, into the garden by a back door dashed the day-pupil. He flew past the green-house, lawn, and shrubbery, till he all but reached a long plot of turf, at the very bottom of the garden, a small Campus Martius, especially set apart for quoits, fencing, single-stick, boxing, and other athletic games beloved by English youth.

He had nearly reached the spot (the clatter of conflicting sticks sufficiently marking out the desired goal) which was still, however, hidden from him by a tall clump of Jerusalem artichokes, when a whistle through the dry leaves, followed by the whirl of a second missile, that burst to pieces on an

apple-trunk close to him, sufficiently proved that his arrival was not unrecognised.

Instantly, with the promptitude of a young Greek warrior surprised in an ambush, Arthur Tolpedden darted to the left of where he had just stood, and slipping into one of the side walks, picked up two of the greenest and toughest apples he could find. Then with the swiftness of an Indian brave, he stepped into a space that gave him a view of his assailants; well for Lucas that he wore a huge wire helmet, for the first shot of Tolpedden's burst full on that cumbrous defence; while the second struck true and sharp just on the veiny part of Maclean's wrist, making him drop his single-stick, and utter an "Oh! I say!" and a half-angry shriek of pain. But before they could return the compliment, their assailant was in upon them, playfully charging Maclean with a single-stick he snatched from Lucas; both enemies greeted him as he ran up, with an undemonstrative, but good-natured, "How are you, Tolpedden?"

"I say, you shouldn't shy so hard," groaned Maclean.

"Have you seen the little man yet?" (this was the irreverent term Mr. Tregellas's pupils gave to their worthy tutor), said Fitzhugh, a tall, flat-faced, loquacious fellow, in spectacles, who had been devoting himself to throwing up bludgeons and cricket-stumps at the walnuts in a tree, whose scrambling boughs spread over part of the Campus.

"How d'ye do, old fellow? I'm tol-lol, thank you! No, I haven't seen the little man yet. Is he in his study?"

"Yes; and hasn't he been rowing about the walnuts!" said Fitzhugh, carefully aiming at three walnuts that hung half out of their green shucks on an outlying bough. "Oh! he's a regular goer-in for walnuts. I swear he ate two-and-twenty yesterday, while I was reading *Hecuba*, if he ate one. I tell you the little man 'll be ill—I bet he'll be ill. And it's just the same with the filberts, tomatoes (chum), kathapsas, amphi (chum, chum), paidi (chum). That is (chum) having bound it (chum) to what (chum) kid (chum). Isn't that like the little man, eh, isn't it?"

There is a secret and unavoidable war always raging between a private tutor and his pupils; even if there had not been at St. Petrock's, no one could have well helped laughing at Fitzhugh's caricature of the harmless peculiarities of a tutor he really both liked and respected.

"I know that he counts those Ribston pippins by the kail-bed," said Lucas, just throwing in a gentle calumny, as a sort of hint, "so don't you take one, Tolpedden. Oh! I say, old man, I am going up to matriculate in May, so the governor says. What do you think of that?"

"That's about the time I shall enter," said Tolpedden, "so perhaps we can both go up together. It's a long pull from here."

"Oh! I shall go to London first, and stop a

week with the governor and my people. I want a day or two to knock about, and go to the opera, a ball or two, and all that sort of thing."

"Come, it's nearly ten, Lucas," said Tolpedden, snatching up a single-stick; "come on. I'll give you your revenge for the apple I shied. Come along—I'll warm you!"

Lucas was lunging furiously with a foil at a walnut, inserted into a crack on an apple-tree, and had three times missed it. Maclean was practising with quoits, and Fitzhugh, whose ambition was the bar, was spouting part of a speech of Sheridan's to two grave rows of Jerusalem artichokes, which rustled their approval.

Tolpedden arranged the basket of the single-stick, hammered in the end pegs, for it was a little loose, and assumed that vexatious, and unapproachable guard formed by turning the point of the stick slanting outwards and downwards, and holding the basket, with the wrist turned outwards, a little below the eyes.

In vain Lucas lashed, cut, and sliced, till the bark was stripped from his ground-ash stick. He cut high, he cut low, he cut everywhere, his adversary's watchful weapon was always ready with the proper parry. The turf grew black with their trampling, Lucas began to puff and fall back. Then Tolpedden, like Wellington, bursting like an inundation from behind the lines of Torres-Vedras, all at once became his aggressor. He made a clever feint at Lucas's ribs, then

leaped in, and cut him behind the right knee ; finally he gave him such a smart cut up under his guard, and on the elbow, that Lucas dropped his single-stick, and declared he had had enough.

Tolpedden smiled, and, stripping up the shirt-sleeve of his right arm, showed a long red stripe, where Lucas had twice running caught him between his parry and the basket.

"You hit too hard—you really hit too spiteful ! Whew !" groaned Lucas, from an adjacent garden-bench.

"I can't help it, Lucas," said Tolpedden, laughing good-naturedly, as he tossed off his wired and padded mask. "You know very well I can't play without hitting hard, I am not conscious of it at the time. And, after all, that second blow of yours hurt me, I dare say, quite as much, only I always try not to sing out."

"Well, I cannot see the fun of being knocked about in that way," said Maclean, who was rather an effeminate fellow ; "as for boxing, that blow on the head I got from you last week, Lucas, makes me feel giddy now. But—hullo ! there's the little man calling us."

Yes, sure enough, there by the shrubbery, a hundred yards or more off, stood Mr. Tregellas, watch in hand, and calling out, "Mr. Lucas, Mr. Fitzhugh, Maclean—come."

Tolpedden ran up. His tutor shook him warmly by the hand, inquired after his father, and asked if his uncle, whom he heard they expected,

had arrived. The tutor was fond of a joke, and was full of a story of a malaprop of a country boy, who had just brought a leveret as a present from a neighbouring farmer, which animal he had insisted on calling "a Lazarus." Mr. Tregellas was in high spirits. It was the thought of soon seeing his favourite daughter that made him so.

Mr. Tregellas, the high-church rector of St. Petrock's, was a short, square-built man of about forty-four, with good features, a high forehead, a firm mouth and chin, and a rather clever but subdued expression. He had been in the army in his early life, and still retained a little of the military manner in his alert and rather commanding bearing. He was a man of taste; for he painted well, was no mean antiquarian, and carved so excellently that, when a curate, he had with his own hands executed the whole decorations of a church in Somersetshire. The rector of St. Petrock's was a man who lived the life he preached—his chief fault being quoting St. Augustine rather too often in his rather laboured sermons, and laying too great a stress on church furniture, and such things as altar cloths, wall diapers, encaustic tiles, and stained glass windows—all pleasant and decorous things, no doubt, in their way, but not in themselves essential to faith, that can turn even a garden, a sea cliff, or a counting-house into a place of communion with God, and can transform the barest moor and the poorest huckster's shop into a temple for praise or supplication.

Private pupils are not generally very deeply impressed with a sense of the truth of Buonarotti's golden maxim, that "life is short, and art is long," knowing little as yet of privation or the rubs of this jostling world; they for the most part try to shirk as much as they can of hard work, hoping to slip past the frontier of learning, paying as little custom-house duty as possible, to such toll-collectors as the Reverend Mr. Tregellas.

Even the vigilance of Argo once upon a time relaxed. The tutor had of course, sometimes, writing to do; the last number of the clever but severe *Saturday* to read; or pruning to do in the garden; and would leave the room for twenty minutes or so, during which time the troubles of Hecuba, the wisdom of Thucydides, and the rather tough yarns of Herodotus, were alike disregarded. Fitzhugh preached, Tolpedden chatted and wrote verses, Maclean drew and read, and Lucas joked, betted, and clambered for cribs to parts of the bookshelves supposed to be inaccessible without a ladder.

The moment the reverend gentleman shut the door a change came over every face. Out came the trout flies from Tolpedden's drawer, where they had been secretly planned; out jumped a novel of Balzac from under Maclean's superincumbent Greek Lexicon, that had been crushing it for an hour past; out fluttered Lucas's *Bell's Life*; out stole Fitzhugh's "Life of Pitt," and

then the four tongues went at it like a peal of bells long silent.

Fitzhugh was the son of a rich pushing Manchester man, and had been brought up under liberal and high-pressure notions. He adored Bright, delighted to call himself "the apostle of strikes," read "Mill on Liberty," and railed at the University system of education—a good-hearted, clever fellow he was, but a little vain, paradoxical, and mouthy, while the only conversation he ever countenanced was monologue.

"I knew the Birmingham Game-un would never fight the Spider—Dawson was right, after all," said Lucas, with a dejected voice—"couldn't do it—not his weight; but what the deuce is Fitzhugh drawing?"

Fitzhugh held up the fly-leaf of an algebra book, and exhibited a female, long of neck, low of forehead, bosomless, shapeless, splay-footed, and with spindly twists of little tubular curls.

"That is Miss Lucy Tregellas," he said, laughing—"a fancy sketch."

"It is a great pity, Fitzhugh," said Tolpedden, "that you always regard every new person, object, or idea from a contemptuous and supercilious point of view. Why should the girl be ugly?—the little man isn't ugly—the other children ain't ugly; why shouldn't she be pretty?"

"Not my style, I know," said Lucas; "one of those strong-minded girls, I daresay, who carry

about flannel, and jelly, and opadeldoc to the poor, and wear woollen gloves, with large loose tops to each finger—no go about her—couldn't ride to hounds! How chivalrous Tolpedden is about her!"

"What verb's *eporizonto* from, Lucas?"

"Don't know."

Fitzhugh arose in a fit of righteous indignation, and threw Hecuba on the floor.

"Whining stuff!" he cried—"drivelling old bore, with his Ai, ai! and O! O! and everyone blubbering or scolding! Why can't we read and scan Shakespeare?—ain't there old words in him to dissect and discuss, elaborate and beautiful structure of sentences to study and examine, rhythm to imitate, and shades of meaning to explain and investigate? How long are we to read third-rate Greek writers, because the pedants did so centuries ago? How long are we to forge nonsense Latin verse, useless as it is frivolous, because the monks, whom in other matters we condemn, made fools of themselves before us? Who really cares for the little Pedlington war of Thucydides, the blundering voyages of Herodotus, the cold fire of most Greek plays, the tricks of that shiftY scoundrel, Homer's Ulysses, and the miserable and discreditable jokes of Martial? I tell you we're all wrong; the same time given to French, German, mathematics, history, philosophy, and an intense and thorough knowledge of our own great language and writers, would make men of us before we were twenty, and at twenty-one we should

be fit to earn our bread in any profession. It's like teaching a boy to dance, but not to read. We are ruled by wind-bags, and are governed by shams, who lead us no whither."

"Like a book," said Lucas, yawning profoundly—"like a book; but, I say, Fitzhugh, *Bell's Life* says the Confederates have retaken Baton Rouge. Hurrah! they'll punish old Abe yet, if they once get his head into chancery."

"Hurrah for the brave Southern gentlemen!" shouted Fitzhugh, who was always oratorically impulsive. "Oh, for one hour of Washington to scatter the shivering ranks of those Yankee peddlars!"

Tolpedden fired up. He was an ardent young Liberal, or rather, as he loved to call himself, "one of the great English party," and the spurious Liberalism of a "new man's" son irritated him sorely.

"Are you quite sure," he said bitterly, "that Washington would fight on the side of slavery and political suicides? It is always the new men, like you, Fitzhugh, who go about talking such stuff about the old families, and the old blood, and the chivalry of the South—people whom you ought to be ashamed of—stabbing, soul-luxtering, women-flogging planters, as they are! I do not care myself much for so debased a race as the negroes, who are so degraded that they dare not even revolt; but I do say this, that the man who is compelled, under pain of chain and whip and brand, to perform painful life-long labour for another has an inalienable

right to escape at any time, and at all times, by craft or by force; and, moreover, to turn and tear down, and crush, and batter and destroy, and trample out the life of any wretch who dares to pursue him and drag him back to slavery.

"Here's a lark, Maclean!" cried Lucas. "Now they're at it, tooth and nail! Hie!—hei!—hei!—at him, good dog! Shoo!—pin him, Driver."

Lucas had uttered these encouraging but not exactly complimentary words from half-way up a bookcase, whither he had climbed, at some risk, to procure a glimpse of a crib, and Thucydides (Bohn), that tough and condensed writer requiring much more attention than Mr. Fitzhugh could conveniently spare from the fascinating columns of *Bell's Life*.

Fitzhugh's bulky brow darkened, and a contemptuous and threatening light glittered on the glass of his insolent spectacles.

"What do you mean by new men?" he said, biting his nails angrily. "My ancestors are as good as yours. I have got a pedigree as long as yours. Our race is at the beginning of its best men—yours is at the end of it."

"That's stale, Fitzhugh," said his opponent contemptuously, for both men were beginning to lose their temper. "You know very well, Fitz, what I think about race—although any great man can initiate a race, not one in a million ever perpetuates it. Genius is not hereditary. Your vaunted pedigree is, I suppose, like half the pedigrees in the Peerage

two thirds conjecture—a mere agglutination of similar names, collected from topographical dictionaries. But I do think that gentle feelings and refinement are often hereditary, and——”

“Well, and what?—out with it!”

“I’ll be dictated to by no one!” said Tolpedden. “I *was* going on, when you interrupted me. I was about to say that the practices of modern trade is—are—not calculated to improve any race, and that——”

“Bosh!” stormed forth his antagonist, now crimson with rage. “I tell you that a Lancashire factory is the source of more civilization than all the petty——”

At this perilous juncture the door opened, and in stepped Mr. Tregellas.

“Hallo!—halloh!” he said, “young gentlemen, stop this stormy debate. Come, come, get to your work; which of you is ready? But, hallo!—why, what bird is that perched up there? Lucas—Lucas! I must lock up those translations. I am surprised at you, sir—anything to escape work. You’ll be plucked—you’ll be plucked at your little go, take my word for it, yes, as sure as my name’s Tregellas. Come, let us hear your Thucydides.”

Lucas leaped down, stammered something about a difficult passage, and, sitting down, contrived to kick and tumble *Bell’s Life* softly and quietly underneath the knee desk on which he sat opposite to his irate tutor.

“It’s so horrid difficult, Mr. Tregellas.”

Lucas, in evident alarm, and much to the delight of his three friends, plunged at once, with great spirit, into the third book of Thucydides—that part where the seditions in Corcyra assume their most cruel aspect—fathers slew sons—suppliants were dragged from the sanctuaries, or immured in the temples, where they had taken refuge. As long as the Peloponnesians merely retreated by night, or drew their galleys over the Isthmus of Leucas, he stumbled along pretty well, Mr. Tregellas supplying any blank, in order to improve his speed; but when it came to the closer reasoning of the historian upon civil war in general, Lucas began to deduce from the words he had not looked out the most remarkable and imaginative meanings.

“Ouk an ekontone—and as they—had no peace in time of war” (more mumbled Greek), “and no occasion to invite—when there was war—eporizonto—eporizonto—what verb is that from?”

“This is really too bad, Lucas. Sit down directly, and learn it, sir—you know nothing about it. ‘No peace in time of war’—nonsense! One would think you were an Irishman. What’s this thing, that keeps rustling under my feet?” Here Mr. Tregellas dipped down, and sternly drew forth a crumpled *Bell’s Life*. “Oh! this is the way you spend your time, when I’m out of the room!”

Lucas retreated in confusion behind an enormous Liddel and Scott lexicon bound in black cloth.

“Now, Mr. Maclean, are you ready?”

Maclean handed his book, and fluently translated two most difficult pages of “The Wasps” of Aristophanes quietly, and without a flaw, or scarcely a stop.

“‘Totus teres—factus ad unguem,’ smoothly off the reel. That’s what I like, Maclean,” said the pleased tutor. “Now, Tolpedden, with your Herodotus.”

Tolpedden was ready. Herodotus was not difficult to him, and he enjoyed the quaint stories of the old Halicarnassian. The structure of the sentences seemed simple, when the writer’s manner was once known, and “Euterpe” was Tolpedden’s favourite book.

Away he dashed at the story of the clever Egyptian thief, who robs the treasury of King Rhampsinnetus, and who, being caught in a trap, entreats his brother who is with him to cut off his head, that his body may not be recognised, and the family ruined and disgraced; then leaving Herodotus, Tolpedden construed very poetically a Bacchic fragment of Bacchylides, one of the imitators of Simonides. He described the soothing magic of wine, the sweet compulsion of the divine nectar that kills care and awakes love. The poet sings eloquently of the dreams of the Thyrsus bearers, who, as they cast their eyes even for a moment on the red mirrors of their goblets, in that moment imagine that they overthrow embattled cities, and are crowned monarchs; their houses suddenly glitter

with gold and ivory, and corn-laden ships come sailing to them from Egypt. "So soars the wine-cheered soul," concludes Bacchylides.

"Grammar a little slip-shod, but the true feeling caught. You seem to relish poetry, Tolpedden," remarked the tutor.

Tolpedden bowed, and his cheek slightly flushed, as, taking up the Greek book that he had placed before his tutor, he closed it, in order to place it back on the shelf among its companion Elzevirs. To his utter confusion, unfortunately (as once happened, we are told, to conscience-smitten young Osbaldistone in Scott's "Rob Roy"), a loose leaf of note-paper with some writing on it fell out and wafted to his tutor's feet.

Mr. Tregellas took it up and read it, first to himself and then aloud, not uncontentuously.

"Roland, built up in his steel
(Clamped from helmet unto heel),
Rode three days beyond the Rhine
Thro' the green rows of the vine,
Where, upon the fir's black lances
Here and there a sunbeam dances;
Roland rode o'er hill and plain,
In the days of Charlemagne."

"Upon my word—a poet, of all things! Well, and what did Roland do then, I should like to know, after building himself up uncomfortably, in steel? Oh! beware, beware the Siren of Poetry!—she drowns men in whirlpools of ink, and impales them cruelly on *chevaux-de-frise* of steel

pens! I did a little once in that way—more fool I!—writing fragments like this to no use; they merely inflaten you with conceit, and with a belief in an imaginary and no existent power. Burn all your verses, epic and all—of course you've tried an epic?"

Tolpedden answered rather sharply that he had done nothing of the kind.

"Here's some more," said the cruel tutor, turning the leaf; "this is our pastoral vein, I suppose."

"When the swans in pouting beauty
Of ermine radiant white,
Sail down the rippling river
That floats in golden light;
When, in each bay and eddy,
The saffron leaves——"

"Dear me! alas! here there comes an hiatus in the MS. Well, and when all these extraordinary events do take place, what then? Something ought to happen, you know, after this *parturiunt montes*."

Tolpedden turned a wrathful red, and said half angrily,

"No one has a right to read my private notes."

"Tolpedden," said the worthy tutor sternly, "you forget yourself."

At that moment there came a knock at the door; Mrs. Tregellas looked in and said,

"John, come and look at the apples Dawson has been picking. Come, don't keep me, dear."

Mr. Tregellas rose protestingly, and said with a smile, pointing to Tolpedden,

"Allow me, Etty, to introduce to you a new poet."

Mrs. Tregellas looked vacantly, and in a pre-occupied way, at the youth, and then said,

"Come, John, they're waiting to put them in the cider mill. What are you talking about poetry? Come. What's the matter then with Mr. Tolpedden?"

"And now you've got it," said Lucas to Tolpedden, directly his long-suffering tutor shut the door behind him; "how do you like it?"

"What has a private tutor to do with what I write?" protested the injured poet; "if he couldn't write verse, it is no reason why I should not."

"Tolpedden, old fellow," said Fitzhugh, generously seizing his hand, "forget what I said just now in a moment of petulance. The fact was, I was kinder riled at you're implying I was no true liberal. I ought to be ashamed of myself for having been so intolerant, after first reading, too, that glorious work of Mills on 'Liberty.'"

The two young men smiled and shook hands. You only needed to shake hands with Tolpedden at any time to shake out of him at once all anger and malice. It was only pride that ever led him to keep alive a quarrel.

"There is good stuff in that young Tolpedden," said Mr. Tregellas that night as he sat over the fire with his wife, enjoying that pleasant period of married life (provided always there exists no chronic subject of difference); "there is what the Americans

call 'the right grit' in him; and he's got some genius too, if he doesn't get besotted with verse-writing and such nonsense."

"He has beautiful eyes," replied his wife, taking quite a woman's point of view.

CHAPTER V.

THE SULTAN EDITOR.

MR. TOLPEDDEN, senior, had two objects in driving to Dunchine. In the first place, he wished to show his brother one of the most beautiful and remarkable places in that part of the country. Secondly (for he was one of those far-seeing men who liked to kill many birds with one stone), he wished to call on Mr. Hookem, the London editor, who had come down for the autumn, as usual, to rusticate at Dunchine. Deep and steadfast student of chemistry as Tolpedden was, perhaps one of the most progressive and fathomless of sciences, he was still a man of the world, and liked his "outing," his scenery, and his recreation as much as the merest boy-undergraduate.

To those cynics who are accustomed, not perhaps altogether without grounds, to associate most brothers with those ill-assorted examples, Cain and Abel, it would have been a pleasant sight (if cynics can ever really be pleased) to have seen

Mr. Nelson and Mr. Henry Tolpedden driving together so pleasantly, and chatting so cheerfully in the dog-cart that bowled along so merrily on the dry, well-metalled road.

Autumn had as yet done little more than crimson and gild a few of the topmost leaves; except the robin, perched on a stone wall, singing its little strain of almost playful sadness, nature seemed as yet insensible to the approach of winter. The bramble tossed into the warm and sunny air its bunches of soft purple berries. The sun was as bright as if it was June. The clouds, too, overhead were as laden with light as if winter's fogs were impossibilities, and frost a fiction.

Seated side by side in the dog-cart, the two brothers contrasted more strongly than ever. Nelson, short and thick-set, in his alert-looking Flushing jacket and grey wide-awake, looked almost like a man of inferior caste, but for the calmness and grave habit of command traceable in his brown honest old features, and even in the very way he clutched his bludgeon of an oak stick.

And now it is fully time for me to describe the outward aspect of that singular person, Mr. Henry Tolpedden. He was a tall, sinewy man, nearly six feet high, well shaped, with no spare flesh about him; his grave and dignified manner was chilled now and then by a shade of sternness, which arose from either intellectual pride, or the memory of some old sorrow, but the acutest observer could hardly have detected which was the true cause.

His well-fitting dress was grave and dark coloured, his slight whiskers were iron grey, but, true to old tradition, he wore no beard or moustache. His eyes were dark grey, and had a peculiar power of expanding and contracting, so that he seemed capable of turning on their light as if they were lamps under his own control. In only one respect had he conformed to modern taste, and that was in his collars, which were turned down, his black silk handkerchief being fastened with a beautiful little cameo, engraved with a head of Cæsar. His features were handsome (he was thought by his London friends rather like the late Mr. Lockhart), and there was a healthy frosty red on his slightly sunken cheeks.

Mr. Tolpedden had been alternately an officer and a clergyman, but the small fortune bequeathed him by his father had led him to abandon the latter profession, and surrender himself entirely to the fascinating pursuits of scientific discovery. Both professions had left some traces behind in his earnest and tenacious nature. That almost ascetic restraint of manner and temper was the result of his short clerical life; those compressed metallic lips, and that almost severe grip of the brow, betrayed the inward fire of one who had seen and defied death in its most hideous and appalling shapes. In every gesture of that man, in the way he held the reins, even in the manner he planted his feet on the little seal-skin mat of the dog-cart, there was vigour, ambition, and individu-

ality. In the full, keen, far-seeing expression of his eyes, there was a restless thought, a subdued daring, and an almost regal consciousness of intellectual power. No one but a fool could have looked twice at that man without seeing that he was one of the old Roman stamp, who would brook no insolent assumptions of old or new money, and would endure no control from either pride, rank, or wealth. No wonder that his brother regarded him with a love by no means servile, and yet almost amounting to awe. In the nineteenth century Tolpedden was a discoverer, in the middle ages he would have been a leader and a conqueror.

The two brothers had just reached a pretty part of the road, between Delabole and Launceston, not far from Camelford. It was a deep valley, with two or three roads leading out of it, and one of these was that trending away to Dunchine. At the bottom of the valley ran a stream, traversed by a stone bridge, and not far from a mill that great artists have before now visited. On one side of this wound down a broad green path, much steeper than the road, but taking a shorter cut across the stream.

"That was the old coach-road, Nelson," said Mr. Tolpedden, pointing out the green track with his whip. "Steep enough; but our forefathers took rougher and shorter ways to their objects than we tamer people do."

"Oughtn't we to fall in with that young shaver

of ours soon? But I suppose he's far too harum-scarum to keep an appointment!"

"Oh! he'll be at the next pike," said his father, curtly. "You don't know Arthur yet. This bridge, Nelson, they call Slaughter Bridge, because, they say, King Arthur was slain here by his traitor nephew, who had leagued with the Lords of the White Horse."

"Hullo! belay there! What's that, Harry, about a white horse? How the deuce can the fellows know what colour a horse was two or three hundred years ago?"

"It was a flag I was talking of, you old Ignoramus," said the elder brother, laughing; "and as for two hundred years ago, if a King Arthur ever did live, he must have lived more than a thousand years ago."

"Get away, Harry; I know better than that—avast there!"

"You'll very likely see King Arthur in an hour or two, for they believe at Dunchine that he still haunts the headlands and caves there below the castle, in the shape of a raven or a gull, they will not swear which."

"And what if they did?—let them go and tell it to the marines, and not try and bamboozle an old man-of-war's man like me, Harry. I shall begin to think you've got a tile off, if you fill your head with such a pack of old Cornish woman's stories."

"Don't you express a doubt about King Arthur, Nelson, to your nephew, his namesake, or you'll

go down terribly in his estimation, for I can tell you he swears by that somewhat apocryphal British king."

A mile farther, and at the door of the little turnpike house sat Arthur Tolpedden, upon sturdy little Gipsy. He waved his hand as they approached, and a tidy, smiling widow came out to claim the toll.

"Did you observe that woman's name, uncle?" he said afterwards in a low and uncommonly solemn voice.

Mr. Nelson Tolpedden replied that he only just glanced at it, but that he thought it was Jenny something.

"Jenny!—why, it was *Jennifar*," said Arthur, grandly; "which is our Cornish corruption for Gueniver, the name of King Arthur's queen."

"Oh! it is, is it," replied the immovable man, badly affecting an interest he did not feel; and down he went like a plummet in his enthusiastic nephew's estimation, "I say, Harry, what skin is this mat made of that our feet are on? It isn't calf-skin?"

"It's seal-skin, uncle, seal-skin," said Arthur, running in, and carrying off the conversation abruptly, but not rudely; "the fishermen find the seals here on the ledges in the cliff-caverns. They go in with torches, and shoot and fell the beasts for their skins and oil. It's glorious fun—there are plenty about Endellion and at Willipark too."

"That's the sort of thing for me. I like am-

prohibious sport. Harry, there, I tell you I should pine to death if I did not see the sea once a week."

They had now passed through part of the Lesser Delabole slate quarries. On each side of them rose mountains of ochre-coloured slate refuse; here and there aqueducts (flat wooden tubes), sometimes sheathed in stone, crossed the road high above their heads, stilted upon huge square supports. Everywhere the eye rested there was one chaos of discarded slate slabs, of all shapes and sizes, looking like the great Alexandrian library, after Amrou's barbarous order that all the books should be torn up to fire the Egyptian baths.

Some of the older aqueducts were green and moist with damp; the stones spongy with moss, or half-hidden with branching ferns. The only sound was the drip of some unseen spring, or the fussy, restless cry of a solitary stone-chat; here and there, among the grey shuffle of slate, lay an iron wheel or a broken pump-brake. Every now and then they would pass a small deserted quarry by the road-side, full of water, its precipitous sides red with ferruginous stains, or green with damp, while over-head hung some broken timber or rusty iron gear.

"Why, this is about as lively as yesterday's drive," said Nelson Tolpedden, laughing in his dry, inaudible way; 'pon my word if I don't think the moor was almost more lively. This is a nice country of yours, Harry!"

"Wait a bit, Nelson, and suspend your judg-

ment," replied his brother. "We'll just call on our editor first, and then you shall see a fine coast—and here we are at St. Nectans."

St. Nectans certainly was a quaint little place; one long, wide, straggling street, and that was all. There were two inns, a small shop or two, some miners' and fishermen's cottages, a general shop, a blacksmith's, and a post-office.

Such cottages some of them! There was one block opposite the post-office that was as old as the Plantagenets; the white-washed walls of the porches were many feet deep, and solid as those of a fortress; the chimneys were tall, and of such enormous size, that they seemed to weigh down the whole block; the small windows were mere embrasures and loops; the architect must have built them, you would have thought, to resist storms and war; the roofs were formed of overlapping scales of cumbrous stone, in chinks of which grew weeds of great size and vigour, bristling house-leeks, crops of Aaron's beard, and even tufts of beautifully-patterned fern.

The village of St. Nectans generally had certainly a wind-swept, lonely look about it, and required a great deal of sunshine to enliven it; but then it boasted a splendid ruin, and it was a fine place for conger fishing, and sea-fowl shooting; and those were the attractions that annually attracted many travellers.

Mr. Tolpedden put up his trap at the "King Arthur;" the three then proceeded to the post-

office, where Mr. Hookem lodged, a rich crimson silk dressing-gown hanging at an upper window sufficiently indicating his habitat.

The door was opened by the post-mistress; but she instantly gave place to a smart London boy in a groom's dress, short frock coat, broad belt, and top-boots, who regarded the customers with keen and saucy eyes, and that peculiar contemptuous look peculiar to the servants of very rich or very influential people.

"Is your master at home?" said Mr. Tolpedden, sharply.

"Not at 'ome, sir—out for the day, sir—name, sir?" said the boy, suspiciously.

"Nothing of the kind, you infernal young liar, you!" cried a coarse, hearty voice from the top of the stair. "I only said 'not at home' till after lunch. Come up, Tolpedden—delighted to see you. Who have you got with you?"

Up they went, and found Mr. George Prince Regent Hookem, the Sultan of Editors—a portly, red-faced man, dressed in a costly shawl dressing-gown, and red morocco slippers. Coils of proofs, and long slips of printed paper, lay strewn like snakes around his easy chair. Bound files of his weekly review, *The Forge*, stood on the side-table near him. In one corner of the room there was a shuffled heap of the *Times* paper, sliced here and there by the editorial scissors; on the table open lay the last Quarterly, a book of Mr. Ruskin's, and one of the worst novels of that peculiarly

(even for Paris) infamous writer—the younger Dumas. The little room was crowded with articles of luxury and elegance. There were exquisitely jewelled Sèvres cups of the Pompadour time on the humble mantelpiece. The Clyte stood on a bracket above a sumptuous French clock; the walls were hid with proof engravings of Landseer, Philip, and Frith, Gérôme, Frère, Delaroche, and Rosa Bonheur. A door half open, leading to an inner room, showed glimpses of a French bed covered with an azure blue eider-down quilt, while about thirty pair of Judd's boots reposed in quiet companionship beneath a regally appointed toilet-table.

These luxuries indicated Mr. Hookem to be a voluptuary of taste; he was also an epicure and a sportsman. The bottles of Maraschino and golden water of Dantzic on the lunch tray, half hiding a cold pheasant, showed the one—the two guns and the fishing-rod in the corner proved the other. A pompous, unscrupulous, and sometimes overbearing man he might be—a mere pretender to literature, and a crafty sucker of other men's brains; but his blood was not, after all, by any means mere matter or bile, but evidently good red blood, not unsuffused with port wine; take the Republic of Letters through, there were, perhaps, worse men than Mr. Hookem in it.

Not that the Sultan really cared for the party who paid him, or any other party, but still he employed clever men, and did no more harm than

was absolutely necessary for his commercial purposes. When he reasoned away a reputation, or butchered a young writer of genius, he only did it to try his knife, to keep his hand in, "*pour encourager les autres*," as Voltaire said, when that poor foolish Admiral Byng was shot for want of capacity. He stuck to his clique, and stood up manfully for a sort of spurious toryism, hid under a mask of polite toleration. His natural capacity would have made him an invaluable foreman in a printing-office (a post which he had, indeed, filled years ago in the office of that high-toned, but now extinct paper—*The Scorpion*), but supernatural self-confidence, considerable tact, a sociable disposition, and great pliability, had at last raised him to the command of *The Forge* bomb-vessel, ninety guns, a dangerous privateer in the sea of Literature, and a rival almost to the stupendous TRIMMER—that Jupiter Tonans of the London press. I would not imply, by all this, that Mr. Hookem was, by any means, a fool, but merely that his talent was rather of the social and commercial character. He had not genius enough to be very bad, or do mischief in any but a subaltern way.

It has often been observed that Napoleon attained the objects of his insatiable ambition chiefly by casting behind him all restraints of truth, honour, and religion; the same cause had led Mr. Hookem to the throne of the *Forge*, over the heads of more honest, wiser, but less energetic men.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Tolpedden, and you, my boy," said the editor, carefully removing from the edge of the table a glass flute which was in a perilous position, and placing it near a blue china pot, full of the most beautiful rose-coloured gladiolas, that stood in the window; "pardon a busy man for not calling so often as he ought; I have had the Honourable Mr. Davenport (a love of titles was one of the *parvenu's* weak points) down here conger fishing, and all day yesterday I was up to my eyes in work for *The Forge*;" here the Sultan suddenly broke off his monologue, and rang a silver bell violently, "pardon me for one moment."

The tiger appeared, pert, but pale.

"Jackson, is that fellow gone to Port Isaac about the cod sounds?"

"Yes, sir."

Jackson was certain.

"Well, then, go round to the stables, Jackson, and bring round my cob in about an hour; and mind and bring the breech-loader and some cartridges."

"Yes, sir," and Jackson disappeared.

"But you have not introduced me to your friend, Tolpedden," said the editor, looking patronizingly at the old lieutenant.

"My brother, Mr. Nelson Tolpedden, formerly lieutenant in the Indian Navy, and late officer in the Preventive Service."

Mr. Hookem bowed grandly, not so much from

politeness, as to show how he, the editor of the *Forge*, could bow.

"And a very fine and useful service, too!" he said.

"Pretty well, for that," said the lieutenant; "but useful or not useful, I've done with it."

"And how are you, my boy?" said the editor, removing a scarlet Fez cap he wore, and turning round and shaking Arthur Tolpedden by both hands. "When do you go up to dazzle St. Simon Magus, and make the Dons look to their fence?"

Arthur was too young and sincere to see the fulsome humbug of the man; he observed only his good nature, his sharpness, the variety of his information and his power. He rather liked Mr. Hookem.

"Soon, I hope," he replied. "I'm reading pretty hard with Mr. Tregellas."

"Couldn't have a riper scholar. Whewell used those very words to me, when we were one day at Murchinson's, talking about Tregellas, and something he'd written for me about etymology, *apropos* of Fergusson's book on Rivers. His daughter, a delightful girl, a belle in Florence last season, is coming back, I hear. High-spirited girl, great acquisition to you good people down here; want ladies. I met her at the Casa Guidi; I remember she wore a small diamond and jet cross; and speaking of her to Mrs. Bensolomon, I quoted those charming lines of Pope's:

‘On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
That Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.’”

It was a singular fact that Arthur Tolpedden all at once felt, for an instant, pervaded by a sort of jealous dislike to all Anglo-Italian society, because it had admired the young lady whom every one seemed to love. These instincts some people are foolish enough to call presentiments. He began, at the same moment, to regard himself as a despicable bumpkin and bookworm, because he had seen nothing but local society.

“Do you take snuff, Tolpedden?” said the editor, offering a beautiful little amber and gold box. “I learned to relish it when I was in the East” (Mr. Hookem had once been eight days in Algiers, and he made great play with it). “I love what Pope calls

‘The pungent grains of titillating dust.’

I find it revives me after brain-work.”

Mr. Henry Tolpedden declined, Mr. Nelson took a loose pinch and broke into convulsions of sneezing.

“I didn’t like your article last week on *Gallios* at all,” said Mr. Tolpedden, taking up a number of the *Forge* that lay on the table.

The article alluded to was full of that plausible sophistry with which the *Forge* tickled the prejudices of its readers.

“Didn’t you, really?” replied the Sultan, cozily arranging himself in his easy-chair. “Well, now,

several of the *Times* men praised it up to the skies. A young man wrote it—we prefer men under thirty for the *Forge*. They're more pliable and quick, not yet got into those grooves that some men will insist on calling fixed principles. We don't let them go too far, or idealize, or fly in the teeth of common sense. The thing was all aimed at *Macmillan's* 'War Christians.'"

"My dear sir, there was no high tone about it," said Mr. Tolpedden. "The beauty of Christianity is, surely, that it is above all expediency, and has ideals, almost but not entirely unattainable. The New Testament teaching is so pure and so perfect, that it is not to be reasoned on as if it was a book of Pluto. Your article spoke superciliously of Christianity as an invasion of the limitations of good sense, and yet of no good to mankind unless bound by those limitations. That surely means, if I understand your young rationalist's stealthy logic, that Christianity must be now modified to be of any use to the world."

"Gallio was a very sensible, well-meaning man—that's what I think," said the editor; "but, like most men of the world, he did not care to follow out all his conclusions; he respected the limitations of good sense—he had no taste, Tolpedden, for your great truths and great principles, as they are called. What do you say, my son?"

Arthur, who had heard all, and whose mind was at that moment at Florence, coloured slightly at being thus suddenly appealed to. Then, with a

brave effort of moral courage, and a generous contempt for mean, insincere temporizing, he said :

“I’m dead against Gallio. Great truths must contain good sense—yes, and the best sense.”

“I see I’m outvoted. But I might have expected as much from the writer of those vigorous verses on that narrow-minded old soldier Garibaldi,” said the editor, drawing out a number of the *New Monthly Magazine* from under a pile of operatic music.

Arthur tried to brace himself into composure, but he utterly failed.

Mr. Hookem read the verses aloud, with rather a malicious exultation, still mouthing them with considerable spirit.

“ ‘No grinding cannon, smeared with blood and dust ;
No savage faces, black with powder stains ; (*capital!*)
No gory colours, hedged around with steel,
And muskets fresh from beating out men’s brains.’ (*strong!*)

And, here again, this is good :

‘ Conquerors do devil’s work in Heaven’s name, (*old!*)
And hew their pathway to a gilded tomb,
To earn a trophied seat, a marble grave, a wreath
Of fading leaves, to keep their scars in gloom !’

Excellent!—reminds me of a cameo of Cæsar. Then, this ending I like, only I don’t agree with it :

‘ Has the old dream come true?—has then at last
The golden age dawned to the perfect day?
Pull down the Cæsar’s trophies and their flags—
This is a conqueror in a *nobler* way.’



Good ; and in the heroic vein. Young man, you'll do better than this some day ; but, for Heaven's sake, Mr. Tolpedden, don't let him throw his verses into the dust-hole of a stale old faded magazine that nobody reads. Send them to *Fraser*. Now mark me, Froude, though I don't agree in all his paradoxes, is a clever, kind fellow, and he'll give them a hearing."

Mr. Tolpedden looked pleased, but rather grave.

"My boy," he said, "has few secrets from me, Mr. Hookem ; but I certainly didn't know he had yet launched his verses into print. Vanity!—vanity! Well, I like him to practise verse ; but I'd much rather he'd stick just now to his Greek, and train for a double first."

"The only poetry I ever heard that was worth reading twice was Dibdin's songs," said the poet's uncle, with all the effrontery of ignorance.

"We're going to show my brother the ruins of the old castle, Mr. Hookem."

"Then I'll go with you, bedad ! if you'll only just wait while I slip on my coat and get a cigar," said the editor, leaping up with gay alertness, stout as he was, and darting into his bedroom.

He re-appeared promptly, clad in a black velvet shooting-jacket, and carrying a big clouded cane, with a massive silver head, stamped with the somewhat apocryphal arms of the Hookem family.

During their walk, the Sultan became very eloquent on the failings of the poorer classes

(or *lower* classes, as he always called them), for the country boys lost his parcels and blundered his telegraphic messages. "The fact is," he said, "I boldly confess, Tolpedden, I don't like the lower classes—they bore me with their dirt and stupidity, greediness and improvidence—they want a good tight hand. I should like to stop all foolish almsgiving for one year, and then they'd be more grateful to their rulers, I'll be bound."

Arthur was just about to charge forward in defence of the long-suffering poor of England, so much talked about, and so little cared for, when a tall young clergyman, with long dark hair, and a thin pale face, with a pleasant but rather wild expression on it—with his sister leaning on his arm—came suddenly round a corner of a lane and greeted their party warmly, and with that heartiness that is indigenous to the country.

"Well, how does the adult school get on, Mr. Trevena?" said the Sultan, genially.

"Excellently," he said, "excellently. Two of the miners fought about a copy-book last night; but that will not happen again, for I reprimanded them severely. I think I've done wonders. You must remember, Mr. Wilson, my predecessor, was twice knocked down in the school-room by one of the stronger lads, whom he had reproved for very improperly lighting a pipe."

"I do all I can to make my brother more practical," said Miss Trevena, a hard-faced woman, who was evidently no enthusiast in clerical work.

The moment they had passed, the Sultan said,

“That’s one of the best low churchmen I ever knew ; but he’s a perfect child in the ways of the world. He wears the rudest things, to save money for charity—paper collars, coats from Moses’ ; spends whole days down in the slate quarries reading to the men ; but he’ll never rise in his profession—he’s too extreme.”

“Why?” said Arthur, innocently.

“Why!—why, because he’s a dreamer, and carries things too far. They don’t want fanatics for bishops now ; bishops are chosen from the ranks of good scholars—the older the better—princes’ tutors, relations of noblemen ; they don’t want saints, restless philanthropists, reformers, or troublesome original men.”

“The more’s the pity, Hookem,” said Mr. Tolpedden, senior. “I cannot fancy the Apostles in the House of Lords.”

“Well, I’d rather have a sort of man like Trevena,” said the Sultan, “I will confess, than a fantastic furniture man like our young high church curate at Saint Tudy’s, who comes teasing me about money for splay-footed saints, and ridiculous little sinks and cupboards, and slant slits in the wall, and Gregorian chants, and all that sort of thing.”

By this time the party had left the village behind them, and descended a long winding walk through a rocky valley leading to the sea, which the brook, whose course they followed, struggled

restlessly to reach. Wild bluffs of ochry slate rock piled on either side, like stone tossed from a fosse dug by primeval giants, cropped up in grey chines and massy reddish ramps, like sketches of Titanic fortifications.

At the door of a rude stone cottage, the residence of some unsocial quarryman or fisherman, the entrance, as usual in Cornish cottages, turned from the path; Mr. Nelson Tolpedden made as dead a halt as if he had been a pointer. His eyes were fixed on a big, sodden-looking beam of wood, in the centre of which a leaden pipe had been sunk, while a stain of blue paint was here and there visible at one end of the wood. An all-pervading sense of pig filled the air, for there was a boy routing about in a dirty pig-sty.

"Harry," said the old sailor, "that's a bit of a wreck, I'll bet twenty guineas—a bit of some poor ship's tank."

Arthur asked the boy tending the pig with such brotherly care if it was so. The third time he was asked, the boy replied,

"Ees; 'tis."

"It was a portion of a French wine vessel," said Mr. Hookem, turning and joining the group. "I tasted some of the wine the other day at Camelford, and it had the real *Côte d'or* flavour—no earth in it, but just a *soupeçon* of the flint. Why, there isn't a cove on this north coast that hasn't some wreck timber strewn somewhere about. These cliffs, I begin to think, were actually the 'in-

james scopulos Acroceraunia,' that Horace mentions."

It is a curious fact, that not only M.P.'s, but classical sciolists generally, delight to quote Horace almost as if they actually seriously believed that a worn-out truism became quite a new and original saying if thrown into Latin. Horace, the pet author of the House of Commons, was the only classic with whom Mr. Hookem was even decently acquainted; so, when he did quote him, he mouthed his lines with an imposing dignity that was almost Ciceronian.

A hundred yards or so further on there lay a rocky peninsula, almost severed from the mainland, and crowned by the ruins of the once famed Castle of Dunchine.

They stood on a hollowed-out broad platform of rock, over which the stream (its fretful wandering at last ended) hurried in a silvery cascade, over a green growth of weeds, whose seedlings, after a watery pilgrimage, had here found a precarious foothold. Below this platform, and out in the little bay, the great sea, turbulent, though defeated in the ceaseless war of centuries, rolled and seathed, and dashed in a maelstrom of angry broth, round black isolated rocks, each of which, the fancy had little difficulty in supposing, must have been, on many a ghastly winter's night, the last hope of many a bruised and bleeding sailor. Beyond, to the left, from innumerable low jagged masses of rock—with many undulations, and changes of

levels—rose the broad, billowing cliffs, green with turf, and padded with spongy lumps of sea-pink.

But the point to which the eyes of the four at once turned was the towering peninsula of wall, at least three or four hundred feet high, on the sloping side, as well as on the summit of which could be seen the crumbling grey walls of the once stately castle, if not of King Arthur, at least of the great earls of Cornwall. Here, at least, it was historically certain, that Earl Richard, the son of that black tyrant, John, had revelled and banqueted with his guest, a Welsh prince. But no armour clanked now in banquet-hall—no horse neighed at the postern gate—no harp sounded—no drum beat—no flag fluttered, no lady's robes stirred in the sea-breeze—all was silent and grave-like, for the knights had been

“Dust, and their good swords rust,
And their brave souls with the saints, we trust,”

centuries and centuries since.

Above these grey ruins, on a grassy platform of the promontory, stood an isolated old chapel, with its massive stone altar still remaining; on the mainland, separated by a chasm, where the sea had eaten its way through the isthmus, there were also more remains of walls and turrets; for a draw-bridge had once joined this peninsula to the part of the castle on the land side of the gulf.

All these points of interest were duly and eloquently dilated on by Arthur Tolpedden, as the party pursued their winding way up a long dan-

gerous staircase, cut in the solid rock, to the door, the key of which they had obtained at the miner's cottage as they passed.

"It is like Uhland's Castle," said Arthur, and he sang cheerily—

" 'There was a stately castle,
A castle by the sea,
Golden and red, the clouds o'er head
Were floating gorgeously.' "

A penny for your thoughts, father !"

"I was thinking what a strange junction there is here of slate, marble, and hornblende, so like the Cape Cornwall strata," said his father, who had been absorbed in thought, and was poking a crumbling rock with his stick.

"Don't get bitten with the cursed mining mania, so fatal to you Cornish folk," said Hookem. "You see that big rock out there to the west ; well, that's the finest place for big conger in the world."

"In my opinion, Arthur," said Mr. Nelson Tolpedden, "this place is only an old Martello Tower."

Arthur flamed up into vituperative indignation.

"Why, uncle, the castle is mentioned in Doomesday Book as the Castle of the Cleft. The old romances talk of it."

"I don't care whose book it's in !" replied the daring sciolist, ignoring altogether the Conqueror's great census-taking ; "but let's go down. I feel quite giddy."

Out came a little wicker brandy-bottle from Mr. Hookem's capacious pocket, and the old sailor took some under protest, and medicinally.

They descended again, till they reached the little stage overlooking the little bay. There were two boats lying like stranded fish on the rocks; and they came to a wooden crane, girded with chains, that had once been used to lower boats, and load vessels lying below with slate.

"Je-mi-ma!" said the astonished old sailor. "Why, no boat could live in such a sea as there must be here nine days out of ten."

"Not when there's a swell on," said Hookem; "but at other times, yes. By-the-bye, Tolpedden, that young Bradbrain, the doctor, I mean, called on me just before lunch, and told me that last night he had met a trap, and that the driver had inquired for your house, so I made sure that your brother had come."

"Oh! then, that was the fellow in the dark," said Nelson Tolpedden.

At that moment a screaming cloud of gulls rose from the mouth of a cavern on the promontory, not far off; Arthur, drawing a loaded revolver from a belt he wore, fired it into the middle of them. They swerved, but none seemed to fall; then they swept off round the eastern headland.

"Nothing to the bag this time," said Mr. Hookem, laughing.

"Yes, I think I winged one—I saw him stoop lower than the rest," replied Arthur, darting down

a path leading to the beach. He re-appeared in five minutes with a dead gull, its right wing shattered by the bullet. He cheered as he came back to the group.

"It was a fluke, of course," he said; "but I took steady aim at the centre bird, and I thought I might catch one of the laggards, because I'm always practising."

"I shan't call you out," said the Sultan, with a smile; "it was a good shot, and a long shot. A revolver is no use for much more than thirty yards; though I know they will carry a hundred. Well, good-bye all of you—tat ta. I'm going now to try and shoot a cock or two (not a cock-atoos, mind) on no man's land out there; and may Mordred soon pull you out of Chancery, with a good sound title to it. I see the boy coming with my cob. Tat ta!"

Before the Tolpeddens had gone far up the valley, they heard Hookem's double-barrel go off—bang! bang!

"There goes the second barrel, I daresay to correct the blunders of the first," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden.

"Oh! Hookem's a good shot with everything but a rifle, Pater," said Arthur; "he does brag, but I like the man after all. Do you know, he's been talking to me about giving a silver cup to be shot for by our corps; and he purposes no end of jolly pic-nics and fishing-parties. He's really not a bad sort—what do you think, uncle?"

“Think!—why, I think he’d talk a horse blind, if you’d give him time.”

“He plays a good hand at whist, Nelson,” said Mr. Henry Tolpedden. “Of course I don’t swallow all that his paper, the *Forge*, says; but Hookem himself is certainly what Dr. Johnson used to call ‘a club-able man,’ and a great acquisition to us down here—isn’t he, Arthur?”

CHAPTER VI.

THE MERMAID.

THE day after this visit to Dunchine, Arthur Tolpedden absented himself from Mr. Tregellas’s, as every Thursday and Saturday, by his father’s wish, it was his habit to ride to Boscastle, and there read and talk French and Italian with M. Achille Capron, an old ex-Bonapartist officer, who had for some inscrutable reason settled himself down in that obscure nook of Cornwall.

He returned to dinner to find his father and uncle very happy in each other’s society; and the latter especially delighted at the prospect of meeting his wife and children at Bodmin on the day following.

At dinner the two brothers were full of old times; Arthur let them talk, almost without an interruption, for he enjoyed to hear old family

anecdotes, and he was not so restlessly vain as to be impatient at being kept silent.

"Do you remember!" was the key-note of the whole conversation; and how pleasantly those magic words called forth old memories.

"Do you remember, Nelson," asked the elder brother, as he dissected a hare with such skill that it seemed to fall to pieces under his keen, heavy knife, "how poor Charles fought Bogy Griffin, because he let out the water from the mill-pond, where we were skating?"

"Of course I do (stuffing, if you please); Bogy tore out a handful of Charles's hair; and do you remember how we used to go and tickle trout and get crawfish in the Sherrington brook, and how the ferret bit me through the nail in Farmer George's burrows?"

"And, my! what trout they were!" said Liddy, who presided at the sideboard, and ruled Fanny with a rod of iron.

"They were, Liddy; yes, bull-headed, broad-shouldered, crimson spots on them, and splendid flavour; and do you remember, Nelson, the mad cat that flew round the kitchen, and how Charles went in and killed him with my father's sabre? Poor Charles, he was as brave as a lion!"

"Where did Uncle Charles die?" inquired Arthur.

"He died in a French prison at the Isle of Bourbon," replied his father; "he was captain of a prize that his frigate, the *Jason*, had captured,

it was re-taken by two French vessels, after a tough fight. He caught the prison fever, poor fellow, and died in two days."

"Ha! dear fellow," said the favoured old servant, "I've got a necklace now, made of quills, that he sent your dear mother, Mr. Nelson, and I shall keep it till the day of my death, I hope."

"Potatoes, Liddy—thank you," said the elder Tolpedden. "How full of fun he was too—I remember his pig-tail and his uniform—the very day he first came home from Portsmouth; don't you remember he brought home a lot of powder and an old ship-pistol?—Arthur, a little of that cauliflower—near the stalk—that's it—thank you."

With such a pleasant interchange of old recollections passed away the dinner. Is not the brain like those snow-pictures that turn bright when held to the fire? The warmth and excitement of an old friend's conversation will always bring out many half-effaced thoughts and associations.

Now it happened that Arthur's reading, always alternating between poetry and history, Greek fable and chivalrous romance, Pilpay and Gay, Norse Saga and Tennyson's Idylls, had, for the last few weeks, turned more especially to old ballads, particularly those of Scotland, which, indeed, far transcend those of either England, Wales, or Ireland, both in number and originality. The last book on this subject that he had disinterred from his father's library had been that curious and delightful collection, edited by one of amiable

Stothard's Scotch engravers—"Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." And there he had read the enchanting ballad of "The Mermaid," who, as late as the times of the Puritans, used to be seen "i' the first come o' the moon," especially in the sweet summer months, seated on a block of smooth granite, on the shores of the Nith and Don, or on the edge of the Solway Sea, shedding her golden locks with one hand, and with the other combing them with a comb of pearl.

The mermaid's beauty was such that no man could see her face without his heart being instantly fired with an insatiable and unquenchable love. The framers of this legend had evidently blended the story of the Grecian Sirens with that of some wild early Celtic superstition, for the ballad went on to show that, whatever unlucky mortal heard the song of this sea-spirit, was at once entranced, and, in that sleep, was borne away to some hidden world below the waves. It was the young, the virtuous, the brave, that the Siren especially delighted to thus decoy to destruction. Indeed, to come down to prosaic fact, local tradition was daring enough to distinctly assert that, as late as the time of Charles I., a certain handsome young William Maxwell, of Cowehill, five miles from Dumfries, on the eve of marriage, too, was thus beguiled to his ruin. This unhappy young bridegroom was nephew to the "Lily of Nithsdale," whose premature death is so touchingly lamented

in an old Scotch ballad still extant—"She's gane to dwell in heaven."

Arthur had learnt this mermaid ballad by heart. Those who know how tunes will sometimes keep ringing tormenting changes in the head for days, may imagine how the wild legend, enshrined in really admirable verse, kept possession of Tolpedden's brain. Over and over again his fascinated memory recurred to how the young laird was warned by his more cautious page not to approach the weird singer, and still was magnetically drawn to his doom, when he saw the fair maiden whose mirth was so unearthly, sitting on the rock, "washed by the white sea foam;" then, when he had taken off his mantle, how the sea nymph knotted a tress of her golden hair, as a keepsake, round his brow; and how then came on, with deadly softness, the enchanted sleep, as the mermaid mockingly tossed his plumed cap and betrothal ring into the sea; then

"Faulded him i' her lilie arms,
An' left her pearlie kame,
Her fleecy locks trailed ower the sand,
As she took the white sea faem."

The ballad is the finest apotheosis ever written of the mermaid, and with few to sympathize with his tastes, and at an imaginative age, one can excuse Arthur's day-dreams. (Heaven knows they are rare enough in later life!) He had heard all sorts of allusions in poetry (from Shakespeare down to Tupper, and that's striking a tremendous octave)

to the mermaid, but he had never before found a poem that embodied the old belief so beautifully. He drew mermaids, he sang of mermaids, from Goethe's

“Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser schwoll,
Ein Fischer sann daran.”

He dreamt of mermaids, he thought of mermaids, but not willing to tease people with the moment's ideal, he sensibly enough kept his thoughts to himself, and refrained from talking about mermaids.

Dinner over, Arthur resolved to run down to Endellion Cove—only a mile and a half distant—as the moon was full that night, just to see and study the beauty of a lovely place under a new aspect. He would be back to tea, he told his father, but they were not to wait for him; so he saddled Gipsy, and buckling on his belt, and taking his revolver, with that enjoyment of the possibility of danger peculiar to youth, and with a thought of the contingency of a passing owl or nightjar, off he cantered up the lane, and over the mossy common to the field where he had rebuked the Dowser.

It is a singular thing that an age so sceptical as ours should be, on the other hand, so ignorantly superstitious. Men who reason away the miracles of our Saviour, induce themselves to actually believe in floating guitars, stuffed hands and wires, and all the palpable sleight-of-hand of American jugglers, as Byron, who renewed the sneers of Voltaire, trembled at the most puerile

omens. Modern superstition does not, indeed, shudder at witches, demon horses, fairies, and magicians, but it trusts in moving hats, spirits that answer questions for a guinea a *séance*, and tricksters that can only perform their silly "can-trips" in the dark, and accomplices standing by, with prepared cabinets.

But fortunately no arithmetical bishop, with a mind sharp and narrow as a gimlet, had disturbed Arthur's honest faith. He had no fears, but still he had an active imagination, and that peopled the moonlight with white ladies of Avenel and Banshees rocking in grief, stately ghosts of dead knights, and the stalwart shadows of Celtic chieftains. The very shadows of the furze bushes seemed to him to crawl and waver with a goblin life; even Gipsy seemed to hesitate, as if in some degree conscious of the presence of "uncanny" things. The darkness was waiting under the trees, like mourners at the foot of gibbets. But there was no painful road of the past, wet with repentant tears, for Arthur Tolpedden to look back upon; as for the future, there were regions of airy castles, golden with perpetual sunshine, the flags on their summits fluttering in defiance of all care, sorrow, time, debt, and death.

On dashed Gipsy up the long lane between the huge ramparts of stone and turf, and over the bars of shadow and moonshine; the only sound was from a dog, with a disturbed mind, baying with

absurd and persistent melancholy from the Glebe Farm, at the great white moon that now flooded all the Cornish shore with its light.

And as he rode, Arthur sang—

There's a maid has sat by the salt sea-side
These ten long years and mair,
And every first night o' the new moon
She combs her yellow hair.

And aye while she sheds the yellow burning gold,
Fu' sweet she sings o' hie,
Till the fairest bird that's in the wood
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

The highroad was light as day. Young Tolpedden leaped off Gipsy, and tied her up to a field-gate. In a moment he had vaulted over the barrier, and was in the field where the Druidical stone reared its head, blanched with the moonshine. It was a dry warm night; strangely warm for September. The sky was one soft, floating ocean of soft azure, studded with a sprinkling diamond dust of stars; here and there only a thin scarf of white cloud passed below the moon, that glowed with a pure-white fire.

Arthur's path to the shore lay for some distance parallel with the edge of the cliff, then the track wound downward to Endellion Cove by a succession of turns and slopes, some of them steep enough, leading from the rough upland common by zig-zags, till it reached the boulders of the beach, from which a tide, now bright as quicksilver,

had just begun to slowly retreat. Half-way down, Tolpedden stopped to light his little meerschaum. The seat he had chosen was a massive piece of wreck timber, in which could still be traced a large mortice hole where the mast was once socketed.

Behind him, in the cliff, there was an old deserted mine sunk ages ago by Jew or Phœnician, Celt or Roman, and known by the usual Cornish-miner's title of "the old men's working." According to a superstition still so prevalent in mining regions, the knockers, or mine spirits, were still often heard there mimicking the puny labours of men.

But there was no sound now, though Arthur held his head on one side wistfully to hear any such indications of supernatural labour. Then, in the lightness of his heart, he began humming another verse of the Mermaid ballad that still kept possession of his brain.

"Oh! is it a voice frae earthly lips
Which makes such melody?
It would lure a lark from the morning cloud,
And well may it lure me."

He rose, ran down another turn of the path, then stood still, almost awe-struck, to look down on the molten silver of the sea, that raced and frothed round the isolated rocks, that repeated each other from headland to headland, mile after mile, while, fronting that dream-like ocean, the cliffs rose white in the moonlight.

It was after a sharp run down the last turning but one that Tolpedden reached a level path, about sixty feet from the shore, which, a few yards farther on, began gradually to descend. His eyes were fixed Port Isaac way, and were intent not on the little spark that pointed out the spot where St. Knighton's lighthouse stood, but on a small grey film of sail, pale and misty as a phantom ship, that slid slowly along the horizon. It was just a herring-boat, no doubt, rough with tar, and clumsy enough, but through miles of air it looked mysterious and beautiful.

All at once, as Arthur turned his eyes carelessly from this object to the rocks upon the shore, he became suddenly conscious of a vision as startling as it was unaccountable by all human laws of reasoning. There, on the very top of a rock some twelve or fourteen feet high, and about a hundred yards from where he stood—there sat a maiden, wearing a robe of sea-green silk, and looking intently seaward; she kept passing her white fingers, as she did so, through a long fleece of golden brown hair, and singing, at the same time, a song so artless, so wild, and so silvery clear, that Arthur could distinguish that the words were English, though he could not fully gather the sense of them.

Even a man free from superstition might have been startled at a sight so utterly unaccountable. Here at once seemed to have risen before him the creature of his dreams—unearthly in her grace, a

syren in every movement, a dangerous witchery in her song—there she seemed sitting waiting for her merman lover, or watching to beguile some unhappy seafarer.

With a fascination that seemed to absorb every sense, Arthur remained standing there still as a marble figure. The mermaid, unconscious of a human presence, had thrown herself back against an upright portion of the rock, and lay there with her head thrown back on her shining hair, as if to dry it in the moonbeams, while she sang still sweeter and wilder than before.

For a moment or two the blood seemed to remain motionless in his heart, it fluttered slowly, and then it rushed back as if released from some sudden check.

Was it—could it be a dream?—a mere delusion of the eyes? He collected himself, he marshalled up quickly his various senses; one and all of them pronounced him sober, in good health, and wide awake. He knew all the causes of ghosts—as indigestion, nervous excitement, disordered brain, temporary preponderance of imagination over reason; but he felt in an instant that none of these causes were acting upon him. Was not this the Endellion Cove known to him now for ten years?—was not the grey sail he had just seen still moving like a crawling moth across the horizon?—were not “the Man and his man,” those twin black rocks, wading out to sea, breast high, as usual?—was not yonder St.

Knighton's headland, with the lighthouse lamp burning like a little ruby on its crest?

But, yes, there, there on the rock below, still sat that beautiful being, resting as on a couch, her face turned from him towards the moonlight, the transcendant and enchanted light, glowing and glittering in the folds and moving ripples of her sea-green robe, and streaming on the rich fleece of golden and clustering hair, that mantled her rocky pillow.

Roused by a sudden impulse that he could not control, Tolpedden snatched his revolver suddenly from his belt, cocked it, and discharged it, almost perpendicularly into the air. Almost before the little jet of fire could pass from the mouth of the pistol barrel, before the sharp snapping report could startle the echoes of that lonely inlet, the mermaid gave a shrill, unearthly scream, arose, leaning on a pinnacle of rock, and, standing erect, gave one glance upwards at the figure of which she then suddenly seemed to become conscious. For a moment a pure and beautiful face, with eyes that seemed to glitter in the moonlight, was turned towards him. The next moment, with the speed of thought, the spirit passed from the rock (it seemed to fly), and disappeared among the dark shadows of the cliffs. Instantly there rose in the air the wild laughter of several voices, like the exultation of mocking spirits, and all was silent as before.

Then, and not till then, Arthur, with all the

redoubled fire of a man who is vexed at his courage having been even for a moment daunted, replaced his pistol, and half ashamed at what he had done, half astonished at the result, ran at his swiftest pace down the slanting path leading to the sea-beach.

“If it was a trick, I will discover it,” he thought to himself; “but if it was really a spirit, why, then I will own that the old world, whose ignorance and superstition we are so fond of abusing, was right after all.”

But human doubts are stones that will not always yield to the geologist’s hammer. Weak and fallible man can never be sure that he will, by force of his own resolution, become conscious that he is wrong, merely because he knows that he has been refuted.

Tolpedden ran clattering over the boulders, and drifts of bladdery sea-weed; in a minute more he had scaled the mermaid’s rock, and stood on the very spot where he had just seen, or, at least, fully believed that he had seen the beautiful spirit. There was a large fan of the small pink sea-weed lying there, and that must have been left there by human or ghostly hands, as the top of the rock was far above high-water mark. But then, as he instantly thought, it might have been left by any of the miners’ or fishermen’s children, who came to the beach daily, to collect boulders, for road stone, or the kelp that the Cornish farmers in the north use for top-dressing. Tolpedden searched behind

every rock, and shouted into every cave, but there came no answer; nor did the spirit he so eagerly sought deign to re-appear. It was unfortunate for Tolpedden that spirits leave no foot prints by which to track them; and, besides, Endellion Cove was strewn with large round shining wet boulders, and boasted none of that soft, plastic sand that is so beautiful a characteristic of some of the bays of western Cornwall.

All abrupt transitions from the ideal to the real world are generally ludicrous; so it was that Arthur smiled to himself, as, tired and vexed at the fruitless search, he suddenly drew out his watch, and found it was past eight o'clock, and that his father and uncle would be waiting for tea—a pretty thing to be interrupted in searching for a mermaid by the bell for tea.

He had scarcely, however, reached the last turn of the upward path, before a tall, sturdy man, with a tarpaulin hat pulled down over his eyes, started from behind a rock, and confronted him in a threatening way. The man had apparently purposely chosen a dark place near the old mine shaft for his ambushade.

“I know your little game,” he said, in a hearty, rough voice; “I heard you a-snapping off your pistol to that ’ere French brig in the offing; now, my man, it’s no use resisting, you’re my prisoner, and I’ll grab the tubs, too, or I’m not Patrick Walker—come to the station, my fine fellow.”

It was a Preventive Service man, for once as

much off the right scent as the supposed smuggler himself had been.

“Why, Walker!” cried young Tolpedden, not angry, but amused, indeed glad to get on clear and rational ground once more. “Don’t you know me?—I was only firing off my revolver at a mark on the beach.”

“Why, saw my wooden head into puttock-timbers, if it isn’t young Mr. Tolpedden after all! Well, if I haven’t been veering and hunting about here for half an hour, making sure I’d got my bird as safe as ninepence. Well, I ’umbly ask your pardon, sir.”

“Nonsense! Here, Walker, take a weed.” (He offered the man a cigar.) “Met any one on the cliff to-night? Seen no one about here, I suppose?”

He asked these questions with an anxiety that would have seemed strange to an acuter man than Walker.

“Lor’ bless you, sir, I never see any one this time of night, unless it is old Pengelly setting lobster-pots, and he’s in bed by this time. Sometimes, in full summer, we have some of the young fellows gallivanting about here with their sweet-hearts, but not now.”

Tolpedden was ashamed to ask any more direct questions, eager as was his curiosity, and all he said was :

“Want a vesuvian, Walker?”

“Thank ’ee, sir. They’re handy things, though

they burn your clothes. By-the-bye, sir, so I hear you've got our old officer up at the house. I know him, sir. He's the right grit; ay! he's a chip of the old block; but he'd have the work done, Muster Tolpedden, and no two ways about it; there was no shamming Absalom with him!"

"He is sound as oak, Walker! So you were under him in Dorsetshire?"

"Yes, sir," (here Walker paused, and turning, removed the cigar from his mouth, and pointed with the butt end of it towards the deserted mine, now far behind them to the right). "You've heard tell, sir, among these Cornish people 'bout here, of the Knockers?"

Tolpedden nodded.

These Knockers are mine spirits, whom the miners in Cornwall declare they sometimes hear echoing their blows above or below them, as they work, to indicate the presence of metal.

"I have; but they're never heard, I think, in deserted mines, or in any of 'the old men's workings.'"

"Don't know nothing about the old men, or any of their doings, Muster Tolpedden. I was born in Gloucestershire, sir, near Stroud, and was never much in the way of mining; but this I do know, lies as I thought the whole biling of it, that I heard the Knockers in that 'ere pit-hole last night, when I was watching closely—it was about three bells; if I didn't, may I never draw my next month's pay. I am not spinning a yarn, sir, to draw a glass of grog out of ye, but I am telling you the

solemn truth, as I stand here; and I heard them again to-night, I'll take a Bible oath to it."

"I think every one is bewitched to-night," thought Tolpedden to himself. He was much less tolerant of Walker's superstition than of his own.

"Small noises sound loud at night," he said, for the man's face wore an expression that showed he was quite in earnest. "It might have been a small slip of the slate rock, or even a fox or a badger scratching a hole somewhere near you."

"Oh, no, it wasn't, sir! I've got pretty good ears of my own. You may believe me or not; it was the Knockers I heard. Good night, sir. I must be off to meet my messmate on the Willow-park Head."

"Good night, Walker; remember one cannot always account either for what one sees or hears."

"The eyes are not so easily deceived as the ears," thought Arthur, and at once dismissed from his own mind the story of the Preventive Service man. "It is just one of those cock-and-bull stories of sailors," he concluded. "What would the man have said if he had seen my water-spirit?"

Then, leaping on the back of Gipsy, who was snorting petulantly, he cantered home.

Tea was just over. His uncle was seated near a moderator lamp, deep in the *Shipping Gazette*, his favourite paper, and his father was in his laboratory.

"Why, what's kept you, Arthur?" said his uncle,

dropping his double eyeglass from his nose. "Here's the vessel been quite becalmed without you. Fanny, avast heaving there; leave the tray, and make some more tea."

"No tea for me, thank you. You may take it away, Fanny, and bring me a glass of ale. I've been looking at the sea, uncle, and thinking about mermaids. That's a sensible occupation for a man, isn't it?"

"Hum! The only mermaid I ever saw turned out to be a seal. It is the marines always see the mermaids, not the real salts."

Arthur dared say no more; but as he worked at his Herodotus that night, there kept rising out of the pages a face like that of a beautiful corpse glorified by a moonbeam.

When he went into the laboratory, to tell his father about Walker and the Knockers (not a word about the mermaid), his father looked up gravely, with his stern face, from a huge Latin folio of Paracelsus, for he was a great inquirer into the mysteries of the founders of chemistry, and shook a glass vessel, containing a liquid that turned to purple, from crimson, as he spoke.

"It's their own pulse beating the fools hear," he said. "You go into a dark room, now, listen intently, and you will hear, or fancy you hear, the dull low throb of the blood-pump in your own heart; but don't, pray, listen to it too often, or you will superinduce a diseased action of that organ. As for that, every man's heart, Arthur, whether

he hear it or not, is incessantly beating a dead march, but still, we need not hurry it. Mind, Arthur, no St. Petrock's to-morrow; we shall drive to Bodmin Station, for Aunt Polly and the children are coming, they write, by the three-twenty. Your Uncle Nelson can scarcely talk of anything else. We shall perhaps meet the Tregellases, for it is to-morrow they expect their daughter."

Arthur felt, somehow, as if he would be half glad, and yet somewhat afraid, to meet the Tregellases. Why that unusual alarm at meeting old friends?

When he returned to the sitting-room, he told his uncle that he had that evening met Walker, an old Preventive man from Dorsetshire.

"I know him," was the reply; "steady man, but rather fond, sometimes, of getting two sheets in the wind. They were always sending us broken down men-of-wars-men and invalids. Walker was the only sound man I had. Let me see—there was No. 1, he had only one eye; there was No. 2, he had only one leg; No. 3 was fat, and had five children; No. 4 was nearly blind (amaurosis); No. 5 had a stiff ankle; No. 6 was drunken, and ought to have had his discharge twenty times over; No. 7 was rheumatic, and No. 8 was Walker. Oh! the Admiralty have played old gooseberry, Arthur, with the service. It's no good now. We must petition, and Elphinstone will work it for us in the House."

CHAPTER VII.

THE LIEUTENANT'S FAMILY.

THE next morning the old lieutenant was in high spirits. He was up preternaturally early, and, from old association, kept chanting to himself in the garden all the orders given on board ship when a vessel is getting under weigh.

“Loose all sails, sheet home, hoist up top sails, top-gallant sails, and royals; brace your head-yards aback, then pull for the starboard tack, trip the anchor—now she’s away! For

“I’m Captain Jolly, of the *Lively Polly*,
Just come home from sea.”

And so *da capo*.

If the lieutenant had not been indeed proverbially one of the most temperate of men, scandal might have accused him of having taken a morning dram of mountain dew, or some rich poisonous essence of malt, grapes, or juniper. But his good humour arose really from nothing but the pure animal spirits of an eccentric, warm-hearted, elderly man, rejoicing in the prospect of soon re-meeting his young wife and children.

Elderly men get a little fussy under excitement, and their promptness sometimes takes the form of nervous bustle. The lieutenant hurried down his breakfast—he was anxious to start before the

time. He insisted on himself helping the gardener to harness the horses, Thor and Peacock; he paced up and down, while Arthur was looking for his driving-gloves—he paced along the gravel walk opposite to the door, as fretful as Thor, who kept pawing a hole with the hoof of its near fore-leg—any one could see that Mr. Nelson Tolpedden longed to leap on the barouche box, and drive off dictatorially, mocking at all delays.

His brother Arthur, and even Liddy, saw his nervous excitement; but they said nothing, for they liked to see a good heart under even this aspect. At last the caravan got off, and once on the grey metallic high road leading from Boscastle to Camelford, Thor and Peacock put out their strength bravely, and on flew the yellow barouche, under Arthur's charioteering, as if the very horses were expecting to meet friends at the Bodmin railway-station.

It was market-day in the assize town, so for the last mile or two the road was crowded with horse-men, market-carts, dog-carts, carriages, and country people. Robert, the coachman, had as much as he could do to shout to men on the wrong side of the road, and to hail careless carters; but Arthur was keen of eye, light of hand, and unflinching in nerve, his only secret regret was, that he had not four "bits of blood" with whom to display his talent, and to lavish his whipcord. From under many a feathered hat, quick

glances were directed towards the handsome father and the bright-eyed son ; and many a whip-end was turned upwards, to professionally greet his skill. Now and then a Cornish farmer, who had completed his bargains, and got drunk earlier than usual, passed them on his way back to Saint Tudy, or some such unacknowledged out-of-the-way saint, and touched his hat in a civil, but independent recognition, for the Cornishman is a stickler for equality.

“Port the helm !” (which means steer to the larboard), cried the lieutenant, who seemed to consider himself captain on this special cruise, to his nephew, as a ponderous waggon, laden with great, helpless-looking white flour sacks, bungled past without much regard to any laws of the road. “Ha, Arthur, I wish you had been with me the other day, when I came along the road with those two London fellows—how they did talk, to be sure !”

“What an emblem of tyranny that fellow in the miller’s waggon is,” remarked Mr. Henry Tolpedden to his son, as the Juggernaut of a vehicle crushed recklessly by ; “he knows he has power, and you see he abuses it with as much insolence as any usurper in the world.”

“Had too much at the market, sir,” said Robert, who was a taciturn man ; “and don’t know where he’s a-going of.”

Just as they swung round the corner, and past the Royal Hotel, up lumbered Mr. Prince Regent

Hookem, trotting heavily on Mammoth the cob. He had a spotless white camelia in the button-hole of his light grey coat, and was at once overpowering and condescending.

Arthur pulled up to greet him. Thor and Peacock obeyed, as if they loved, and at the same time feared their driver.

"How do, Arthur?"

"How do you do?"

"Just been to town, Tolpedden," he said, "with a packet of most important revises for the *Forge*—Littlemore's new poem—change of ministry expected—a cut at that vulgarian, Spurgeon, and so on. We've no sinecure, we poor editors. Also been telegraphing for some caviare and some Perigord pies from Fortnum and Mason's—written also to Turner in Bond Street for a silver cup for the riflemen here; and mind you win it, my young squire of dames. Tat ta!"

And off thundered the Sultan.

A hundred yards further somebody hailed them from a pony-chaise at the door of a large draper's. It was Mr. Tregellas, muffled up, and sitting a miracle of patience, waiting for his wife and children, who were shopping within. He was sturdy and frank as usual, and greeted the whole party warmly, being first introduced to the lieutenant. As they were all talking, out burst two of the children, tossing their arms, rejoicing at the general fun of the day, and with pleasure at seeing Arthur Tolpedden.

"I want to introduce my daughter Lucy to you, Mr. Tolpedden," said the rector; "but I won't keep you now—I see you're in a hurry for the train. Good-bye. God send those you love back to you safe and sound!"

"Oh! she came by the eleven-forty train, I suppose," said Mr. Tolpedden. "Now then, Arthur, for a spin to the station—we've no time to lose."

Mr. Tolpedden was one of those proud Napoleonic men who, from having known little misfortune, and having been always accustomed to attain his objects in a regal sort of way, had grown inately, though quietly, impetuous, and could not brook much contradiction or resistance. Among other things, he liked to keep good horses, to drive fast; and to have all he had of the best, costly, solid, sound, and good. The speed with which Thor and Peacock now flew, seemed to delight his impetuous nature. The lieutenant, too, sat enjoying the speed, as a captain does when the wind's full in his favour.

It wanted five minutes to the time, when Robert jolted down the steps, then ran to take the reins, and throw the clothes over the smoking horses.

"Belay there—steady!" cried the lieutenant, with intense satisfaction, as he leaped down, his hands in the two side-pockets of his Flushing jacket. "I say, messmate"—the messmate was a railway porter—"is the train from Plymouth due yet?"

“We ain’t signalled her yet, sir.”

Arthur had been very silent all the drive. He had been trying to reason out the apparition. He had at last settled it could not be a vision, nor a strolling player, nor a seal, nor a country girl; but as to apparitions—here he wavered, half angry with himself, and left the matter for further deliberation. One thing, at least, remained, and that was, the memory of that face, which seemed the embodiment of eternal happiness.

The station-master had just arrived, and was busy at a sort of little dressing-case, transmitting Mr. Hookem’s epicurean telegraph. There was a man with a bundle poring over the times of the trains. The cords of the signal-posts were flapping against the wood—the telegraph wires were murmuring mournful prophecies, perhaps, of future collisions. The porter was strewing gravel on the rails, to make the wheels bite better, and stop quicker. The luggage of a moody passenger, who kept reading his own directions, was piled up ready on the Penzance end of the platform.

Suddenly the Rev. Mr. Trevena—homely in dress, and wandering and amiable as ever; wearing a buttoned Inverness cape, with no gloves, his hat unbrushed, and his shirt collar by no means obtrusively clean—emerged on the platform. He carried a black sermon-book in his hand, as if the very idea of putting it into his pocket had never entered his rambling head. He was going to Falmouth to speak at a missionary meeting. You could see

that he was uncomfortable about something by his nervousness, and evident absence of mind. His shoes were dusty, for he had walked more than half way, and he looked worn and pinched, as if his too practical sister kept him on rather scanty fare. He asked irrelevant questions about the train, till the porters got sulky, and lounged off, on pretence of altering the signals. He eventually took a third-class ticket, and then, much to the station master's annoyance, wanted it changed for a return ticket. Effeminate, he was, nay, almost childish, in his utter want of common sense, yet there stood a man (if the world could have read his heart) with the soul of a martyr, and the stedfast faith of Christ's best beloved apostle.

As the two brothers and Arthur were pacing uneasily to and fro, looking at the various advertisements—the large crayon head of a pretty young lady brushing her hair; somebody's mustard, recommended by the appropriate picture of a fat bull; Miss Braddon's last sensation novel, founded on a curious complication of trigamy and murder, incest and arson; and bills of Appleshaw Sheep Fair, Volunteer reviews, and other local subjects—two persons passed through the side gate, and came on the platform. The one was Mr. Bradbrain, the dashing young doctor of St. Petrock's, who had set the lieutenant right when he was benighted on his way to Tolpedden—his companion a pale, corpse-like man, was Mr. Mordred, his partner,

also a banker, who had made his money by mining speculations down at Redruth.

Mr. Bradbrain was a robust, florid, handsome young man of about thirty-seven, with large black bushy whiskers, and no beard—the expression of whose face was spoiled by an uncontrollable insolence, and a look of vulgar rakishness, that no professional quietude could altogether hide. His large brown eyes had a wandering, cunning, reckless look about them, that was not prepossessing to a physiognomist, although to ordinary and hasty observers it might have assumed the character of frank, daring, and country bluntness. His dress was well made, but yet “turfish,” and slangy. His scarf, barred crimson and white, was fastened with a gold horseshoe pin; his Newmarket coat, glossy and new, was remarkable in its cut; and while he kept one hand in his outer pocket, the other held a hunting-crop, with which he rather noisily and defiantly beat the right side of his brown corded trowsers, and still oftener the high riding-boots which adorned his well-made legs. To a quiet man there was something unpleasantly like a “bagman” in Mr. Bradbrain—something irritating and aggressive in his every gesture—something straddling and vulgar in every step he took. His dress was new, expensive, and unimpeachable; and yet each separate portion seemed to have been lately ticketed up in showy windows, where one had seen it and avoided it. His white hat, bound with deep crape, he always wore, with an offensive

effrontery, a little tilted up over the left temple. When he passed a stranger, his first impulse seemed to be contempt, as if he expected a fight, and did not care how soon it came. The insolence of money and of physical strength was oozing out of his every pore. When the young doctor spoke to an inferior, unless he had some strong motive for a selfish and profitable politeness, it always seemed as if he longed to address him and strike him at the same time.

His companion, Mr. Mordred, was a man some fifteen years older than Mr. Bradbrain. He was a tall, fleshless, gravely-dressed man, with what one might suppose the complexion of a resuscitated corpse. Matter, not blood, seemed to slowly ebb and flow through his veins; an emaciated face, rendered livid by medicine taken years ago for supposed heart disease, seemed to prove that some mortal malady had already commenced its deadly countermines, against all the precautions of science. To those, indeed, who knew him, Mr. Mordred made no secret of the fact that disease of the heart had compelled him to take that dangerous medicine that is known to save life only by partially poisoning the blood; and it disclosed its inward influence by a bluish pallor and a pasty opaqueness of the outer skin. Mr. Mordred's eyes were leaden, cold, and dead, and they seemed neither to receive nor transmit light. If there had been ever any hidden vein of fire in them, that fire had long since died out. A wild youth had

led to a premature age. Except gain, speculation, and the chess-moves of business, nothing now roused that imperturbable and coldly bland man.

He had abandoned hunting; he no longer purchased rights of shooting, or made the farmers all round St. Petrock's breed pheasants for him. His whole life was now spent in professional visits, in bank business, or in attending the meetings of mining companies. That thin, ghastly face, with its grey whiskers, was now seldom seen at the covert side, or in the stubble-field. Now and then, only, he gave cold, formal parties, to half the county, when everything was chillily splendid, and the profusion and display was satiating, but unsatisfying.

Many might dislike a man whose whole life was narrowed into so narrow a round; but even calumny, with her thousand restless tongues, could not impugn the stainless honour and probity of the leading banker in the north of Cornwall, whose word was good for as many thousands as there are starlings in a flock. His very dress was the essence of somewhat old-fashioned respectability. His large, upright, immaculate shirt-collars, indicated an unflinching conservatism, and his massive gold repeater was as large as the watches that people wore in Dr. Johnson's days. His very walking-stick was respectable, and suitable only for the wealthy, for it was pimento-wood mounted with gold.

It was singular that so proud and independent a

man as Mr. Tolpedden, after greeting the young doctor warmly, should give a sort of shudder as the elder partner advanced and touched, rather than grasped, his proffered hand.

"Then you, sir," said Mr. Bradbrain to the lieutenant, to whom he was introduced, with a disagreeable display of coarse white teeth, "are, I presume, the gentleman to whom I told the way the night before last? I had been to a case of diphtheria beyond Endellion, and I wondered who it was."

"I am that gentleman, sir. We were helm-down, topsails clewed up, and there we should have remained, but for you."

"What a queer old card!" thought the doctor. "We are just going," he said, "I and my partner, Mr. Tolpedden, are just going to attend a Commission de Lunatico at Helstone—tiresome things—one of the Darcourts, been cracked for generations."

"Crack running in what direction?" inquired Mr. Henry Tolpedden.

"In the direction of acquiring and storing up gun-flints, and old shoes, and envelopes, and old postage-stamps, by the cart-load," said Mr. Mordred, without a smile. He never smiled, and, when he did, it seemed as if it gave him pain.

"How about the rifle match, Arthur—does it hold for October?" said the young doctor.

While they were discussing this contest, and the *Forge Cup*, Mr. Henry Tolpedden wandered away

to the end of the platform, beyond the signal-post, and, leaning over a railing looking towards the town, the strange man fell into a curious train of thought, *apropos* of railways in general, and of the indifference of the town of Bodmin to the arrival of the three-forty, in particular.

"Suppose," he reflected, "that death was done away with, his power cancelled, his dusty and revolting pomp superseded, his mouldy and musty trophies pulled down and defaced—that no longer he was permitted to turn cheeks like the rose-leaf to yellow wax, no longer to change the eye's light of life into the glassy stare, no longer to freeze the warm heart to ice, no longer to tear from us those we love, in the old awful and ghastly way—suppose all earth's graveyards changed into flowering meadows, all sextons, undertakers, and coffin-makers, in sheer disgust at the abolition of Death, their old master, having emigrated to the Antipodes, and there turned farmers.

"Imagine, further," he went on, "that, in place of dying, a mysterious black letter came to each doomed person at the predestined time—a letter simply requiring him or her to be ready at a certain named station, at a certain hour, on a certain day, and that, on that day, hour, and place, they went, attended by those who loved them to the last, and that, at the hour specified, there infallibly came, growing larger out of the distance, a sable train driven by invisible hands, and that into it,

urged by irresistible impulse, the doomed person got, with just one last embrace at parting, and was borne away for ever.

“Could time ever take from us the sense of terror, awe, and mystery, that the sight of such a parting would produce? And yet who would have thought that time would ever have lessened our sense of the sublimity of the abstract railway, of the giant force, of the tremendous imprisoned power of steam, that enormous addition to man’s potency over the elements! Still the very country cows in the field now scarcely raise their heads from their munching as the express flies by, at fifty miles an hour; the farmers, driving to market, do not even look up, or cease for a moment the tossing about, in their hollowed hands, pinches of sample corn. How can an age wonder at anything, when it has discovered that the sky above us is no longer the cloudy home of the gods, but only so many miles of ambient oxygen and hydrogen? The unknown—it recedes from us further and further every day. On goes science with her lamp, deeper and deeper into the mine, seeking the golden vein of Truth. The mine-spirits cower deeper in the darkness, avoiding the light. Alas! for the old simple wonder, and the simple, unshaken faith of earlier days, have they, too, gone for ever? Well, there are still secrets to discover.”

Our thinker was aroused from his reverie by his son touching him on the shoulder.

“What ! in a brown study, Pater ? I have just come to tell you that Mr. Mordred says he will be very glad if you will call on him the next time you go to St. Petrock’s. They have crossed over, because their train is signalled.”

His father answered, somewhat sternly :

“Yes, I had forgotten. I will go there to-morrow. I shall want to call on the Tregellases. Ugh ! I don’t know how it is, I do detest that man ; yet I know nothing but in his favour, and I know the folly of such antipathies.”

Just previous to this conversation, Mr. Bradbrain had been dilating on a collision he had once been a sharer in, near Farnborough, in 1860, at the time he was house-surgeon in the Salisbury Infirmary. His train had run into a timber-train, and several carriages were destroyed. All this the doctor related as you would relate a mere adventure out hunting.

But the honest lieutenant, heedless of all danger at sea, was a child in matters of land travel, and was, moreover, keenly anxious just then about the safety of the dear cargo he expected ; so he took the narrative somewhat in dudgeon, much to Bradbrain’s amusement and astonishment.

“Sir, I beg to say I want to hear no more of your yarn !” exclaimed the anxious husband ; “and I think it very inconsiderate, talking of such disasters in this place and at this time.” So saying, he turned on his heel somewhat abruptly, deaf to all the profuse apologies lavished in a loud and

blustering voice by Mr. Bradbrain. "I hate that fellow," he muttered to himself.

Arthur and Mr. Trevena were just interposing, when up went the signal, the train swept round through the distant viaduct, swift as a cannon-shot, and every moment looming larger and larger, broke forth again with bragging puffs of smoke, as if it exulted in its own gigantic strength, as with much creaking, jostling, and sound of wheels, it slowly and grumblingly halted at the Bodmin Road Station.

The good old sailor's delight was now almost too much for his head. He bawled out to the stoker, "Heave to—put the helm down, and let go your best bower!" Very good orders for coming to anchor, but at that moment quite out of place. Then he darted down the platform, shouting with a stentorian voice, "Bodmin Road!—Bodmin Road! Keep your seats till the train stops!" In fact, to tell the whole truth, with the best intentions in the world, Lieutenant Tolpedden behaved for a moment or two uncommonly like a lunatic; joy does get into our head, but its intoxication is very brief, for some grave little drawback soon comes to sober one.

I do believe firmly that if the agreed-on signal, the little white handkerchief, had not instantly fluttered from a central second-class window, from which also emerged the heads of rejoicing children and a bird-cage, something dreadful would have happened to the lieutenant, so deeply had his feel-

ings been roused, and such a tension of anxiety had there been upon his nerves.

With the alacrity of a man securing salvage, or, to use a humaner metaphor, with the hearty but yet determined bustle of a captain when his ship is about to leave the dock, and the shore-rope is already slackening, the lieutenant dashed at the carriage door, flung it open, pulled out a sky-terrier, a parrot, and a bird-cage, all at once; routed out the children, and a little maid-of-all-work; then, a moment after, a pretty, dapper little woman leaped into his arms, with the sweetest little shriek of self-satisfied triumph ever heard, and was deposited with half a dozen kisses safely on the platform. Then came a little pink and white bundle—that was “Bobby,” and the lieutenant tossed her up in almost ludicrous exultation; then out tumbled Kate, and Jack, and Ted, all of whom were by turns kissed and deposited with the other luggage.

But all at once Mrs. Tolpedden tore herself from her husband, and screamed in small anguish, “My black bag!—my black bag!—oh! our trunks, and the big sea-chest—Nel, Nel, run, run!—they’re in the van near the engine—we shall lose them!”

“I’ll look after the children,” said Arthur.

“And I’ll run and help to claim the luggage,” said his father.

“And allow me, Tolpedden, the pleasure of taking care of the lady,” said Mr. Bradbrain, who had made his way to them through the crowd.

“Oh! my bag! my bag!—it had *everything* in it!—Where is it? Oh, don't let the train go!”

“My dear madam, allow me to leave your side for a moment,” said the young doctor, who really looked very handsome, glowing as he was with the excitement of the moment; “and I will search every corner of the carriage.”

He dived under seats, he lifted cushions—in a moment he re-appeared with the prize—the lost bag.

The little lady's delight and gratitude were prettier and more childlike than even her consternation. She was prodigal of thanks, she positively blushed slightly when she fixed her eyes on the handsome and showy young man, who bent over her to assure her that he deserved no thanks. He was only too happy to be able to do the smallest service for any relation of his friend, Arthur Tolpedden; and he said this with a book of etiquette bow, lifting his remarkable hat.

At that moment the impatient train gathered itself together—all its jolting vertebræ began to move—out flew the great white banner of steam—the doors slammed—the flag was shaken—up went the station-master's hands—the stoker pulled at his taps as if he was drawing beer—there was a kissing of hands, a last word or two, a shout, and off went the train, leaving the two Tolpeddens at the further end of the platform, surrounded by mountains of luggage.

“Oh! this gentleman has been so kind, Nel,”

said the little woman, as she came to where her husband stood.

"Much obliged to him—very much obliged to him, and I hope he'll forget the rough way I spoke to him just now," said the husband, all the time counting and overhauling the luggage.

"Delighted with the opportunity, I am sure," said the doctor, with a dangerous side glance that seemed to photograph Mrs. Tolpedden's eyes, plump cheek, and little dimpled chin.

"Now, then, Polly, for the bill of lading," said the lieutenant.

She handed it to him from the rescued bag.

"One sea-chest—say *here*, somebody!"

The eldest boy, Jack, said "Here."

"Three hampers—a chest of drawers!"

"Here."

"One deal box, Katy!"

"Here."

"Two trunks. Why don't you cry here, Johnny?"

"Here, father."

"One bonnet-box, and one violin case."

"Here."

"That's all ship-shape, then. Now, we're ready for sailing, so hoist the Blue Peter at the fore, Harry!"

By this time, a close, two-horse fly, ordered from the Royal Hotel by letter the previous day, had arrived, steered by the officious Mr. Beswetherick. With joyful clatter and pleasant bustle, in got the

children, and Susan, the little maid, the parrot Benbow, and the delighted terrier Billy; lastly, in got pretty little Mrs. Tolpedden, while her husband mounted the rigging, as he called it, and divided the box-seat with the driver. The chest was corded on, the hamper coaxed into the boot, the bonnet-box entrusted to the barouche, while the heavy boxes were left to be sent on by the carrier's cart.

All this time Mr. Bradbrain had been unceasingly polite and useful in his glossy and bagman way. He handed in the bird-cage, with that yellow puff, the canary; he talked to the parrot, he arranged the plaids and shawls, he counted the umbrellas, he kissed the children, and he carefully tossed up the steps and fastened the carriage door. The lieutenant was too absorbed in his own happiness to be very polite, but even he stooped down from the bad eminence wheron he was perched, and said:

"Thankee! thankee! Mr. Broadbean!"

"Bradbrain, uncle."

"Beg your pardon, Brodbrad? Much obliged, Mr. Brodbrad, for all the trouble you've taken. Now then, coachee, put her before the wind. Polly, my love, are you all right and ataut there? Very well, then. Coachee, straight for port it is. Harry, we'll race for home."

And away the caravan went; the barouche first, and the more plebeian fly in convoy. As Mrs. Tolpedden, her brother-in-law, and Arthur simul-

taneously bowed to obliging Mr. Bradbrain, that gentleman remained, with hat waving in his hand, until the two carriages grew small as Titania's chariots in the distance. Then, and not till then, with one gloved hand twisted in the mane of his irritable chestnut mare, Mr. Bradbrain leaped into his saddle with a single impetuous swing, and rode fast in the direction of the town. Yet, fast as was the pace, he found leisure, as he rode, to kiss his hand three times in the direction of the receding vehicles, and to utter these enigmatic words :

“Donald Bradbrain, it's *a case*, it's *a case* !”

CHAPTER VIII.

“BLUE EYES OF SPRING—THE VIOLETS.”

THE morning after their arrival, the house at Tolpedden was buzzing, like a hive, with children. Johnny, a sturdy boy of twelve, was leading the new-comers about, in detachments, to the garden, the stables, the shrubberies, and the orchard ; Ned, who boasted of the experience of six full summers, was looking everywhere for picture-books ; Kate, a buxom girl of thirteen, had made love to Liddy, and was being shown all the curiosities ; while Bobby, the pet, and permanent wonder of the whole family, was crowing and screaming with delight, as she pulled at the lieu-

tenant's bushy grey whiskers. Arthur, the servants, everybody was pressed into the service of the new-comers, and were delighted with the service into which they were pressed. The house seemed to bloom into life again, as little feet sounded once more on the stairs, and the walls rung again with the innocent laughter of children.

It was quite delightful to see the lieutenant on the lawn, near the wall, where the apricot-tree was in full fruit, tossing his baby-child into the air, and loading it with kisses and caresses.

"My own Bobby!" he cried; "there's no Bobby in the world like my Bobby! No, Polly, I can't part with her yet. Come along, Bobby, come to father!" and so on *da capo*.

That morning, when Arthur Tolpedden rode as usual to St. Petrock's for his three hours Greek, there was a curious fluttering in his heart, a sensation of mingled delight and apprehension. He was hardly conscious, however, of the feeling, and was ashamed of himself for allowing his fancy to run so wild, and all about a clergyman's daughter whom he had never seen. But he was at a susceptible age; his imagination had, in this instance, been excited, and he began to feel all that irrestrainable and not unnatural curiosity that most young men of twenty would have felt if they had been about to see a person newly added to their circle of friends, especially when that person was a young and prepossessing lady, and one much eulogized by her own acquaintance.

Arthur had dressed that morning with more care than usual. He even paid greater attention to his attitude in riding. It was a clear, bright, cold day, and the large yellow chestnut leaves rustled under his feet as he leaped off Gipsy at the Rectory gate, and led her into the stable. No children ran to meet him, but seeing the front door open, in he walked. There were no signs of the good rector or his wife, no signs of Fitzhugh, Maclean; nobody, no, not even the servant seemed to be visible.

Tolpedden opened the door of the sitting-room opening from the hall, and entered. The piano was open, and on the top there was laid a large bunch of Russian violets, still fresh with dew, premature prophecies of spring, sweet as the breath of Venus; and near these relics of Paradise lay one little riding gauntlet, that had been already moulded into the form of its owner's hand. A certain beauty and grace seemed to animate both the flowers and the glove; Tolpedden stooped, and seemed about to kiss them both, in perfect confidence that she to whom they belonged must be both witching and beautiful; but he only kissed the glove, and then laid it down with a sort of regret.

At that moment a glance at the black and white keys suggested to him the notion of sitting down for a moment before he ran into the garden, and trying to spell out from his memory that wild and strange melody that he had heard the mermaid sing, a spirit whom he now began to regard

almost as an unaccountable dream. That very morning he had risen early to adapt to it some verses of Heine, and these he had learnt by heart. There was a large mirror hanging on the wall above the piano, and he sat, as he played, with his back to the glass doors, now thrown apart, that opened on to the lawn. Arthur Tolpedden was almost a self-taught player, but he had a firm touch and a fine ear for harmonies. He played in a tender, expressive way, not fulminating, as if to show brute strength, or merely running up and down conceited chromatic ladders, and discharging batteries of noisy chords. He played, in fact, simply as if he was tracking out on the instrument the windings of some pleasant thought, passionate as Mozart's "Il Tesoro," regretful as the tearful "Che faro senza Euridice" of Glück. It was plaintive, rambling, even faulty playing, and would have, I daresay, vexed a stormy professional player to the heart; the words he sang in a low, mellow tenor were these, and they seemed applicable to the flowers that lay before him:—

Blue eyes of spring—the violets,
Peeped sweetly from the ground,
The little modest violets,
In bunches I had bound.

I'd plucked them talking, telling
My thoughts so tender, dear;
The name my heart was hiding,
The nightingale sang clear.

Loudly she sang those treasured thoughts—
The echoes bore them far ;
And the trees soon spread my secret
To wind, and cloud, and star.

“Oh! that wonderful sea-spirit!” thought Arthur, quite losing himself in day-dreams, and pausing over his music; “was it a dream, or but a mere ideal of my brain, thrown forward upon my retina. Pshaw! Brewster, that’s all very well; but, then, what is to account for the sea-green silk, the duration and clearness of the vision and its disappearance?—besides, the retina does not laugh—stuff and nonsense, don’t tell me!—I am no gull of the Davenport brothers—I am no child to be tricked with magic-lanterns; besides, what time was there for preparation?—who could expect my coming?—what glass could throw visions on an isolated sea-side rock, with nothing but moonlit sea for a background? No rubbish!—it was no white lady of Avenel, no banshee with grey shadowy face. Why, bless me, I should know that face, that face among ten thousand—the clear, full, white brow, the sweet eyebrows, arched in such beautiful and mischievous surprise, the small, finely-shaped nose, the lips just parted, the lower one swelling so like a rosebud just opening in the sun; her look, so defiant and Diana-like, yet as full of unquenchable happiness as Titania’s; and then the hair, fit to wreath Venus with braids of sun-

beams. But, stop, I don't like the way these words run—

Blue eyes of spring—the violets,
Came—(*that's better*)—peeping from the ground ;
The nightingale had seen me,
As the bunches I had bound.

There is always a clumsy inversion about all poems either translated or stolen from the German," he went on thinking, "that always betrays their origin—the construction differs. If those lines had been my own, I should have written—

As with the long grass ribbons
I had the bunches bound.

"Yet, no, that's not smooth either, and I lose the metre—let me play it once more."

Arthur had scarcely played more than one verse, when, looking upwards, his eyes fell on the mirror that hung before him, and there he saw a beautiful face watching him, with evident astonishment and almost alarm, from the terrace without ; while not far behind the face the figures of Mr. Tregellas and a young clergyman, arm-in-arm, came moving towards the window.

Arthur rose up and advanced to meet his tutor. Mr. Tregellas's brown grave face was radiant with a calm pleasure ; on his arm there clung and weighed (for in the short interval of time that it had taken Arthur to rise from the music-stool and face the window, the young clergyman had turned

back into the garden) a tall, graceful girl, flushed with exercise, and holding a croquet mallet in one hand; in the other a round hat, which had a little fan of peacock's feathers in it, with their purple and emerald eyes arching round over the right side. Arthur recognised her face in a moment—Heaven above us, it was that of the mermaid! His keen eye in a moment saw that the clear, oval face, the candid brow, the mouth more beautiful than any Greek sculptor ever fashioned, were all those of his errant vision. The hair was the same sunshine colour; he remembered the turn of the figure, the very bearing so proud and yet so winning—above all there was that same marvellous and indescribable sense of equable and unchanging gladness in every look and movement, a spirit (as it were) of eternal youth, and of a beauty that could not fade, because it was an effluence of the soul within.

In a moment Arthur's quick intelligence, swift as that of dawning love, discovered that although Lucy Tregellas had been surprised to hear a stranger playing over the wild German air that she had sung to herself that night upon the seaside rock, she had not had time in the hurried and half-frightened look that she had cast on the unexpected intruder, to observe his face. She was evidently surprised, but she did not recognise him. He felt glad of that, because it formed a sort of secret though invisible link between them.

“How d’ye do, Tolpedden?” said Mr. Tregellas. “Allow me to introduce to you my noisy and mischievous daughter Lucy, or Lilly, as the children call her, who has just come back from Devonshire to throw the whole house out of gear, to beat us all at croquet, and to make us all as idle and troublesome as herself.”

Mr. Tolpedden bowed gracefully enough, and hoped that Miss Tregellas had recovered from the fatigue of so long a journey.

“Oh! she came back the evening of the day you were here,” said her father; “earlier than we expected; and what should she do but go rambling down on the sea-shore the very same night. Oh! nothing tires Lilly except steady reading and useful work.”

“That evening!” thought Arthur! “then it was her!”

“Be quiet, papa,” said Lucy, with pretty simulated anger, “be quiet; you know I once read all through Russell’s ‘Modern Europe.’ I could not think who it was playing ‘O die treumen.’ It is such a favourite of mine, Mr. Tolpedden.”

“So it has been of mine lately,” replied Arthur, in a meaning voice, but the words melted into air, and did not reach their mark. Perhaps Lucy Tregellas did not even hear them, for, placing the violets in her bosom, she had already sat down to the piano, and was playing “O die treumen” with exquisite expression. The piano seemed to live and breathe under her little fingers—it was no

longer a box of mechanical notes, a mere combination of wires and padded hammers.

"Why, you *have* improved, Lilly," said her father, leaning over her, and patting her fondly. "I wonder if the shred-blankets get on as well as our accomplishments?"

Lilly leaped up, and seizing both her father's hands, kissed him twice between the eyes.

"They are done, Mr. Tregellas—they are done long ago."

And then she laughed in triumph, a rippling laugh, in perfect musical cadence—crescendo and diminuendo—for her voice was one of Lucy's greatest charms. It was soft, rich, harmonious, flowing in one flute-like murmur, full of variety, yet never shrill, petulant, nor perturbed. It reminded Arthur this moment of the deep, gurgling sound of a mountain brook, it was such natural music; and then, an instant after, of the deep and brooding happiness of the wild dove's note at nesting time. That voice, surely, bubbled forth from a spring of calm happiness, deep in the centre of a pure and tender heart.

Oh! Arthur, Arthur Tolpedden, how dangerous it was for you to see Lucy Tregellas for the first time at such moments of quiet home delight and spontaneous affection. In the blaze and crush of silly soirées, in the fierce cyclones of the Deux-temps, during the unnatural scenes of childish or unhealthy operas, the very cestus of Venus seems to lose its magic power, and the fatal arrows of

the Cupids, as they hover around their queen, fall blunted from the hearts of yawning men, so weary of pleasure as to be even bored by the mere indisputable fact of their own existence. Love comes soonest when never thought of, and surely no practised glances or studied attitude wins like the sparkle of a happy moment, or the chance turn of a face radiant only with the innocent mirth of the instant.

"Do you play at croquet, Mr. Tolpedden?" inquired Lucy.

"Oh! yes, I do, a little."

"How singular it is that every one plays a little!" said Miss Tregellas, maliciously. "Come, we want an arbitrator who knows Captain Rede's rules."

"I know all the primary rules."

"Then you are the very man we want," said Mr. Tregellas, "for Mr. Hookem is a dreadful cheat, he and Lucy do nothing but quarrel; as for Lucas and Mr. Bradbrain, they think it below the dignity of sporting men to play at all, so we're obliged to take the children in."

"Yes, and do you know, Mr. Tolpedden, that Mr. Bradbran is actually bear enough to call it 'a spoony game;' now it isn't, is it? There's lots of fun in it, isn't there, papa?"

When they reached the croquet ground, the only fault of which was a troublesome green cage of a weeping ash tree, under which the balls of the worst players were always getting lost, the game

was going on in a noisy and pleasant way, Mr. Hookem performing deeds of great skill and prowess. He was a rover, and was dashing about erratically, to the dismay of his enemies, and the exultation of his friends, especially Clara, who tossed about her fleece of hair in a dance of delight. Lucas was smoking, and talking to Fitzhugh, who had philosophical theories about the game, but never played.

"I've been going on ever since, my fair antagonist, ever since. Now then for blue," shouted exasperating Mr. Hookem, with one foot planted on a scarlet ball, as he croqueted an unfortunate blue about seventy yards away.

"Oh! you cruel, cruel, rude man!" said Lucy, for that was the unoffending sufferer.

"Horrid slow game," said Lucas, passing his penknife through a choked cigar.

"You hold your tongue, sir," said Lucy, stamping her little foot in a pretty, queenly way, and trying all she could to frown, as, at a cry of "blue," she ran to the ball, and, by an even, steady stroke, secured a very distant hoop.

Mr. Bradbrain clapped his hands.

"And I and Clara are to stand up against play like that!" said Hookem. "Did you ever see such an eye, Tolpedden? Why, I would have bet heavily against that stroke. By-the-bye, have a weed?"

Arthur, loud in praise of the skilful player, who was following up her victory with a mocking and bewitching laugh, accepted the weed.

But just as Mr. Hookem was following up the gift of an enormous and fragrant *Intimidad* by the offer of a bulbous-topped vesuvian, Mr. Tregellas stepped between them with a laugh, and gently pressed back the proffered present.

“No, no, Hookem, thank you; there is Herodotus waiting to have a talk with Mr. Tolpedden—we always go in to read, you know, at ten. Come, Maclean, Lucas—come. Fitzhugh, it is past ten by my watch.”

With great, but concealed reluctance, Arthur tore himself from the croquet ground, with eyes still bent on that unconscious enchantress, who, now pursuing the flying ball like a repentant Atalanta, was now steering it through one hoop after another, or driving Mr. Hookem’s yellow projectile in the most cruel way into distant space, to that gentleman’s mingled vexation and delight, and to the intense enjoyment of Mr. Bradbrain, whose rapture was perhaps rather overdone. If Arthur had been living during the Reign of Terror, and Cornwall had been Brittany—for there is no legal limit to supposition—I am afraid he would, if possible, have sent Messrs. Hookem and Bradbrain to the guillotine, as two gentlemen rather in his way, and quite unfit to win the heart of Miss Lucy Tregellas.

The moment Mr. Tregellas had finished the reading, and had left the room to wish good-bye to the Sultan editor and the doctor, who had sent in the servant-maid to announce their inten-

tion of leaving, the "private pups," as Mr. Hookem persisted in calling them, burst forth in rapturous admiration of their tutor's daughter, each after his way.

"She *is* stunning!" said Lucas, who was busy drawing race-horses on the fly leaf of his "Horace." "Did you ever see such a stepper?—I never did; by Jove! sir—why, she is fit for a duchess! Where did she get her manner, that's what I want to know?—the little man's no great shakes."

"I tell you, sir," said Fitzhugh, in his grand oratorical way, carefully adjusting the left hand side of his spectacles with the middle left hand finger, "I tell you, sir, she is fit to share the throne of the Cæsars. Approach her not, ye profane, with the language of the billiard-room and the stables, for she is fit to feast off gold, and to sit beneath roofs of ivory; but she—oh! here she comes; and, by Zeus, the cloud-compeller, the moon among the lesser fires is not so surpassing!"

They all ran to the window which looked out upon the entrance, and there stood Mr. Hookem's barouche, the two sorrel horses chafing under his pompous restraint. Mr. Bradbrain was on horseback a little further on. Into the vehicle suddenly leaped Miss Lucy Tregellas, bright and happy as the birds in spring. She was laughing with Mr. Hookem, but ceased in a moment to turn round and assist her mother, whose shawl had got hitched on the door handle. The children ran and closed the door, and off dashed the carriage.

"I do believe that those fellows are neck and neck for her," said Lucas; "and, egad! I don't blame them—do you, Tolpedden?"

"Nonsense, Lucas," said Tolpedden; "why, they're both old enough to be her father; and, besides, Hookem is a widower."

"Well, and isn't Bradbrain a known lady's man?—and don't widowers ever marry again? Come, I'll take you a bet about it. I do believe he is spoons on her himself, Maclean!"

"I won't bet about such subjects," said Tolpedden, quite angry, for he felt jealous, unknown almost to himself.

"And he's actually turning quite rusty—that's a clear sign," said Lucas; "but, I say, you fellows, are you going to St. Tudy's Fair to-morrow, or not? Bradbrain will be there to meet us for a game of pool first; and he is going to manufacture some of that remarkable liquor he pleases to denominate 'Rumfustian.'"

"We will disport ourselves; but, by Heaven! we must keep it very snug from the little man," said Maclean; "let not the prating stones know of our whereabouts—let us be velvet-footed—close as oysters—let the little wily serpent be our emblem."

"I shall not ask the little man," said Tolpedden, a trifle arrogantly; "Tregellas's authority ceases with me directly I shut my books. I must be there, for I want to buy an Exmoor pony for a little nephew of mine; and there are always droves

of the beasts at this autumn fair—I will meet you, then, in the fair, at two.”

“There’s pippins and ale to come!” exclaimed Fitzhugh, with all the energy of a prophet, as he adjusted his spectacles, inflated his chest, and inserted his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, after the dignified and high-bred manner of the late Sir Robert Peel. “There shall be concussion of the ivory balls; gold and silver shall be strewn over the board of green cloth; the sound of the violin shall be heard among us; and our crystal goblets shall overflow with that delicious, but perhaps somewhat inebriating fluid, called by the vulgar ‘Rumfustian.’ Now, isn’t that like Hookem, in his grand moments?”

Tolpedden and Lucas laughing, declared it was perfect.

“But in the name of all that is gracious,” said Fitzhugh, suddenly assuming a severe judicial aspect, and putting a large black pen-wiper on his head, as a sort of judge’s black cap, “what has that man Maclean been sapping at all the morning?—he was at it when we were at croquet with that stunner of a girl, and I’m blessed if he is not at it now! Maclean, prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say in your defence?”

A pale, thin, sarcastic face, nervous and mobile, looked up from a book which he was busy annotating, and said in a vexed, petulant, and half alarmed way,

“Oh! don’t bother. Well, what is it? I am

writing notes on 'Glaubenicht's Reply to Hävernich's Theory of the Mosaic Cosmogony,' and so leave me alone."

"That's a lively subject!" said Lucas; "that man will kill himself."

"Hookem goes and lends him German Rationalistic books," said Tolpedden, rather bitterly—for he did not much like Maclean's selfish self-absorption, and occasional cutting sneers, which, if they did often fall harmless, were, at least, meant to hurt—"to prepare him, I suppose, for taking orders, and subscribing heart and soul to the thirty-nine articles."

This taunt, whether deserved or undeserved, roused Maclean, and he angrily split up the pen he was mending.

"Glaubenicht is as useful to me, at all events," he said, "as *Bell's Life* is to Lucas, or the Drill Sergeant's Manual will be for you when you're up for your little go."

"Now he's riled," said Lucas, twisting his steel watch chain round his fore-finger.

"Oh! let him alone, poor fellow!" said Tolpedden, generously; "at all events, he studies more and knows more than any of us. Perhaps it is better to have Glaubenicht's creed, whatever it is, than no belief at all; but, for myself, I am not one of those who wish to explain away our Saviour's miracles, and yet believe in the miserable twaddle of mesmerists, table-turners, conjurors, and spiritualistic jugglers."

Maclean turning red as a coal, struck Glauenicht with his fist, with the air of King John denouncing Magna Charta.

“Glaubenicht is one of the greatest——”

The eulogy on an illustrious but sceptical German was interrupted by the door opening, and the pleasantly stern brown face of Mr. Tregellas presenting itself.

The rector gravely took his place in his chintz-covered arm-chair by the fire, then opening his ivory pen-knife, and removing the lid of a little round silver salt box, he addressed himself to the peeling of the first of a heap of walnuts that lay beside his desk, glancing his eye at the same time on the pages of one of Mr. Froude's delightful but paradoxical works, which lay opened before him. The pupils were very busy. The only sound was the purring of the rector's favourite cat, that lay coiled in a corner of his arm-chair, and the fretful scratch of Maclean's restless pen. Peace, quiet, and learning were the domestic Lares and Penates of that pleasant study, at whose windows the autumn roses looked in, and on whose open verandah the robin sat puffing out its little scarlet breast, and singing calmly and humbly its little anthem for the day.

“Can you tell me, sir,” said Maclean, suddenly rising, with Kitto's “History of the Jews” in his hand, “how to explain this passage of Exodus. When the six hundred thousand Israelites left Succoth, with their, probably, two millions of

sheep and oxen, and God had to send manna to supply them, what did the cattle live on ; for Kitto tells us that the wilderness of Shur, for the first three days' journey from the Red Sea, is a sandy, stony, and gravelly desert, white and glaring with sand-hills, that stretch to the coast?"

This question was asked with a quick and deceptive subtlety, which, however, did not delude Mr. Tregellas. His iron-bound face, so soldier-like and imperturbable, assumed, however, a saddened look, as he replied :

"My dear boy, these questions are not to be solved by the multiplication-table, or hard, irreverent, and suspicious hair-splitting. Science is immature, geology and astronomy are still in their infancy, our discoveries are but first steps. Wait—read the Divine Book with prayer, and with humility. These arithmetical critics destroy, but they do not build on the ruins they make. They defile the Temple, and on the Holy of Holies they erect a mere gilded image of Intellectual Pride. Distrust them—distrust especially those hireling shepherds—whether priest or bishop—who are mean, cowardly, dishonest, and mercenary enough to accept their daily bread from that very Church whose great truths they disown, sneer at, and deny."

This excellent advice might have grown almost into a sermon, such was the generous fervour of the rector, had not a little knock, to Lucas's intense relief, just then come at the door.

It was little Clara, come to ask for the keys, and to say that mamma particularly wanted to speak to papa, as the butcher had just come.

"Tut! tut! tut!" said Mr. Tregellas, laying down half a walnut, lately peeled, and white as ivory, "just as I was going to begin my sermon; and bless me if there isn't that tiresome young Trevena coming in at the garden-gate, to keep me all the morning, I daresay; always the way whenever one wants a specially quiet morning. Maclean, do you know your Thucydides?"

"Yes, sir, I knew it an hour ago."

"Good! Very well, get the books ready, I shall be back as soon as I can. Now no noise, Lucas, while I'm away. Tolpedden, if you've done, write out some Russell's Europe, or do some Latin verse. Remember you go up very soon now, and your father's son mustn't make a mess of it."

The visitor proved to be that young, over-zealous, and very high-church Rector of St. Tudy's, the Rev. Mr. Bernard Waverton, come to ask Tregellas's advice as to the burial of an unbaptized dissenter of the Sandimanian persuasion. Should he refuse to bury the Sandimanian or not? He was all in a flutter of anticipated martyrdom, for the intended day of burial was his patron saint's day, on which he always delivered three full services to a congregation which was always safe to consist of himself, one of his servants, and two elder maiden sisters, who seemed to enjoy their religious duties with a bitter, and almost Pharisaic

self-mortification, good to behold, more especially on sour, cold, rainy, or foggy days.

Mr. Waverton was a young enthusiast of the monastic school, who never spoke of the Virgin Mary but as "Blessed," who drew patterns for encaustic tiles, and helped young ladies to illuminate prayer-books, and slide to Rome without knowing it. Mr. Tregellas was of the old staunch high-church school of Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, and Ken, men who loved to reverence the Church, but still despised Rome and all its pestilent and mischievous errors, its cruel intolerance, its greedy ambition, its pride, its wealth, and all its other anti-Christian attributes.

"Are you supposed to know that the Sandimanian was unbaptized?" was Mr. Tregellas's first question.

"No; oh! no, certainly not. It was the clerk's wife told me."

"Very well. Then don't know it, that's my advice. You know our bishop?"

"But isn't that——"

"No, certainly not. Perhaps he might have been, after all—who can say?"

Mr. Waverton's small but zealous mind once relieved, he broke forth into narrations of ceremonial zeal, and of the persecutions it entailed upon him.

"Do you know, Mr. Tregellas," he said, "would you believe it, my churchwardens actually object to lighted candles on the altar, and complain of my intoning?"

Mr. Waverton had no more voice than a mouse; Mr. Tregellas could not forbear smiling.

"But," went on the small but fervid enthusiast, "I push forward the work quietly, though I cannot well afford it, and get but little help. I have bought a rich altar-cloth, with a central cross and a monogram; the encaustic tiles are getting on. Next Easter I shall press forward Paschal ceremonies. I do not insist on confession, but I urge it when I can; and, above all, for the last three months, I have insisted on preaching in my surplice."

"That is indeed a triumph," said Mr. Tregellas, with scarcely perceptible sarcasm.

"By-the-bye," said Mr. Waverton, "to turn to less serious subjects, are you and your sisters invited to Mr. Hookem's grand fishing-party and picnic at Endellion on the 19th? The Tolpeddens are going, and the Trevenas; I believe Lucy will insist on our going, although it's scarcely a thing in my way."

"Oh! yes—oh! yes, we're going—I and Conny, at least; I don't know about Sarah and Grace, for they're busy decorating the church with evergreens and letters of mountain-ash berries; and very sweet the effect will be—very chaste—it is the feast of St. Lucifer."

"St. Lucifer!" said Mr. Tregellas, rather drily; "well, I thought I was a stickler for those good, neglected worthies, the saints and martyrs, but, 'pon my word, I never rummaged out that saint

before. What an equivocal saint!—of course he was burnt to death?”

“St. Lucifer,” here Mr. Waverton looked very grave and reproachful, and crossed himself in a shy and rather underhand way, “was a bishop of Mesopotamia, in the times of St. Augustin, who mentions him as ‘blessed of Heaven!’ If I ever have a son, I shall call him after that saint.”

“By-the-bye, that dashing young doctor will be at the picnic, and perhaps his sombre partner, Mordred,” said Tregellas.

CHAPTER IX.

SETTLING DOWN.

ONLY a day or two had elapsed, and already the Nelson Tolpeddens were beginning to settle down. The ground-swell of excitement had subsided. The stormy and noisy reflux that had necessarily attended the migration of a young wife and four children from Dorsetshire into Cornwall, had lulled, and the halcyon of domestic happiness, to pursue our metaphor, brooded once more over the summer sea of the old lieutenant’s life.

Sorrows and changes, in spite of all their aquafortis, do not bite very deeply into young brain-plates. Bobby chuckled and roared as happy as ever; Jack, the sturdy, the “owdacious,” as Fanny called him, had begun raids upon the

apples, and, by a judicious pebble, had already deprived one of the ducks of the temporary use of his left leg; Teddy roamed over the premises in a tranquil and rather studious way; while Kate resumed her crochet, placed herself under Liddy's command, and was even allowed to visit, on grand occasions, the china-closet and the preserve-room. Even the not over-clean little maid-of-all-work, Betsy, had been polished up, and had grown cheerful, and almost resigned, under the petting of Fanny.

The swallows pretend to leave our roof-tops and chimneys with regret—they chatter, and cluster, and muster, and circle about the autumn skies, when they are gay and luminous with the yellow leaves that the wind is scattering; but a week hence they will be perching on the warm roofs of Egyptian temples, happy as kings, rejoicing in the wealth of sunshine, and heedless of frozen England. Children are wiser than old people, for they do not long lament the past. The Tolpedden children were happy as newly-migrated swallows, and had already begun to forget their old home.

Only one domestic event had clouded the happiness of the lieutenant. It was a juvenile crime, and was perhaps somewhat abruptly announced to the house about 7 A.M., on the third morning after the children's arrival, by the beating of a short but massive walking-stick against the balustrade of the staircase, and a tremendous shout,

that rang through every corner of the house. It was directed against Johnny, and intended for the special ear of the lieutenant's wife.

"My dear, there's Johnny been and stolen the leg of a cold fowl, and he's gone up in the attic to eat it."

Liddy was shocked ; she sought the "owdacious" Johnny, and discovered the "young cannibal" hid away behind such a perfect rampart of band-boxes, chests, and old newspapers, that "only a cat could follow him."

Half an hour afterwards, however, the alluring smell of breakfast drew forth Master John, as a magnet does a needle, and boldly he presented himself to fill the vacant chair at the breakfast-table. His audacity was worthy of innocence ; but it did not avail him. Swift as a pike at a tender young frog, his father snapped at his wrist, and taking him from the room, stern as Herod's soldiers in ancient tapestry, he inflicted condign punishment upon him outside the parlour door, with a sufficiently heavy bamboo cane. From this rather Spartan father, "one of the olden time," John, writhing and shouting (for his grief was of the violent kind), was rescued by Liddy and Arthur, who pleaded John's youth and inexperience of the difficulties of moral philosophy. Mrs. Tolpedden said, "How could you, Nel?" while Mr. Henry Tolpedden looked humorously grave, and began to think that it was time that he should begin to reflect over his new responsibilities, and if possible

get Farmer Vivian's house for his excellent brother.

It was about half an hour after breakfast, and the children having all gone out under convoy of Fanny and Betsy, the lieutenant was pacing up and down the lawn, just as if it was a quarter-deck. His briar-root pipe was in his mouth, and puffs of thick white smoke, breaking from it at intervals, gave the impression that Mr. Nelson Tolpedden was a sort of human locomotive, set in motion by invisible machinery. His limit one way was an apple-tree, the other way a laurel shrubbery. Great white clouds were moving overhead in the sunshine, as if in mockery of those little pipe clouds floating across the lawn below. Men who have led solitary lives frequently get into the habit of speaking aloud. In time they cease to distinguish between talking aloud to their outward selves, and speaking silently to their inner selves. There was one long ray of sunshine just where he was walking, and that he paced as if it was a ship's plank, taking a professional pleasure in that voluntary restriction.

His practical mind was busy planning improvements, and in reconstructing his old routine of daily employments.

"Between those two apple-trees, in summer, I should sling my Nicaragua-net hammock. I shall smoke there on hot evenings. Then I should have a flag-staff on the lawn, as we had on the Preventive Station at Osmington, and a small cannon,

to fire salutes on birthdays; then I should knock a doorway between the bulkheads of those ground-floor rooms, so as to make a sort of main-deck, for keeping watch in rough weather, when we are under close-reefed top-sails. Then——”

This day-dream of summary improvement was stopped by some one tapping him on the shoulder. It was Arthur. He had a revolver in his hand, with which he had been practising at a mark in the orchard.

“Uncle,” he said, “will you come in? Mr. Bradbrain has just come to arrange about the picnic. He is talking with Aunt Polly in the parlour, as papa is hard at work at his chemistry.”

“I didn’t much take to that fellow, Arthur—to tell you the truth, he is too glib and glossy for me. Don’t like the cut of his jib, carries too much canvas. Polly calls him handsome. Well, he’s not my idea of A 1 at Lloyd’s; his is not at least the style of figurehead that promises plain sailing, that *I’ll* swear.”

“Don’t you be prejudiced, uncle; he’s a very dashing, frank fellow—a hard-rider, and a first-rate shot. You’ll like him very much—he was brought up in the Mauritius, and has plenty to talk about.”

“Well, Arthur, if he’s down in the ship’s books I suppose we must make the best of him till we get into dock.”

One can’t maroon one’s friends’ friends—we have sometimes wished we could—and the lieutenant

showed his good sense in putting his prejudices for once in irons, and thrusting them under hatches.

“Where is the fellow?”

“Stop, here he comes, and Aunt Polly too.”

At that moment the glass door leading to the lawn opened, Mr. Bradbrain, with too self-conscious a gallantry, holding it to allow of Mrs. Tolpedden tripping out upon the terrace. The Emperor of all the Bagmen—if there is such a person—never moved with an air of more affected and gallant deference. Mrs. Tolpedden stooped for a moment to raise a large branch of fuschia, heavy with crimson bells. The instant she let it drop, with a laugh, from her little plump fingers, Bradbrain darted on it, picked a tuft, and placed it in his button-hole.

“How d’ye do? I was just telling Mrs. Tolpedden how extremely sorry I was not to find any of you in when I called the morning after she and the children arrived. Extremely sorry I was, so I told Mordred, and he was extremely sorry too. I hope you like our wild country, Lieutenant Tolpedden. This charming retreat I am sure you *must* like. It was an Eden, only needing one thing, that was Eve—and now, Mr. Tolpedden, that want is indeed supplied!”

This florid compliment, not at all to the lieutenant’s taste (for he never paid compliments unless he meant them), was received with ironical applause by Arthur, and with rosy smiles and a slight blush by the little simple-hearted young wife.

"No compliment at all—simple fact, 'pon my soul!" said Bradbrain, tossing about the dog-skin glove that he held coquettishly by one finger, and affecting a sort of affected agony of injured expostulation. "It was only last week I said to Lady Rosetrevor, 'The only thing we want in our part of Cornwall, Lady Rosetrevor, is more female society; we are all getting rough, bearish, fox-hunting, betting fellows, or else grinding, selfish, money-makers. We want rousing.' Those were my very words, Mrs. Tolpedden, and you mustn't drive me to despair by calling a real fact a heartless compliment."

"Oh! I never said heartless, Mr. Bradbrain. Did I, father?—did I, Arthur?"

"Oh! you really did," said the young doctor, trying to fix her half-averted eye. "Arthur, I appeal to you; is not this an Eden, and is not your fair aunt a true daughter of Eve?"

"I leave you to fight your own battles, Donald."

"Lieutenant Tolpedden, be kind enough then to hold a short court-martial on me. I ask you, is this fair of your wife?"

"Don't ask me, for I shall be sure to have a bias towards Polly," said the lieutenant, with a dry chuckle, as he put his arm round his wife, and drew her gently towards him. "Polly lets me have no opinion of my own—do you, mother?"

Mrs. Tolpedden was a pretty little plump woman, with soft, silky brown hair, silky eyebrows, laughing, frank eyes, and a charming dimple

just at the corners of the mouth when she smiled, which was by no means unfrequently. She was not the least tired of the bantering conversation, but she felt it wearied and fretted her husband, so she stopped it, with true woman's tact, by simply asking a question, as she pretended to pull her husband's grizzled whiskers,

"And when is this delightful picnic to take place, Mr. Bradbrain?—there's Arthur been talking of nothing else."

"Oh! I know why that is," said Bradbrain, knowingly; "he is smitten, like the rest of us. No one ever escaped who saw Miss Tregellas play a game at croquet."

The lieutenant, who had stopped behind for a moment to scrape out his wooden pipe, and empty the sooty and oily contents on a dandelion, did not hear this fully, nor did he see how Arthur's colour rose.

"What!" he said, "is that stupid game with wooden balls bad for the chest, then, doctor?"

"Oh! no; but it's thought to be rather dangerous for the heart," replied the doctor, sily, as he passed his hand through his curly black hair, and lifted it foppishly off his forehead.

"Then Kate shan't play at it, Polly, mind that," said the obtuse old sailor. "I hate all new-fangled things."

The lieutenant was a true Conservative, and objected to all changes, even for the better.

"But the picnic!—the picnic!" cried Arthur;

"a pretty herald you are, Bradbrain ; you are like the congress of old—you dance, but you do not move forward. Here you have been gallivanting for half an hour, playing compliments to Aunt Polly, and yet you have not told us a single thing—by-the-bye, remind me I have something to say to you in private before you go."

"Very well. Patience, Arthur my boy, and I will give you the programme—I had it from Mr. Hookem yesterday. His exquisite yacht, the *Flying Fish*, is to be off Trebarwith by five o'clock on Thursday ; four boats will be there to take us all on board. There will then be a fishing-party along the coast, and at Endellion his wagonnette will reach us with a cold collation, which we shall partake of on the shore at low water. Then will there be music, perhaps a dance—and if a dance, Mrs. Tolpedden, I must really claim your hand for the first set."

The eyes are like magnetic needles—they always show to where the ship is driving. All this programme had been directed specially to Mrs. Tolpedden, Bradbrain's large and hungry-looking eyes were fixed on her artless and unconscious face.

"Oh ! what a delightful day, Nel, we shall have !" she said ; "we never got parties like this in Dorsetshire."

"Well, I do like a sail, Polly, I must say ; but I'd sooner dine off a plain joint at home, I can tell you, than sit on the wet sand and dance—I

don't, and never intend to, so I warn you. If it comes on rough, you are always ill, Polly, mind that; and so is Kate—Jacky rather likes it—that boy shall be a sailor.”

Mr. Bradbrain, under the painful necessity of visiting a farmer who had been thrown off his horse at St. Tudy's, here left them, with great ceremony and florid regret. Just as he reached the great gate leading to the lane, he met the children returning, and being in sight of Mrs. Tolpedden, kissed them all round, tossed Miss Bobby in the air three times, patted Teddy's head, and gave Jack a lift on to the saddle of his horse, whose rein he still held.

“What a handsome, dashing fellow!” said Mrs. Tolpedden, with just one momentary sigh, as the doctor swung himself upon his horse and dashed up the lane; “dear, how fond he seems of children! Come, Nel, come and carry Bobby round the garden for me; Oh, Arthur, you shall do it. Father is going to give Jack a swim—he's learning to swim.”

“No one shall carry Bobby, my Bobby, but myself,” said the lieutenant, with a grimace of affection that made Bobby chuckle with delight as she tumbled into her father's arms. “Let Jacky wait—he's been a bad boy this morning. Children,”—here he turned to address the whole four—“to-morrow you shall go to the shore with me—the sea is the same jolly old fellow he was in Dorsetshire—he won't be a bit changed, my dears;

he has his fits of bad temper, but he's all right in the main—in the main, Arthur, do you hear that?—that's a pun.”

“Dear, old, funny father, isn't he, Bobby?” said the young wife. “Jack, I won't have you eating so many apples—oh! he's such a bad boy, and so disobedient to-day, father—I really don't know what he'll come to.”

CHAPTER X.

THE FRENCH MASTER.

WHEN that beautiful dream sent from Heaven, and which is called Love, visits the human heart, it first rises into the eyes, say the poets, like a magic vapour, and suddenly all the world seems transformed. The flowers become larger, brighter, and sweeter; even the rose colour in the evening clouds glows more tender and evanescent; the sea itself glitters with a smile of perpetual sunshine; the very trees rustle welcome, and seem to palpitate with a sympathetic joy; the fine selfishness of our emotion insists on seeing a kindred feeling in the lower kingdoms of nature.

Mr. Ruskin, the most poetical, if not the most logical of our logicians, derides this assumption of human sympathy in nature, although Shakespeare has used it so often and so finely; and Tennyson, and all the modern poets, have availed themselves

of a thousand metaphors drawn from the same beautiful belief. No, Mr. Ruskin, prove what you like, even that those omelettes of paint that Mr. W. M. Turner, in his old age, used to call pictures, were master-pieces, but you will never persuade those wilful creatures, the poets and poetlings, to believe that there is no joy nor hope in spring, no regret and sadness in autumn, no grief and suffering in winter.

The lover will still find omens in the sudden rainbow, in the sunbeams and in the moonlight. The unhappy, while the world lasts, will still gather sadness from the rain and the storm—the guilty still shudder at the thunder, and see in the lightning the flashing sword of the Avenging Angel. Man, knowing not whence he is, or whither he goes, passing from dark to dark, as the Saxon poet said, will always insist on seeing in the lower forms of life evidences of sympathy, of joy, or of regret. The lower forms of existence may be supremely indifferent to man and man's cares, but our great egotism shapes their actions and movements to its own purpose, and from incongruous symbols gathers its vague predictions. Let metaphysicians talk till their tongues drop off, and write till all the geese in the world waddle for want of wings, we shall still remain uncertain of Nature's indifference, still disinclined to reject Nature's symbols.

Now, this tremendous prelude is not meant to imply that Arthur Tolpedden was in love, but

only that he was on the fair road to it, provided no barrier arose, no unfortunate incident intercepted the course of the proverbially capricious stream.

A vague restlessness filled his mind. He could have longed for the time to be annihilated between that September morning and the day of the picnic. The brave old uncle, the children who were his eager courtiers, pretty little Aunt Polly, and the father he loved so much, seemed to him now but mere hindrances, keeping him from the Tregellases. He longed to disclose the secret which he shared with the beautiful representative of the water spirits. He could not also be sure that some defect might not exist in this belle of St. Petrock's—some masculine assumption, some wilful pride, some frivolity or littleness, unfitted for his ideal. He longed to know whether she was or was not at all approaching his ideal. Perhaps she was of insatiable vanity, or an incurable coquette, spoiled for ever by one foreign season for all quiet domestic life, and the calm enjoyment of a country home. It never perhaps entered the brain of our modest hero to presume the young lady to be perfect, and to mistrust his own personal advantages, his own prospects of success in the race for this fair Atalanta.

And what was Arthur Tolpedden's idea of a wife? We should scarcely like to sketch it, even if we could. No doubt something between Imogen and Jane Eyre; Desdemona and Zuleika; Juliet

and Mr. Dickens' Agnes; beautiful, of course—half love and half intellect. In fact—

“A creature *much too* bright and good
For human nature's daily food.
For simple sorrow, artless wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.”

An angel truly, but he wanted an angel, mind, that could dance and also sew; an angel that could play the piano, and drive a pair of horses; an angel with no desire to rule, not extravagant, yet faultless in dress; in a word, an amalgamation of perfections—a female impossibility. But then he was very young, and our early ideals perhaps differ a little from our later experiences.

Arthur was on his way to Boscastle the afternoon of Bradbrain's visit, to read French with his master, M. Achille Chatelet, an old Napoleon officer, who had fled from the new Imperial dynasty, whose stealthy oppression he abhorred. His little Skye terrier, Nettle, a mere tangle of hair, ran in droll delight before him, with an absurd consequence, and a ridiculous assumption of protection and vigilance.

Just at the brow of the hill whom should he meet but that worthy man the Rev. Mr. Trevena, on “the full clerical tramp,” as Bradbrain used to irreverently call such walks. He held a hymn-book in one hand, from which streamed a purple ribbon marker, and he had a large umbrella in the other; while a roll of obvious flannel protruded from the tail-pocket of a long, tight, and rather worn black

great-coat, which was very white at the seams, and very threadbare round the button-holes. His hat would have made a Bond Street dandy faint; it was so rough in some places, and so greasy in others.

But Mr. Trevena, totally indifferent to these external matters, was as happy as if he was walking to his own episcopal election. He was fresh from a Coal Club meeting, and he was now bound to the house of a farmer near Forabury, who was dying with dropsy. Always regardless of himself, Mr. Trevena instantly turned back to walk a few hundred yards with Arthur Tolpedden. If he had met a hundred friends he would have done the same with every one of them.

"This farmer Cartland I'm going to see now," he said, "is one of the hardest old sinners I think I ever met. He owned to his wife the other day that he had in his time broken every one of the Ten Commandments, except 'Thou shalt not murder;' and even murder he confessed to having once planned, though the scheme fell to the ground; yet only yesterday he took me in with a story he meant to tell afterwards, I daresay, in ridicule of me."

"What was it?"

"Why, he told me, as he lay in bed, that he had never committed a murder but once. I was aghast; and then he said it was only a young little helpless thing. He took it down one morning to a pond, and broke the ice, and put it in; then

it began to cry, and to struggle with its little feet, but he had no mercy, and thrust it down. 'Unhappy wretch!' I groaned. He pretended to be deaf, and he replied, 'What do you say? Oh! I forgot to tell 'ee, parson, *it was only a little dog!*' Cunning old sinner! Ha! we Church of England clergymen, we don't get near enough to the poor. We are of another class, and I fear we do not always understand them. But what do you care about these things? By-the-bye, I hear loud praises from Bradbrain and others concerning Miss Tregellas. What do you think of her?"

Arthur replied, with studied coldness, that she was very well.

"*Very well!* Why, *you* ain't very enthusiastic. There is no pleasing you. Mr. Hookem just asked me if I objected to dancing. I told him 'Not I.' I am not one of those men who don't want to exact too much of poor human nature. There is no putting a pint and a half of water in a pint cup. Human nature is like sand, if you try to fill your hand too full, it is sure to ooze out between your fingers. I see no harm in a clergyman hunting, if he hunt seldom, and forget no duty. Why not cricket and fish, in moderation? Are we to be all old women, with jean boots, and limbs as flabby and thin as if our flesh was beetroot? We are too effeminate; ceasing to be like other men, we cease to influence other men."

Arthur laughed, for he agreed with the excellent, unworldly man, heart and soul.

"There is one thing I don't like about the picnic, and that is, that that mischievous young fellow Waverton is coming, I hear. I know he'll begin about convocations and synods, then I shall get riled, and begin denouncing the pride and idleness of bishops, and the shortcomings of our Church."

"Oh! we'll keep him down. His sister Milly is such a nice, sprightly girl. She'll keep peace between you."

"Well, good-bye. Here I've been, like a fool, and walked a clear mile out of my way, so now I must pace it over again."

"Oh! stop one moment, Trevena," said Arthur, suddenly remembering a question he wanted to ask. "I met that new Preventive man the other night on the cliff near Endellion—by the old mine-shaft there. He declared to me he had heard the knockers. Did you ever hear them in your night walks?"

"No, I never have, but I remember one of my parishioners, old Penwith, the prawn-catcher, telling me, a year or two ago, that he had heard them often. Why, don't you know, Tolpedden, it's one of the most prevalent superstitions among the Cornish people. It's as bad as the divining rod. I tell them often that, above all things, they are too superstitious. That, and their greediness, and gambling (for mining is little better), are their worst faults. But, now I must go. Good-bye—God be with you!"

A sharp ten minutes' walk brought Arthur to Boscastle, and to the door of the cottage of M. Achille Chatelet. It was a pretty little habitation, off the main road, to the left, past the post-office, as you go up the steep, hilly main street of the town. The newly-fallen pink leaves of a China rose lay in a heap on the clean white door-step.

M. Achille had just stepped out to go and get his foreign newspaper at the post-office. Arthur sat down at a piano that stood in a corner of the meagrely furnished room, and began to play "Partant pour la Syrie," that gay battle tune, and after that the pretty German tune of "The Recruit," with its murmuring under-current of gathering drums. His martial enthusiasm being stirred by this, he then burst forth into the awful war hymn of the "Marseillaise," with its chorus, that sounds like the terrible march of a hundred thousand men.

He had just got to the words

"Le jour de gloire est arrivé,"

when M. Chatelet entered.

"Brava! brava! bis! bis!" cried the old French master clapping his hands. "It's good, *mon garçon*. That cheers me like wine! You play wiz ze grand courage and spirit. Come, your Balzac, and your Victor Hugo—*allez, allez, mon brave élève*."

M. Chatelet was a tall, wiry old soldier, with handsome, bold features, a clear brown complexion, and long, drooping, white moustachios.

“You must have a cup of coffee wiz me. I will ring ze bell.”

Arthur sat down, and began to translate, very vividly and fluently, several pages of Balzac’s first novel “Les Chouans,” a highly dramatic and picturesque book, in the healthiest and purest style. The stilted monotony of Racine he had long since thrown aside; many of the other classics he had already perused. He was now opening the modern vein, and found the French mind a pleasant and useful complement to the English, more exact, more elastic.

Presently the coffee came in, in solid white cups, the milk fragrant and boiling. Then M. Achille Chatelet drew out a cigarette book, laid down a little white sheet on the table, and filled it with Turkish tobacco, that looked like the dried whiskers of a red-haired man, cut into lengths. This he lit with a wax match, and then, as the blue smoke began to rise to the ceiling in sharp curls, he leaned back in his chair and listened with delightful complacency to the “c’est lui” of Victor Hugo, one of the finest of Napoleonic poems. It was not an unpleasant way of earning three shillings an hour, especially as the lesson was sometimes relieved by conversation.

“Ha! the Empereur,” he said, suddenly, his old faded eyes kindling at the name of that Promethean genius; “I remember him, *mon élève*, giving me the prize for ze mathématiques, when I was at the Military School. Yes, l’Empereur,

he patted me on ze head, and said to ze master, ‘This boy has a head like one of Plutarch’s heroes!’ That was I, Achille Chatelet. The next time I saw him I was on the road to Smolensk, following Ney’s brigade and gnawing at some birch bark, for we had had no rations *pour trois jours*, for ze three days. I was on foot, and so was ze Empereur. Next me was one of Murat’s aide-de-camps, riding on a strong grey horse he had taken from a Cossack. ‘Dismount, sir!’ cried ze Empereur; ‘take your horse to the rear, and give it to the ambulances, for the wounded.’ I shall never forget how ze Empereur looked when he said that. It was the face—*d’un Dieu enragé*.”

Arthur delighted in these stories of the old wars, thought them on the whole more valuable than the other parts of the lesson. He asked whether Moscow was a fine city.

“*Oui*—yes, is it—yes, it ees a most charming city! Strange, oriental, the cupolas of the churches are like the roofs of ze mosques, and all of bright brass. The Kremlin churches have walls covered with paintings, shrines glittering with precious stones and radiant with light, before which grovel savage-looking boors wrapped in filthy sheepskins, still Tartars in feature, still oriental in their observances—*mais*, but you dream—*mon élève*—you have ze abstracted air. You hear not what I say. I tire you with my old soldier stories?”

Arthur started in a most guilty way, and pluck-

ed out some tobacco from an India-rubber pouch.

"No, no, my dear M. Chatelet," he said. "You know I could listen for ever to anything about the great war."

There was a short interval of French exercise inspection and discussion of idioms, then M. Chatelet broke forth again about Austerlitz—*apropos* of a question as to whether he liked the Russians.

"Like zem?—*oui*—yes, as ze cat loves ze dog. Ha! you should have seen how our bayonets came moving down on the Muscovites, till we had ze greycoats like so many rats in a pit. Then we charged zem and drove zem into ze ice—cuirassiers, infanterie, cannon, *bom—bom*—all! Ugh! they were *écrasés*. Zat was one of Napeoleon's greatest victories. *Mon Dieu!* talk of your paltry Almas. Zat was a victory; but there, *encore* again, you rêve! Oh! *mon garçon*, there is something wrong. *Ha!* vot is that you draw?"

Arthur was drawing a mermaid on a cliff. When the French master turned to look, he scratched it out.

M. Chatelet turned suddenly round, and shaking his head till his two drooping grey moustachios shook, he laid his two hands, almost as a father might have done, on Arthur's two shoulders, fixing his eyes upon him at the same moment, with the assumed potency of a mesmeric experiment.

"*Mon cher garçon*," he said, "I think you are in love!—yes, yes, you are in love."

Arthur denied it vehemently and laughingly.

"No, not quite so bad as that, *mon cher monsieur*. Mayn't a man be in a brown study without being in love?"

"Ha! zese lovers, they are so artful. Some black-eyed Cornish girl you have met out hunting has spread her nets?"

"Not she. I don't like your Cornish amazons, with the great red cheeks, chubby, blowsy creatures, that one meets galloping about the country. That's not at all my style, M. Chatelet."

"Come, zese irregular verbs, Mr. Tolpedden—we must practise them; then we must, for a *bonne bouche*, read once more that song of Beranger's you liked so much ze last time. *Allez—allez, mon garçon*. It shall be ze cheese-cake after the *pièce de resistance*."

The lesson went on, the song was read, then Arthur at last put on his gloves, whistled Nettle, and took up his hat to go.

M. Chatelet followed his pupil to the door, and there stood talking.

"Last evening," he said, "I went to St. Petrock's."

Arthur started, but he scarcely knew why.

"Mr. Tregellas wrote to me to come and arrange for lessons, as he wanted his daughter, who has just come back from Devonshire, to read French with me. Have you seen her?"

"Oh, yes! She is rather pretty.

"Rather pretty! She is *la Déesse Diane*—she

is ze model for a painter. She is so amiable so *piquante*, so full of spirits, so *riante*—she is beautiful as the daybreak. How she walks!—bah! yes, she glides. You should have heard her read La Fontaine's Fables. Such expression, such *esprit*! How she laugh, *mon Dieu*!—how she laugh! But—but she is a charming girl. She must be a duchess—she is too good for rough Cornishmen. Hein?"

"I daresay our new arrival will settle down as the wife of some quiet curate. Why, M. Chaletet, I never saw you so enthusiastic before. Good-bye, I shall be late for lunch."

"Adieu!—*au revoir, mon élève*. I must go now and write to my boy—my poor dear boy."

"Everyone seems in love with the mermaid," thought Arthur to himself.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOWSER.

MR. MORDRED, of Hurlstone Lodge, St. Petrock's, was not an impressible man, nor was he troubled with much superabundant feeling. His heart was the patient servant of his cool, hard head, and seldom burst forth with any generous or spontaneous actions of indiscriminate benevolence. The heart of this banker and doctor was as obe-

dient to his control as a steam-engine is to a stoker.

Mr. Mordred was not an imaginative man. A tree was to him so much living timber, and nothing more; the sky a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen, cold or hot, according to the season; the sun a big lamp, always ready, and for which you had nothing to pay, which was especially convenient; the sea a moving road for sailors—for landmen a tonic bath, with plenty of salt in it.

A religionist of some pretension, however, was the banker of St. Petrock's; he had been through various forms of Dissent, and settled down at last as the magnate of the Independents of St. Petrock's. In extemporary prayer, and in leading the hymn, Mr. Mordred was distinguished as a person of more than ordinary sanctity. His known wealth did not conduce to lessen this reputation. An ascetic in life, and a denouncer of even the most innocent amusements, Mr. Mordred's sole passion seemed to be the greed of accumulating money. He did not in the least degree resemble the conventional, haggard, imbecile miser so often met with in fiction, so seldom seen in real life. He did not hoard guineas, or roll himself on heaps of gold; but, wise as Belial, he speculated astutely with his money, and made it hatch more. He had vast sums sunk in mining schemes, and he was a money-lender in a grand, private, and respectable sort of way.

Avarice and usury are not perhaps the most

Christian of virtues ; but the Independents of St. Petrock's did not care to criticize too severely the failings of so respectable and wealthy a man—one who never refused to preside at a missionary meeting, one whose life was one consistent sequence of decorum. Who could gainsay a brother who never hunted, played at cards, danced, gambled, or indulged in any amusements outside his office, except a morning call, an excitement that the severest of men has not yet been fanatical enough to denounce? Banking and professional visits formed the staple of Mr. Mordred's arid waste of a life—a local flower-show his greatest dissipation—his revelry the two or three solemn and icy parties with which he annually wiped off a score of such professional debts, after the manner of us over-sociable English.

No love of home or children, none of those pleasant social relaxations that are like so many rose-bushes planted along the desert path of life, had any charms for him. He was an early Christian in his asceticism, a Shylock in his grinding cruelty and his exactions ; but these vices were glossed over with a smug sanctity, that most odious but most successful mask ever invented by the devil.

Mr. Mordred was punctual and systematic even in the most trifling affairs of life—he had gloves for October, and gloves for November ; he had fires lit at the same day of the month every year. He was a slave to habit ; however cold the spring

might be, out went the fires on the first of May. Exactly at the same hour every morning he arrayed himself solemnly, drew his stick from the umbrella-stand behind the hall door, and sallied slowly and composedly down the road leading to the seashore. Nothing but an earthquake would have stopped him. He was remorseless as sunrise, inevitable as the equinoctial gales. He was not especially cheering as a daily spectacle; his dress, although almost supernaturally respectable, was always dark and sombre; his manner was frozen, reserved, suspicious, and purse-proud. Children realizing their little castles in the air, with most palpable mud, at lane ends, shrank from him as if he was a beadle; old paupers out for a holiday scuttled away from him as if he was a poor-law guardian; young mothers huddled up their children instinctively to their bosoms, almost as if they believed in the evil eye; miners on their way to their subterranean toil touched their hats to him, not so much from respect or liking, as that he was held by them to be the very Plutus of the north of Cornwall, one whose very name in a list of directors seemed to make the most paltry vein of metal at once branch and fructify.

Not that anyone exactly knew either his antecedents or those of his young partner, Mr. Bradbrain—all that was known was, that Mr. Mordred had formerly practised somewhere near Redruth, and had there made money by extensive mining speculations, and by lending money at large rates of

interest to embarrassed projectors. He was a widower, everyone knew that. Of Mr. Brad-brain, even less was known—he was said to be the son of a West Indian planter, and to have resided in his youth at Rio Janeiro. His extravagance, imperiousness, and occasional violence of temper were imputed to his tropical education. What had brought two such different dispositions together—or what kept them together without dissension or rivalry—was not known, even to that prince of gossips the village tailor himself; even the post-mistress herself had no certain information on the point. Some said that Mr. Brad-brain had been the doctor at a large mine in some part of South America, and that his knowledge of metals rendered him useful to his older partner. But this was sheer conjecture. Others declared that all the money of the banking firm originated in him, and that Mr. Mordred was merely admitted into the concern on account of his business and local knowledge. But this also was entirely hypothesis; and the castle ruins at Dunchine really knew as much about it as the most important-looking quidnunc between St. Petrock's and Bude.

It was about a week after the arrival of the Tolpedden family, that one Monday Mr. Mordred took his usual morning walk on the cliffs between St. Petrock's and Endellion. It was a fine autumn morning, with a light breeze blowing from the north-west, driving before it through the sky flocks of

white toppling clouds, and sending squadrons of snowy-maned waves to break in foam upon the shore.

With a sort of selfish, chuckling enjoyment peculiar to the man, the banker stood inhaling the fresh and invigorating sea-air with the manner of a person who was receiving something as a right. Indeed, he imbibed the oxygen as if it was a commodity that he had purchased, and was only waiting to make sure they put him up a good pennyworth. He looked as if he was cheating nature out of her property.

Mr. Mordred reached the edge of the cliff, and looked down. Below him, on the beach, not far from the Mermaid Rock already known to us, there were two persons, a man and a child. They were evidently preparing to bathe, for they were both undressing. They were, no doubt, father and son. All at once, the boy, a sturdy little fellow, shook off his last stocking, and ran shouting into the shallow green water. His father, shouting also, followed him, and tossed the water over him. Now they were wading further out, the boy with his arms outstretched, as if to preserve his balance, the father, a short, thickset man, is already swimming with stalwart strokes, that propelled him through the waves as if he had suddenly turned into a fish. Now he has placed his hand under the boy, and buoys him up, while the child practises the frog-like motions of arms and legs, from which he relapses into laughing, splashing,

and uproarious testimonies of delight. It must be pleasant, this warm autumn morning, floating about in the tepid green water, like a riotous merman, so thought our old friend, the Preventive Service man, as he watched the bathers from a point of rock not very far from where Mr. Mordred stood.

“Who are those people bathing at this late hour?”

“Lieutenant Tolpedden and his little boy, your honour. That gentleman was my officer down in Dorsetshire ten years ago.”

The man gave this answer as he passed along the cliff on his way to meet the guard half way from the next station, which was Dunchine.

Mr. Mordred stopped one moment scowling at the bathers, then turned and walked slowly homeward, reflecting on the trouble of children, the habits of low people, the misfortune of having a Preventive Service officer for a relation, and the misery undergone by persons who had not servants enough to do all their work, and had to superintend the bathing of their first-born. These thoughts, together with the consideration of the time many men wasted in pleasure and levity, occupied him very profitably till he reached his own gate.

Hurlstone House was situated a little way out of St. Petrock's. It was a large, gaunt-looking, square house, with a shrubbery and lawn before it, and a surgery and laboratory on one side. It

was an uncompromising, forbidding-looking house, Pharisaical and severe.

A gardener was coming out of the gate with a wheelbarrow as Mr. Mordred entered. It was a barrow-full of cabbage-leaves, intended for the gardener's pig, an anti-Banting pig, rapidly getting ripe for the butcher's knife.

Mr. Mordred stopped and poked his stick suspiciously among the leaves, as if to see if any of his best broccoli had accidentally hidden themselves under their humbler neighbours. It is these suspicions that endear a master to his servants, especially the honest ones. The man—a little, wiry, red-haired man—evidently resented the act, but dared not say anything.

"If you please, sir," he said, "we want two hundred yellow Dutch crocus for the riband border."

Mr. Mordred made a note of it, and passed on, after expressing a hope that Pearce, the gardener, would not miss evening chapel, as he had done the last Sunday.

Directly the front door closed on the banker, the gardener struck the barrow's legs on the ground and swore.

"I'd rather be knocked in rags by powder blast, when driving level, than serve a master as treats me like a thief. Isn't it thieving throwing people's money down bad mines, I should like to know? If it isn't, what is? Ugh!"

Half an hour later, just as Mr. Mordred had got into his office, and settled down to his accounts, a knock came at the glass door which separated the bank from the inner room, where he spun his webs, cheered by the distant chink and tingle of gold, and the risp of the copper shovels full of sovereigns.

"Well," he said, looking up crossly, his pen resting half-way down a column of figures, "can't you leave me alone one moment, Mr. Edwards?"

"If you please, sir, there's a man wants to speak with you."

"What name?"

"Sandoe."

"Sandoe! Show him in directly," said Mr. Mordred, laying down his pen, and wiping it (for he was always deliberate), but not rising to meet his visitor.

The door opened, and who should present himself but the Dowser? Sneaking and cadaverous as usual, his mean features, half white, half purple, looked more ghastly than usual. He wore a long, thread-bare, snuff-coloured great-coat, and round his lean throat the dirty rope of a once white neckcloth. He carried a hazel stick in his hand, as a sort of badge of his trade as a searcher for metals.

"Sit down," said Mr. Mordred, drily, but scarcely looking up from his row of figures.

The Dowser gave a groan of especial sanctity,

sat down humbly on the very edge of a chair, and let the hazel stick drop on the floor between his legs.

"Well, Sandoe," said Mr. Mordred, turning round, pen in hand, "I thought you were at St. Ives, trying to discover copper for this new Cape Cornwall Company. The old story, I suppose—promising to intersect the great Botallac lode?"

Mr. Mordred uttered the words in a dry, sarcastic manner, each word cutting like the nick of a file.

The Dowser did not reply, but he looked hard at the huge red "Post-Office Directory" on the table near the banker's desk, and said in a low voice :

"The words of the righteous are like an excellent balm, and they breaks no bones!—they breaks no bones, Mr. Mordred; it's good for us sometimes to be rebuked, and well I knows it, for I've been long in the wilderness—so I have, I tell 'ee."

Mr. Mordred turned on him.

"Sandoe," he said, "I have often employed you, as you know, to procure me mining information, and for what news you brought me I paid you; but you deceived me, as you well remember, about the Wheal Rose Mine, at Camborne, and from that time, as I told you, all relations ceased between us. It is the duty of a Christian to forgive injuries, and I forgive you, Sandoe, but I want no more to do with you. Your ways are not my ways, Sandoe."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Sandoe, with the

greenish whites of his eyes turned up to the ceiling, and with the resignation of an early Christian martyr, for whom the boiling oil was already simmering. "Well! well, oh dear! but it's only more burdens for Christians—always cross and crown, simly."

"Does the lode promise they have cut out of Wheal Polroze?" said the banker, playing with a letter-scale as he spoke. The keen business man, distrustful as he was of the sanctimonious Dowser, was unable to restrain his curiosity about the prospects of mining speculations. "And how is the underlay looking at Wheal Drosking!—is the adit driven yet at Bestraes, and is the ground as fair as the captain's report makes it at Halenbeagle? There's no tin found in Cornwall that you don't hear of, I know, Sandoe!"

"You do me no more than justice, Mr. Mordred. I've been an instrument—I've been an instrument; and this little rod here, dry and shrivelled as it looks, my dear sir, has been seen by menny to strike water from the rock like Moses's rod, though I make no great por (disturbance) about it, and work with the pick and gad at my eight hours' coor to Bal (the mine), like my poorest brethren. 'Tiz zackly like that. This little rod has led many a believer into the Promised Land, mock as you may."

That compliment of Mr. Mordred's had tickled the Dowser's vanity, and consoled him for his bad reception. He now poured off with glibness

answers to all the banker's questions, intermixed with perverted texts of Scripture, and many assertions of the power of the rod to discover metal and water.

"I have no great faith in the rod, Sandoe; you should not be so poor as you seem to be," said Mr. Mordred, with a frosty smile, that seemed to give its proprietor a twinge of positive pain. "I fear you are something like the man who wrote to me yesterday to say that he is about to supply the Emperor of China with steamboats, value half a million, but, in the meantime, wants me to lend him five pounds. You've made some lucky hits, but that was owing to practical knowledge."

"Did I not find the copper at Blackwater, and the tin at St. Ann's, that you cleared the four thousand pounds on? Don't talk so awful like the children of this world—t'is terrible to hear, Mr. Mordred. Untie (ain't I) known all over Cornwall for power over the metals? It's different from those as digs holes in elvan, and only means to make money-traps of 'em."

"Who does that?" said Mr. Mordred, sharply, and as near anger as he could get.

"I don't say who does it—God forbid! I only say there's them as doz it, 'tez zackly so; don't throw it in my teeth. If I 'aven't got rich, it is not because I never found metal enough to pave all Bodmin with gold, but because I've fallen among reprobates, and been, as it were, lost in the wilderness, among owls and pelicans, and bank-

rupts and spendthrifts, and dragons and flying serpents, which is the lusts of this world."

"Mr. Sandoe," said the banker, sternly, and looking wistfully at a dusty bronze clock that stood on the mantelpiece, and which had just tingled off with mechanical merriment the hour of noon, "Sandoe, I know you are not a man to waste your time in mere meeting-house talk; nor would you come near me (after your infamous deception three years ago at Camborne), unless you had something to propose that you considered worth my hearing. Come, what is it?"

In the Dowser's eyes there instantly arose that light that arises in an angler's eyes when a long-expected fish rises at the fly; and yet at the same time there was about his whole manner a dogged air of self-confidence, that seemed to imply that some mysterious power of benefitting mankind rested in him inherently, but at the present moment more especially. Mr. Mordred, who knew him for a poor ranting preacher, of no very established character, once a spy and agent of his own, could not understand the quiet assumption of the man's manner.

Nothing alarms a cunning man more than a laugh, especially when he cannot understand why a man is laughing; still more so (as in the present case) when the man with whom he converses is obviously a poor, penniless vagabond, completely at his mercy for his next shilling. The banker's corpse-like face looked deadlier than ever; and

his dark lantern eyes, where no light was ever turned on, were fixed steadily on the Dowser.

Sandoe made no reply; but diving his hands simultaneously into the two tail pockets of his long brown great-coat, fished up two large pieces of yellowish ore, each as big as a miner's fist, and with a cunning and rather mocking smile, fitted them together, and then chinked them till they yielded a rich metallic and inviting sound.

"The gold of that land was good," he said, in a snuffling voice. "There was bdellium and the onyx stone, 'and they of the isles were glad thereof.'"

The Dowser was fond of quoting two incongruous texts, and welding them together, as field-preachers often do, much to the injury of the Scriptural sense.

"Where—where is that from, Mr. Sandoe?" said Mr. Mordred, with a greedy eagerness he could not conceal; "is that from the Devon United, or is it from Wheal Basset?"

"Oh! now it's *Mister* Sandoe—just now it was only plain Sandoe. Well, the Lord's people must be thankful even for small mercies—we are told to be so, *Mr.* Mordred—text in Holy Writ."

"Where is it from?" The banker was too intent on his question to heed any sarcasm. "It's pure copper—there was no elvan in that mine."

"Cornwall is a large place, so 'tis—zackly so—who knows Botallac copper from Wheal Busy copper? He who does must be a fine comraad—

eh, Mr. Mordred? This may be from Carn-Breh, down 'long coast, or from Cornwall up north, who knows?—who can know but Heaven above us, and one or two more underground, Mr. Mordred? Yet it's gashly fine copper, that I tell 'ee, and worth as much a fathom as any in Cornwall; and there's as much metal where this came from as in any lode this side the Tamar."

"But where is it from, man?"

"It may be from moor or cliff—it's from a lode between this and the Land's End, Mr. Mordred; between Port Isaac and the Lizard—it's there, or thereabouts."

"No more of this mysterious nonsense, Sandoe. You bring a fine specimen of ore, and you know where the rest of the lode is—has it ever been worked? Come, tell me that? Do you want me to speculate?—you haven't got money enough to buy a pick and a gad yourself; and who'll give you as large a share of it as I will? How am I to know this isn't a sham specimen?"

"Fair play—fair play; the children of this world are too much for the children of light, and the children of light are resolved on fair play. I know you, Mr. Mordred—this isn't the first dealing we've had—I know who gets best share, and gives me the dirty work, and all the other traad, as I've often thoft; and if I'm not mazed (mad), I'll do right this time foath (forth). I'll have no ugly ways with me this time—no, I'll get to grass this time; and there'll be no engine-beam move

at Wheal who knows where, I tell 'ee, till I see the colour of somebody's money, and get his promise downright on paper."

"But——"

"No buts—don't like buts."

"But listen to reason."

"It's reason I'm talking to 'ee—I know of copper, good, close, plenty of it this time, and to be got for nothing. I know of it, because I know of it—I've proved it with the blessed rod of St. Keyne—I've proved it with gad and pick; but sure as the gad and pick are, and wonderful and certain as the rod is, the first proof, that which I don't tell 'ee, is best of all, and it must hold good. Now, what's my share to be?"

"A tenth of the profits."

"No—I must have a third."

"Pish! man, then I shan't give it. Look at the expenses of engines and shaft-sinking—look at the chance of failure. You know very well—no one, indeed, knows better than you, Mr. Sandoe—that the best copper-mine in all Cornwall is often a mere speculation, and may run to ruin and dead-ground any hour. No, no, Mr. Sandoe, I want more assurance before I risk gold for copper."

"Good morning, then, my dear—and God bless 'ee—I'm hum (home). You missed your comraade this time, too—I baent like that at all. You might have entertained an angel unawares (even sinful creature as I am), but you put him from 'ee—you put him from 'ee. Well, thank God, there

are those this side of Helston who'll know better. Good morning, my dear. You think me the worse for lying, surely—untie (not I). Those who live, 'll learn—that's true, esn't it?"

The Dowser's manner astonished and alarmed the banker.

"Give me time," he said; "give me even three days; and if I write then, call on me; if I do not, consider I decline the speculation. I shall hear of the matter from other people besides you—all mining news comes to me."

The Dowser's face was convulsed by an unwholesome smile.

"You won't hear nothing. Don't 'ee fear—I don't tell many these things."

"Where shall I direct?"

"I live now among my brethren—anywhere. Direct, Post-office, Boscastle."

"Good—in three days."

The Dowser wriggled his coat together, put on his hat, bowed clumsily, and left the office.

Mr. Mordred remained a moment seated, and biting the end of his quill pen. The Dowser's manner had certainly impressed him.

"I knew," he thought, "that the fellow was a low, drunken, impudent hypocrite—a spy who hung about mines, and spread false news, either good or bad, according as he was paid highest by captains or adventurers; a low, sneaking informer, who practised field-preaching in order to get access to engine-houses and captain's rooms; but still it is

just such men who have been sometimes known by accident or instinct to have secretly discovered valuable mines. There was the Wheal Hoskyn, for instance, found by a Dowser's children, as they were digging holes in play on Trevellon Moor. And, besides, poor as he seemed, there was a sense of power about the scoundrel such as I never saw before; still, I shall not be too eager—that frightens away one's game. I shall not write—I shall let him call again, and beat him down lower still—I know these smaller rogues. He will not go to anyone else—what can those fools, Fox and Shakell, do for him? He feels I can help him better than anyone in Cornwall; and he is afraid of me, too, for I know one or two disagreeable things about him. However, let the fellow wait, and ripen on the tree—I can pick him when I choose. The man daren't trick me, even if he could, that I am sure of. I must talk it over with Bradbrain—*hang* that picnic, he'll be away to-morrow."

So ran the worthy and prudent man's thoughts. This strain of reflection ended—he rose and pressed one of those bell-like alarums that they use at eating-houses.

The glass door opened at the sound of the tingle, and a little old man, very neatly dressed, appeared, as the slave of the lamp did when Aladdin rubbed the ring.

Mr. Mordred was all blandness—the morning's work had pleased him.

“Edwards, I think you asked me if you could go to-morrow to see your married daughter at Bodmin? Go, by all means, and do not think of returning the same night—it is too much for you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Mordred—much obliged, sir. But——”

“But what?”

“I suppose, sir, I might be allowed to take the petty cash-book with me?—I think it would help to pass the evening very pleasantly.”

“Oh! by all means, Edwards,” said the banker, smiling at the old fanatic of business; “and please to send Harrison to me directly.”

The old clerk, a slave to the bank for years before Mordred came, retired, and in glided Harrison, a tall, shambling, red-haired young man, with a squint which seemed typical of moral obliquity. He looked alert, hard, cruel, and no stickler at trifles.

“Harrison, write to Mr. Tolpedden again, about the interest on that mortgage, and beg an early visit from him.”

“Yes, sir; an answer by return?”

“And answer by return.”

“Yes, sir.”

The door shut behind him.

“I’ll bring that Tolpedden to book,” said Mr. Mordred to himself, “if he doesn’t take care; he’s too proud by half, with his scientific discoveries and affected carelessness about money. He said he would call and see, and he neglects it, just, I

suppose, to show he does not care for me. Take care, Mr. Tolpedden—I've broken up better men than you, like so many china figures. I'll have no insolence from fellows who are going to the dogs without knowing it, and give no thanks to the man who warns them of it, and tries to save them. Harrison,"—here he touched the bell, and Harrison re-entered—"go over to the Rev. Mr. Thompson, and ask him if the Kamtschatka Missionary Meeting is to be held to-morrow, or if it's put off."

CHAPTER XII.

MR. HOOKEM'S PIC-NIC.

LIVES there even a Cockney man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "What a lovely morning this must be in the country?" There is scarcely any country season so pleasant, and no hours are so delightful, as those of a fine forenoon in October.

How pleasantly, at breakfast time, the soft sunshine glimmers on the ceiling. It lies in little squares of brightness on the white table-cloth, glitters on the silver tea-pot, touches here and there the gilding of a picture; outside it dapples the lawn, brings out into the light the pale red of some lingering rose among the laurels, glistens on the dewy bunches of mountain ash berries, and turns

the yellow elm-leaves to gold, just where the little robin sits, puffing out his orange breast, and singing as innocently as if he was one of the babes in the wood in a state of transmigration.

Such a morning was the morning of the picnic, such pleasant cross-light fell athwart the breakfast-table of the Tolpeddens, as they sat discussing the programme of the day, and lauding Mr. Hookem's hospitality and sociability.

There is always a pleasant excitement about the preparations for a day's pleasure, more especially when real enjoyment, and not display, is the object of the host. Some cynics, indeed, are cruel enough to say that, as courtship is the best part of marriage, so is anticipation the pleasantest part of pleasure; but I bite my thumb at those sour *blasé* gentlemen, and defy them in the name of honest love, and untiring, simple-hearted happiness. Even Mr. Tolpedden was not sorry to leave his furnaces, retorts, and sand-baths for one day, and get out into the fresh blue sea-air, where no chemical fumes could reach him.

The moment the last cup of tea was drunk, the lieutenant blew a silver boatswain's whistle that hung at his button-hole, and shouted,

"See all ready forward for getting under way! Heave short on your chain and mind the windlass. Loose all sails. Now, then, Polly, get on your bonnet, and don't be two hours about it!"

The lieutenant, indeed, took such an active part in hurrying every one, that when the waggonette

came round he was to be seen on the lawn, still brushing his blue coat, which he held by one arm.

"Come, come, Nel," cried Mrs. Tolpedden, laughing in her bright, pleasant little way; "why, you take as long as if you were rigging a ship."

The lieutenant looked up with a chuckle.

"Polly! Polly!" he said, "you know I am ready nine times out of ten before you; but haven't I been busy, as you know, getting the ship under weigh?"

"Yes, papa, and now you're the last ready," said his wife, exulting in her punctuality.

The lieutenant, seizing Bobby from the nurse's arms (all the servants had come out to see the start), tossed her in the air, and then took his place next his brother. Arthur mounted the box and seized the reins, upon which Johnny, who had been saving up for this juncture, burst into a determined howl, and cried:

"Oh! take me. Oh! why not take me? Ho-o-o-o! take me, father, to the pig-nig. Ho-o-o-o! why can't I go. Ho-o-o!"

"Oh! you dreadful boy! Let me get at him!" cried the lieutenant, preparing to leap down at Johnny, with his Malacca cane; but he was prevented by his wife, and by Arthur's and his father's entreaties.

"Haul up the spanker, then, shiver the afteryards, and let her go before it. Oh, I'll flog him when I come back," answered the lieutenant. And off

dashed the horse, and Fanny ran, fleet as swift Camilla, to open the great gate.

"Be a good boy, Johnny," said old Liddy, "and you shall see the great wild-beast book."

Johnny, having beaten Fanny, and blown points of war on a tin trumpet all over the house, was eventually appeased by the great family picture-book, and relapsed into reasonably good conduct.

The drive was a pleasant one. The lieutenant told sea-stories, and Aunt Polly did nothing but laugh in sheer exuberance of spirits. There had been a slight frost, and it lay in glittering and sparkling powder on the turf walls, and on the shafts of the road-side crosses. The stray snow, already half melted on the grass, was crisp and furry on the hair-brush spikes of the stubble. The earth steamed as if it was too warm instead of too cold; and as for the sky, it looked blue and hard as a arch of sapphire stone. The dying leaves shone and dripped in the sunshine, while in the shadow they were still white. The road sounded clear and metallic under the horse's hoofs. There could not be a pleasanter morning for a drive.

The rendezvous fixed on by Mr. Hookem was St. Kevin's Cove, between Trebarwith and Dun-chine, there being a sandy beach there, that rendered the landing from the boats easy even for ladies.

The Tolpeddens reached there about noon.

Every mile nearer the sea-shore Arthur's heart beat faster, but why he scarcely knew. He grew so silent, too, that Aunt Polly remarked it, and asked what sort of people Mr. Waverton's sisters were; and if Milly, the youngest, was not very nice? Upon which Arthur asked her, in self-defence, if she thought Mr. Bradbrain handsome, and that silenced her.

"I've got a touch of headache still from reading those three chapters of that infernal 'Peter Simple' last night," said the lieutenant; "it always takes me that way; but I dare say it'll go off, Polly, when we're out at sea."

"Dear papa! he mustn't read so much," said his wife, in all good faith, kissing his forehead with as much tender compassion as if he had been undergoing the mental labours of a Newton.

As they descended the winding road leading to the cove, and drew up at "The Three Choughs," the little inn where the horses were to be taken out, a gun was discharged as a welcome from the *Flying Fish*, that could now be seen lying at anchor about a quarter of a mile off the shore.

There was a boat full of people, half-way between the shore and the yacht. The men who pulled it wore red Garibaldi shirts, and, to the lieutenant's disgust, feathered their oars—a practice forbidden to men-of-war's men.

"The lubbers!" he cried; "I wonder what Mr. Hookem is about, to allow it?"

"Why, it's Mr. Waverton and his three sisters,

"I declare!" said Arthur; "there's little Milly with her scarlet and black feather—I should know her anywhere, she has such a saucy way of carrying her head."

"I sometimes think Trevena likes little Milly," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden; "if it wasn't for that dragon of a sister of his, who will not let him marry."

"A very smart little sloop," said the lieutenant, patronisingly; "Arthur, lend me your glass. Now then, Polly, jump down—I'll catch you—lower handsomely—that's it."

There was another spit of fire, then a long roll of white smoke—it was a second gun from the *Flying Fish*, fired as the boat reached the vessel. Mr. Hookem, who had insisted on no one bringing any contribution to the feast, was not a man to spare gunpowder.

It was delightful to observe the great rows of tall waves, that rose green and transparent in the sun, come charging upon the shore, then curl over, their frothing crests reflected in the water below, and pour down in rolling snow, that ran chasing in upon the sand. There was something fierce and yet treacherous about the stealthy fury of the advancing tide.

"I wish they'd bear a hand with that boat," said the impatient lieutenant.

"Don't be impatient, Nel," said his wife, tapping him reprovngly on the back, her blue ribbons fluttering in the wind; "look there—how

nice!—they're putting out all the flags. Oh! Arthur, isn't it like a small wash of coloured things drying?"

"Ain't you glad you knocked off work for once, Harry?" said Nelson Tolpedden to his brother.

"Oh! yes. I think we shall have a very pleasant day."

Just as the boat came pulling into shore, down the path leading from the cliff dashed three young men, dressed in a picturesque and eccentric manner. They were all bearded, and they wore sprigs of samphire, heather, and furze blossom in their wide-awakes—one of them carried a violin-case.

"Who are these fellows?" inquired the lieutenant.

"They are three young artists," replied Arthur; "very nice fellows—members of the Gridiron Club in St. John's Wood, and future academicians, uncle, every one of them."

Up they came.

"How do, Dodgeson?—how do, Tolpedden?—how do, Hewer?—how do, Fisher?"

"Stunning day!"

"Glorious day, to be sure!"

"Rapping day!"

"A 1 day," said Arthur, introducing his three friends to his father, uncle and aunt; "and how do you get on in your quarters at Portneweth?"

"First rate," said Mr. Dodgeson; "we get

plenty of boating and fishing; and the sketching is glorious all down this northern coast."

The three young artists were by no means "Bohemians" in the bad sense. Two of them were married men, living in excellent style; and all three were as methodical, hard-working, and prudent men, as any merchants in Mincing Lane, with the advantage of a more intellectual and varied a profession, and the hopes of ultimate fame and income, beyond the reach of commercial vicissitudes.

In appearance they were all three rather eccentric—Dodgeson, an eminent book illustrator, was a fine tall, gaunt fellow of seven-and-twenty, with a Henri Quatre beard and moustachios; Hewer, a marine artist, a short, wiry Irishman, wore a square beard of decidedly maritime character; while Fisher, a young figure-painter, distinguished himself by a tuft on the chin, and long moustachios curling upwards, like those of a Spanish don. They were all perfectly at their ease, full of a pleasant, but unobtrusive self-confidence, and quite disposed to talk and be amiable. Mrs. Tolpedden was charmed with their politeness and their observations on the scenery.

In a few minutes the boat pulled in, the men tossing their oars up like spears, in a very sailor-like way.

"Good!—that'll do," said the lieutenant, with an air of command.

In got Arthur, and helped the little lady.

In tumbled the rest, the lieutenant seizing the tiller cords with an air of professional dignity that was delightful to see. He seemed, indeed, to consider it absolutely necessary that this special pull from the shore to the ship should be conducted in the best style.

The faster the men pulled, the more he urged them to exertion, by calling out, "Let her go!—put your backs to it!" till the boat literally flew as if driven by steam, much to the delight of his simple-hearted wife.

As the boat neared the ship, white handkerchiefs could be seen waving over the gunwale; there was a sound of shrill cheering, and again the pompous cannon boomed its welcome.

"Steady now!" cried the lieutenant, in all his glory, as an old boatswain stood up and caught hold with a boat-hook of the sloop's gunwale "steady there—back water—unship."

A crowd of pretty and pleasant faces peered over the gunwale of the *Flying Fish*; conspicuous among them was that of the Sultan editor, who wore a large Panama hat, and looked like a planter. Nor did Arthur fail to see two peculiarly sunny brown eyes looking down at the boat, and sparkling with delight.

"Penrose and Trudgeon, you two stop in the boat and get the conger-lines ready," cried out Mr. Hookem, "and let the boatswain and Trewellan come up here to help unpack the luncheon, and get that sherry out of the well."

"Ay, ay, sir."

In a moment the Tolpedden party was standing on the deck, and in among them dashed the Sultan, shaking hands, and greeting every one.

"How de do, Tolpedden? Lieutenant, you shall be our sailing-master—we are most of us lubbers."

"Speak for yourself," cried Mr. Tregellas.

Hookem turned round and shook his fist at him.

"Mrs. Tolpedden, you must keep the young ladies in order. I place you under Mr. Bradbrain's care. He's a sworn Squire of Dames. Arthur, my poet and huntsman, how are you? I think you know every one here, but Miss Tregellas? You've been introduced! Oh, well, one's ~~not~~ likely to forget it if one has been so fortunate. Why, how do you do, Raphael, Correggio, and Michael Angelo? I am proud to see you. Just divide those young ladies there. There are far too many daughters of Eve together. And now then for lunch!"

The little sloop was nearly full. There was Mr. Tregellas, with his firm, sensible, brown face, and Lucy, in a yachting hat and blue ribbons, with cheeks warmed by the fresh sea-air till they made rose-leaves appear contemptible. Near her sat Milly Waverton, a pretty little pale girl, with small, mischievous dark eyes twinkling out of the shadow of her round hat. Then there were her two elder sisters, Sarah and Grace, graver persons altogether, and her rather silly and impulsive

brother, the Rev. Bernard Waverton, a furious high churchman, trim and precise, in his cassock waistcoat, and effeminate little jean boots tipped with polished leather. Even that, with the host himself, made quite a party; but there was, besides, Mr. Bradbrain, in a grey dust coat, and opera-glass slung round it, looking stylish, "fast," and dandyish, though not nautical. Nor must I forget Mr. and Mrs. Penrose, a worthy old couple from somewhere down the coast, and, next Milly, the Rev. Mr. Trevena, looking untidy, warm-hearted, and unpractical as ever, who was unpacking a game pie for his unappeasable sister, who was shredding a lettuce for salad.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Sultan, tingling two wine-glasses together to beget attention, "our plan is this—we take a slight lunch now, we fish till say about three o'clock, we then sail off to Dunchine, where we dine on the cliffs. Then we move on to Endellion, have some music and singing on board, and go on shore for a dance. Those who like this plan, be pleased to say 'ay,' and those who don't say 'no.'"

There was a storm of "ayes;" one faint voice only cried "no."

"Who was that said 'no?'"

"It was only I, and I meant 'yes!'" said Mr. Waverton, in a weak, apologetic way, and in his peculiar piping voice.

"Then the 'ayes' carry it; and I must beg to say more beautiful eyes I think I never before

had the pleasure of seeing," said Hookem, laughing, and bowing, in his grand way, to Miss Tregellas, who was just then shaking hands with Arthur and his father.

"Jackson, get up the Amontillado, the yellow seal. Tolpedden, I think you'll like my Amontillado; I have it in the pipes, direct from Duff Gordon's, and bottle it myself. Pure wine, depend on it."

The luncheon was soon in full career. There were cold pheasant, cold fowl, brawn and lobster salad, the latter prepared under Mr. Hookem's own eye, and composed of remarkable ingredients, such as cream, anchovies, and potatoes. The gentlemen were most agreeable, and ran about with the eagerness of newly-engaged waiters. They foresaw the smallest want, they dived into jars, they rivalled Jackson in attentive alertness. It is true that Mr. Trevena stepped once into a grouse pie, and that Mr. Waverton spilled a glass of sherry down Mrs. Penrose's back, but these trifling accidents merely arose from excess of zeal, and only afforded subjects for joking and fun.

"If you allow more than two bottles of champagne, Hookem," said Mr. Tregellas, to the host, "we shall have so much flirting and talking, there'll be no catching any fish. Mrs. Tolpedden, some more sherry?"

"Now do," said the gallant Mr. Bradbrain.

"Not a drop more, thank you," said that little lady, as her glass was rapidly filling.

The young ladies repudiated the idea of flirting.

"More defeats of the northerners, I see," said Hookem, "in yesterday's *Times*, Mr. Bradbrain. The dashing southern gentlemen are too much for them."

"The slave-dealers always were warlike and bullying. They are duellists by profession, and accustomed to command; but the Puritan North has the stamina, and the true elastic energy," said Mr. Tolpedden.

"Come now, that's too bad—that's really too bad, isn't it Hookem?" said Bradbrain, declining the contest, and turning to pick up a handkerchief which Mrs. Tolpedden had dropped.

"I want you, Tolpedden, to read an article of mine this week on Littlemore's 'Mother-in-law in the House;' by Jove! sir, it's a great poem. Here's a fine passage, the simile, as you'll see, drawn from the merest every-day life :

'See how the corkscrew twisting hides,
Deep boring in the spongy cork.
Then mockingly the fool derides,
And points unto the two-pronged fork.
"Lo, there's your man and wife," he says;
But I continue, spite of jeer,
Who breaks the bottle's neck, he pays,
Wanting that subtle minister.'

The poet's point is that, while young married people are often too enthusiastic, generous, and straightforward in worldly matters, the useful mother-in-law winds to her purposes like the corkscrew, and draws out the most stubborn diffi-

culty. Oh ! I think it is admirable !—it's the right thing !”

Arthur smiled sarcastically. Mr. Bradbrain cried “Clever !—very clever !” and applauded.

Milly's eyes half closed, and then laughed ; to the rest (those who were not talking in circles apart) the lieutenant boldly said, “I can't make out head or tail of it.”

“I say, Hookem,” said Mr. Tregellas, “you are so enthusiastic about literature, may I ask, did you ever venture on a book yourself ?”

Mr. Hookem affected a mysterious confusion, that was not uninteresting.

“Well,” said he, “Tregellas, to make a clean breast of it, I did once publish a *libellus*, or little book ; it was in my young days, when George, the fourth of that name, was king.”

“And its name ?” cried Mr. Tolpedden.

“Well, I am not proud of it, though it was certainly elegantly brought out, and was thought a good deal of when it first appeared. It was entitled ‘The Art of Tying a Cravat ;’ but I have now resolved to devote my whole energies to the task of freeing one of our greatest of Englishmen from the opprobrium so long unjustly cast upon him. Mr. Froude has proved that Henry VIII. was not a butcher and a tyrant, and that he married his numerous wives for the most patriotic reasons ; Mr. Dixon has also shown us that Lord Bacon was neither a time-server nor a moral coward.”

"Who is your hero, Mr. Hookem?" asked the two eldest Miss Wavertons, breathlessly.

"That brave Yorkshireman and gallant soldier, Guido Fawkes," replied the host, with dignity; "the indomitable fanatic who spent all his life investigating explosive compounds, and died on the brink of his greatest discovery, the victim of a sordid and narrow-minded world."

Everyone laughed; and several persons called out, "What! Guy Fawkes?" as if they thought Mr. Hookem was joking.

"Yes, I repeat," said Mr. Hookem, drawing himself up, "that grossly misunderstood discoverer, Guido Fawkes, that brave soldier in the Netherlands, that wise diplomatist in Spain, was cruelly put to death for attempting to establish a great truth at the expense of the lives of a few unknown noblemen. Jackson, champagne to the ladies."

Pop! pop! went the corks, like two duellists' pistols.

"None of that popping stuff for me," said the lieutenant; "I'd rather have a glass of good ale, if there's any going."

"Jackson, ale to Lieutenant Tolpedden, when you've helped the ladies."

The lunch cleared away, the sailors came round with small pails full of bait; cuttle fish, small dabs, and plaice, and glittering sand launces, and coils of lines armed with wire. The folding chairs were removed, and every one prepared for work. Milly Waverton and Lucy Tregellas clapped their

hands with delight as Arthur began to bait their lines for conger with the arms of cuttle fish.

"Oh! how cruel!" cried Lucy; "and do tell us, Mr. Tolpedden, what we shall catch?"

"Perhaps a dog-fish, perhaps a blue shark, perhaps a skate as big as a wheelbarrow, or a conger, which is really a sort of degenerated sea-serpent."

"Oh! what fun!" cried Milly, dancing about; "only think, Lilly, of catching a thing like a wheelbarrow; but Mr. Tolpedden will help us if we catch a monster—won't you, Mr. Tolpedden?"

"I am ever at hand, Miss Waverton, to succour the distressed," cried Arthur, with mock heroism, and laughing. "Miss Tregellas, will you have a line for each hand or not?"

"Well, I think, Tolpedden, Lilly cannot pull out more than one shark at a time," said her father, as he came round to help with the lines preparing for the terrible Miss Trevena, who, nodding a stately thanks, instantly commenced fishing as if for her livelihood.

It was at this moment that a boat was seen putting from the shore.

Mr. Hookem looked through his opera-glass, and then wrung his hands in affected agony.

"If I was to go to the top of Chimborazo," he said, "even there proofs and revises would reach me—nay, if I went to the nearest fixed star in a balloon, there too a balloon laden with printers' devils would surely follow me."

It *was* proofs, or rather a telegraph express, from Bodmin, with questions about a doubtful leader for the Saturday's *Forge*. Arthur could not help thinking that the Sultan was not altogether displeased at the interruption, as he dived down into the cabin; and, soon re-appearing with the answer, the men pulled back to land.

It being necessary after this disturbance to change the fishing ground, the anchor was heaved up, and off again bore the *Flying Fish*, "Lord Camperdown's Yacht" (as Mr. Hookem always described it, with special emphasis, for it was a borrowed one), and moored half a mile nearer Dunchine.

It was pleasant to have any excuse, as every one agreed, to look out at the long line of cliffs, steeped in an enchanted azure atmosphere; and the great mounds of rock, pyramidal or altar-shaped, against which the waves broke in playful anger, or leaped far over them in foam, part of which fell back in white cascades from dark ledge to ledge. It was pleasant to look down over the sloop's side and watch the transparent, emerald water break with a tranquil lipping ripple against the black-tarred planks. Far away the coast stretched, in sunny rise and fall, promontory and bay, pierced by caves, haunted by seals, or by shafts long ago forsaken by the miners; while high above all rose Dunchine, that once famous stronghold of King Arthur.

The lieutenant was very important in superin-

tending the operations of tacking, and when all was ready for starting, roared out: "Let her go before it," as if he was captain of a ninety-gun ship.

"Have you seen, Mr. Hookem," said Waverton, in his piping treble, "that infamous letter in the Bodmin paper, that some dissenting fellow has addressed to our excellent bishop?"

Mr. Hookem said that he had not, and called out for more long worms.

"A most violent production, complaining of what the writer calls the Romanizing spirit of choral services and Church processions that our bishop encourages, and actually ends by urging his lordship to go at once over to Rome. The man who wrote that, sir, ought to be driven from his pulpit."

"I trust not, Mr. Waverton," said Trevena, with a good-natured smile, "for *I* wrote that letter."

"Then all I can say, sir," said his excited opponent, "such opinions are fatal to ecclesiastical discipline."

"To that I am totally indifferent, provided they conduce to the increase of religious truth."

Here Mr. Hookem interposed, by entreating every body, as the sloop was now getting to her moorings, to prepare lines and baits for the ladies.

"We are now, Miss Tregellas," said Arthur, "just off that famous sand-bank, 'The Silver Pits,' where there are shoals of plaice and skate, and quantities of conger."

"Oh! what fun; but I hope we shant catch a shark."

"*Dum capimus capimur!*" said Mr. Trevena, with a very artful glance at Milly Waverton, who insisted on knowing what the Latin words meant.

"*Nulla dies sine linea!*" exclaimed Mr. Hookem.

"There again, Lilly," said Milly, to her friend, "isn't it too bad? Don't let them make their Latin jokes."

But all this time I have forgotten the presence of the eloquent monologist, Fitzhugh, and the excitable Lucas, for it had been impossible to draw Maclean from his books.

Fitzhugh, benevolently supercilious in his humorous, and perhaps rather owlish spectacles, was explaining to the eldest Miss Waverton his theory of aggressive Christianity; while Lucas was expatiating to poor patient Mrs. Penrose on the glories of the last Bodmin Races, won by a tremendous rush by Watchbox, who beat Young Hopeful by a neck.

"What's that I hear, Mr. Fitzhugh?" said Hookem. "What! you did not like our last article on 'War Christianity?' Why, it was by one of our best hands."

"Not at all, Mr. Hookem," said Fitzhugh, preparing himself for battle by pressing his spectacles with the middle finger of his left hand, "by no means. I think that what we want in this money-grubbing age is war waged for higher motives than the mere extension of trade. Let us drive the

Turk from the holy sepulchre that he pollutes ; let the name of Christians be feared in the Lebanon ; let us, like Cromwell——”

“I partly go with you,” said Mr. Hookem ; “but, pardon me, I must adjourn the debate, as I have just got a bite—it’s a skate, I think. You see, Miss Tregellas, we use soft iron for these conger-hooks, in order the better to pull them out if the fish gorges them.”

“No,” said the inexorable Miss Louisa Trevena, to one of the young artists, who was trying to amuse her, “no, I do not think so. I know you men would rather be without us, that you might smoke your nasty pipes.”

“Now, Miss Trevena !” said one of the artists.

“Stuff ! don’t tell me, I know it ! John, I think it is rather rude of your attending to every one’s fishing before mine.”

This was aimed at John, who was very busy preparing Milly Waverton’s fishing-tackle.

And now, the *Flying Fish* being moored snugly off the shoal, the fishing began in right earnest ; over went dozens of strong lines, guarded with wire, to resist the conger’s teeth.

“Ladies,” said Mr. Hookem, “you will know what fish bites by its manner of pulling ; a skate will jerk away over the stones, and pull tremendously when he’s half way up ; the congers give a long, steady strain, but sometimes will rise with the hook, and not kick and flounder till they come to the surface.”

“And what does the flounder do?” said Milly. At which everyone laughed, and the host shook his fist at her.

There was a dead silence of expectation now, and soon up came the fish; large, lumpish skate, with thorny tails, a small cod-fish or two, and plaice, brown and orange-spotted. Mr. Hookem was delighted, forgot his own sport so good-naturedly, and went round to bait other people’s lines.

“Strange things come up to look at us, the monsters of the deep!” said Arthur, laughing as he helped Miss Tregellas to pull in a small spotted dog-fish, which was instantly tossed into the after-hold, to wallow there with its other comrades, and be examined at leisure.

It was charming to see Miss Tregellas, in her little gilt-buttoned yachting-jacket, and straw hat with blue ribbon, enter so earnestly into the sport. She paid out her line and hauled it in with the alacrity of a veteran sailor. She hardly ever missed a fish, and became the envy of the whole party. As for Milly Waverton, she screamed and laughed so whenever anything larger than a dab appeared, that it required all Mr. Trevena could do to soothe her fears, and complete the capture of her victims, much to his sister’s indignation, that lady indeed openly condemning all vulgarly high spirits.

As for Mr. Waverton, he caught nothing but one small plaice; but he was constantly of opinion that

he had "bites" of enormous fish. Mr. Tolpedden pursued his work steadily, and the lieutenant exulted quietly in his experience and its consequent success. All at once, just as Mr. Hookem had caught a large halibut, that everybody was examining, Mr. Waverton thought he felt a bite; it was a very gentle vibration, but it made him turn pale and anxious, especially as no one was looking—all at once there came a tremendous rush, and out ran the line from the forked stick.

"If you've caught a merman," said Lucas, who was next him, "have him up, and we'll give him some stale champagne."

"Don't laugh," said Waverton, his arm almost pulled off. "Oh, do somebody help—help!"

Suddenly the pulling ceased.

"He's gone!" cried Lucas—"bet you a fiver he's gone!"

And off he went to look at the halibut.

Just at that moment a tremendous object rose from the water close to the terrified young clergyman's line, and there it splashed and lashed like an enraged boa-constrictor.

Waverton's blood was up; and half alarmed, half excited, proud of the capture, and wishing to effect it alone, he put forth all his strength, setting his foot against the ship's gunwale, in order to get a better purchase. The fish yielded, and wallowed slowly up the ship's side; then, with a sudden spring, it leaped and coiled itself round the terrified fisherman, who, losing his balance, fell, grappling

at the head of the conger that he convulsively held away from him. It was the Laocoon again, and only wanted the two sons to complete the irresistible *tableau*.

There was a burst of irrestrainable laughter, then screams from the ladies and shrill cries from Miss Trevena, who flew on Lieutenant Tolpedden as if he had bribed the conger to commit this act of violence.

"You wretches!" she cried; "it'll bite his arm off!"

Arthur was the first to see the danger; to rush up, and tear back the monster, then, with one strong blow of a heavy knife on the spine, he made it fall disabled on the deck, where the sailors soon destroyed it.

It was a huge beast, at least six feet long, and some twelve inches round the neck, and it weighed seventy pounds. Pale, half-fainting, and wet with brine and slime, its captor sat regarding it with languid horror. It was a greenish brown above, and a dirty white below, and looked, as Mr. Hookem observed, like a younger son of the Great Sea Serpent.

"Come down in the cabin, sir," said the boat-swain to Mr. Waverton, "and let us swab you down, for you're all over muck."

Mr. Waverton went down, and re-appeared in ten minutes, clad in a roomy dust-coat of his host's, and cheered by a huge bumper of Amontillado, that made his eyes wink. He even assumed a mild air

of triumph as Mr. Hookem declared him the undoubted hero of the day.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE CLIFFS.

THE passengers on board "my friend Lord Camperdown's yacht the *Flying Fish*," had been all safely disembarked, thanks to the excellent supervision of their temporary sailing-master, Lieutenant Tolpedden, who had insisted on remaining the last on board, like the heroic captain in stories of wrecks.

The whole party stood on the little platform at Dunchine, examining the dead fish that had now been brought on shore, and lay in one vast epicurean hecatomb.

"What a strange form of matter a fish is," said Mr. Tolpedden, turning over a flabby cable of conger with the end of his walking-stick. "The creatures always remind me of rough sketches of the later animals, and seem to belong to some earlier creation."

"Nasty, ugly things!" said Miss Trevena.

"That cod," said Mr. Hookem, with a gloating eye, and addressing the boatswain, "put up for Mr. Tregellas; it will boil in firm and flaky, I would pledge my honour. Let Mr. Waverton have

three pair of those soles, and cut the conger in half for Mr. Tolpedden ; it will make soup fit for the Emperor of all the Russias. And now, Trudgeon, get the fires lit on the hills, where I told you, and broil some of the best soles and whiting ; and while the cloth is being laid, ladies and gentlemen, let us climb up and see the ruins of King Arthur's Castle."

So up all the young people went—up a long winding, dangerous stair cut in the rock that led to the castle door. The ascent was perilous. "They must have eyes that scale Dunchine," says an old writer. One side was the perpendicular rock, on the other was an abyss ; arms and hands were required to help the ladies—aid which the gentlemen were by no means reluctant to give.

"By Jove ! Tolpedden we ought to be in hoods, with our pointed boots ; tied up with chains to our knees, our swords should clank from step to step," said one of the artists. "There should be Hippocras waiting for us in the castle hall, and the knights, hearing us approach, should come forth and meet us, and lead us to King Arthur and Queen Guinever.

"Good—that's good," said Mr. Hookem. "Dodge-son, you talk pictures as well as paint them ; but really, if King Arthur was as stout as I am, he would have had a lift put up here, like they have in cotton factories—it's very tough climbing."

"What a glorious light on those cliffs !" Fisher

said, who was lingering behind; "I think a scumble of Naples yellow would give that. Lord! what duffers we are when we come to Nature!"

"You've had too much sherry—you're melancholy. I say, how Bradbrain has been carrying on with that little Mrs. Tolpedden—by George! sir, it's a caution to snakes! And there's that young Tolpedden,"—Arthur had by this time gone on—"he's nuts on that Miss Tregellas, and there's no getting a word of her."

"That Milly Waverton's a nice girl, if you like, Hewer!"

"She is *so*; and so that muff Trevena seems to think. Look at him up there at the door!"

"Come along you fellows," said Fisher; "they're overhauling the chapel up there. I wish to goodness that Hookem had got his dinner ready for us at landing; that sea air has made me so hungry, I think I could eat a horse's leg off! Wasn't that a lark with the conger and the young curate? Isn't that Miss Trevena a Gorgon?"

"I believe you, my boy. I say, I think I shall cut it early, and have a game of pool at Boscastle," said Lucas.

Alas! for the ingratitude and baseness of human nature! Such was the under-current of detracting conversation. You cannot make men your friends with mere lobster salads and still champagne.

As for Fitzhugh, his vanity had been hurt, and hurt vanity is slow to forgive.

"What a howling snob this Hookem is!" he said

to Lucas, as they toiled together up the rock staircase; "how he gloats over his money and his grub—ugh!"

"Only think," said Lucas, "what a day it is for that fight at Moulsey between Bob Travers and the Spider. Yes, Hookem *is* rather cheeky—he pretends to set me right about horses, and talks about hunting as if he'd spent all his life in pigskin. I say, Fitzhugh, what a queer old buffer Penrose is!"

Mr. Bradbrain was monopolizing poor silly little Mrs. Tolpedden. I do not mean that he was always by her side; but still he seemed generally near her, always to be watching her, always ready to hurry forward and displace some less showy conversationalist.

He and Mrs. Tolpedden were the last to remain among the roofless ruins of the old castle chapel, at the top of the cliff, that stood mossy and forlorn among the great tussocks of dead grass, and the brown cushions of sea-pink that rose above the old burial-place of Arthur's knights; while below the sea moaned its eternal requiem.

They stood talking beside the old lichened altar stone, and showed no particular desire to join the laughing party, whose voices could be heard slowly receding towards the castle.

Mr. Bradbrain was very eloquent about a carnival he had once helped to celebrate at Mexico. He expatiated on the gorgeous dresses of the people as they paraded the great square, when the

little tapers began to twinkle in the twilight. He described the black hair and large luminous eyes of the ladies; which, however, he artfully managed and pretended to confess he had seen transcended in England. He sketched pleasantly enough the grotesque masks that were worn, and the struggle to extinguish and re-light the tapers. He narrated how, in throwing up a handful of comfits at a window, he threw up unconsciously among them a valuable diamond ring, that he never recovered, although he offered large rewards.

Mrs. Tolpedden, fascinated as a humming-bird is by a cobra, felt like a child does when it sees dissolving views for the first time. The world had never struck her before as being so large, nor so varied.

"And how is it, Mr. Bradbrain," she said, "come, tell me now, that, with all your power to please, you have never married?"

"Because I have never till lately found one I could really love," he replied, in a low, earnest whisper, that seemed to make the colour rise to her very forehead; she made no reply.

At this moment Milly Waverton came running up to them.

"Oh! Mrs. Tolpedden," she cried, and clapped her hands, "do come and save me from that Mr. Hookem; he keeps teasing me so, and he will make me walk with that horrid, cross Miss Waverton, who is in poor Lieutenant Tolpedden's care."

By this time the discharge of guns from the opposite cliff, where two fires now blazed, and where a great Union Jack fluttered, indicated that dinner was ready.

The guests were soon collected and seated, on bass mats and plaids, in a large circle round a cold collation fit for a duke. There were game pies, perfect fortresses of shining and embossed crust, and great columns, like Purbeck marble, of brawn, and great nests of wild plovers' eggs, and rows of cold pheasants and fowls, and piles of scarlet prawns, arranged like basket-work, and lobsters, beautiful in colour as cactus flowers; and, above all, a great dish of smoking soles, exquisitely boiled by Pentaluna, Mr. Hookem's chief boatman, and dished up by Jackson himself. And at the side, in tubs, were rows of bottles, some invitingly tipped with silver, and jealously guarding their precious elixirs.

As for loaves, they were as plentiful as boulders on the sea beach below; and a remarkable fact was, that considering it was a picnic, there was plenty of salt, and other condiments and pickles always at hand, as if they grew on the cliffs.

Everybody seemed happy and pleasant. Even Fitzhugh's wound healed, even Lucas forgot for a time the Spider. Everything turned out well—the fish was much enjoyed, and the great goose pie was worked like a mine. The lieutenant was chatty; Mr. Hookem superintended the champagne, that lit up the talking as if it had been

laughing gas ; Milly Waverton teased people by proposing charades ; and Miss Tregellas, directly the custards were cleared away, tyrannized over everybody with a most tedious game of "Memory," which broke down from the utter want of concentration that everyone felt. Even Miss Trevena relented over a second glass of champagne. As for the elder Miss Wavertons, they were almost supernaturally gay and juvenile.

"I have determined, Mr. Hookem, this November," said Mr. Waverton, whose spirits had now quite rallied, and who leaped Curtius-like into a lull of the conversation, "to put an end to the offensive, ridiculous processions of Guy Fawkes. Our worthy bishop has written to the more reliable of his clergy, to beg us to take that step. It will stop much ill-feeling, and tend to baffle the machinations of the low dissenting part of our community."

Here he looked hard at Mr. Trevena, whose face was just then radiant with good-nature, but who now awoke, like an aroused warrior, decidedly of the Church militant, for he at once disliked and despised his puny antagonist.

"The bishop may write as much as he likes," he said, in rather a loud voice, "but he will only be obeyed in such matters by his toadies and time-servers, or by the young and the inexperienced."

N.B.—Mr. Trevena was four-and-thirty, Mr. Waverton was six-and-twenty.

"At least," said Mr. Waverton, "he does not expect obedience from men who allow ivy to grow inside their churches, and mushrooms to spring up in the pew corners."

"I am not one of those," replied his antagonist, striking fire, "who believe upholstery to be included in the creed."

Mr. Waverton pushed back the soft thin dark hair from his forehead, turned very red, and rose, knocking down two wine-glasses.

"Mr. Hookem," he said, "I only ask if I'm to be insulted under your roof?"

There was a general laugh at this expression; the angry man instantly called it in, corrected the proof, and said:

"I mean at your table."

Renewed laughter.

Mr. Hookem, mollifying the disputants with a few soft words, and more champagne, turned the conversation very skilfully.

"I hope you'll like our country, Mr. and Mrs. Tolpedden," said the Sultan. "We're rough and rude, but, 'pon my soul, I believe we're honest! The country is wild, very wild, all moor and shore, block-cliff and gull's-nest, if I may be allowed for a moment to be poetical; but there is beauty in the great stormy Atlantic, and the sea here is untiring in its restless energy."

At this outburst of rhetoric the Miss Wavertons faced each other, and sighed "How beautiful!"

Mr. Tregellas said that he liked the Cornish people much for their independence and sturdiness, but he thought the great curse of the country was the greedy and gambling spirit of speculation to which mining led."

"I thought there were no mines this side of Bodmin?" said the editor.

"Yes, there was mining here in my father's time," said Mr. Tolpedden. "There is a shaft near Endellion, in what they call 'No Man's Land,' and there is another worked-out mine half a mile further along the shore."

"Well," said Mr. Hookem, "for my own part, to return to my muttons, I like Suffolk, my native country, best of all; all about Great Mudcombe it is lovely. There I hope some day to settle. Jackson, didn't I particularly say champagne, and you bring Moselle?"

It was one of the Sultan's peculiarities, this strong local attachment, of which he was rather proud, for he had come from Great Mudcombe originally, to become a printer's errand-boy in St. Martin's Lane. It was an amiable and venial weakness, though he did sometimes tire you with his hobby. "Poor old Suffolk!" he used to say, in his odd way, "there is no one but myself to give her a leg up."

"By-the-bye, Tregellas," said Mr. Hookem, "I said a good thing the other day to that prig the rural dean; he came here to see my friend, the Honourable Mr. Dufton, M.P. for Biborough.

He was rather shocked at Waverton's coming fishing with me, and said grandly, 'I devote *my* time to fishing for men!' Now, his church at St. Germain's never fills, as I know, so I replied, quietly, 'I looked the other day in your creel, Mr. Dean, and there were not many fish in it!' Ha! ha! I think, as Dr. Samuel Johnson observed, I never saw a man look so small before—Ha! ha!"

The Sultan's laugh came from the chest, and was pleasant to hear.

"Miss Tregellas here is very anxious, Hookem, to hear your chief boatman tell one of his Cornish yarns, as you promised," said Mr. Trevena.

"Then she shall," said the host.

Pentaluna, the chief boatman, being sent for, shortly appeared, scraped his foot, and removing his glazed hat, stroked down his hair to express general obeisance to the ladies. He refused to sit down, and, in fact, looked rather abashed. He was all uncertainty, too, what story to tell—whether "The Squire's Tame Conger," or "The Perrin Cherrybim."

"Oh! the conger! the conger! Pentaluna," said Mr. Hookem. "No one shall tell 'The Perrin Cherrybim' but myself, and here's Mr. Bradbrain coming after you with 'The Queen's Washing Day,' so do your best."

The boatman laughed grimly.

"Zackly so, sir."

"Here, Jackson, give Pentaluna a glass of sherry."

Thus fortified, the boatman began, in a monotonous, sing-song, artificial voice, and with a stiff action of the arms.

“I s’pose you dedn’t any of you know waun Roby Dabb, with waun short leg? But no matter ef you dedn’t, for he’s but hafe sarved; and p’raps you dedn’t knaw waun, that desprite ante-billor’s Sam Treeweek, who maad Roby run the country; but I’s tell ’ee how a’ ded ut. One day, as Sam was coming onder clift, he sees Roby putting on hes clothes, close to a learge pool, and a learge conger ’pon the sand by un, nigh ’pon dead.

“‘Look here,’ said Roby, ‘what I’ve a-cotch’d at laest. I’ve ben more than an hour about ut, I have. He was in that learge pool, he was. And dear how fast he ded swim—and dear how slippery a was. At laest I caught ’ee by the gills, so I ded, and there a es. Eesn’t he a banger, Sampy?’

“‘Roby! Roby! what hast a done—what hast a done?’

“‘Nothing, Sampy!’

“‘Iss, thee hast, and thee’st a ruined man.’

“‘How so?’

“‘How so? Why, thee’s better have killed a cheeld, or shut to fifty hares, thee hast. Thee’st be transported, Roby.’

“‘What *have* I done?’

“‘Done? Why, that’s the conger the squire do call his taame won; and waun whom did daance and sing to the young ladies when they feed ’em. Why, a was worth scores of pounds, a was.’

“ ‘Whatever shall I do!’ sobbed Roby. ‘I took it fore a mere fourpenny waun.’

“ ‘Do? Why, run, Roby, run; run for life—get up ovver clift, and run. Run, tell thee disn’t run no funder; then sleep, and run agen, and save thyself from transportation, if thee wish. Aw! that beautiful blue back of he’s, and such glaazing eyes, he had; he’ll never ax for mair agen, or smok’ a pipe, never no more, a warn’t. Run, Roby run! and when they ask for ’ee, I’ll say thee’s’t faled into a shaft, or gone ovver clift, or something. Aw! run, Roby, run!’

“And sure enough Roby ran, and was never heard of for years; and when he com’d back Sampy towld ’un what a fool a was; and how he took’d the cunger hum, and maade a clain-off dinner from ’un; and that’s what became of the squire’s tame cunger, axing your pardon, ladies and gentlemen.”

Pentaluna’s story was received with so much enthusiasm, that envy, assuming the rosy face of Mr. Hookem, bade them wait till they had heard the “Perrin Cherrybim;” and Mr. Bradbrain, boldly entering the lists with the born Cornishman, volunteered, if they would give him a minute or two, his rival recitation—“The Queen’s Washing-day.”

“Now, ladies—Jackson, bring round the sparkling Moselle, and be more attentive,” said the editor, rising full glass in hand, and assuming a Sphinx-like air, “I want to puzzle you. I am

rather fond of derivations. Now, can you tell me why a full glass is called a bumper?"

"I know the old derivation, '*An bon père*,'" said the eldest Miss Waverton, who was a blue stocking, sparkling up; "the first toast at dinner before the Reformation being—'The Pope—the good Father!'"

"Pretty and ingenious, Miss Waverton, but I fear not correct."

"I always held the name to express a mere fullness of sound," said Fitzhugh.

"No, sir, no," said Hookem, who always snubbed Fitzhugh, because he affected omniscience, "bumper was originally *bombard*, an old word for a large round bottle. You'll find the word in the Bard. The passage is in the *Tempest*: 'Yonder cloud is like a foul bombard, ready to shed its liquor.'"

"Pooh!" said Fitzhugh, under breath to Arthur Tolpedden; "what connection is there between a full glass and a big bottle? These etymologists are always discovering mare's nests."

Mr. Bradbrain, who had retired to think, now reappeared, and coughed to indicate he was ready to begin his story—having first pulled down his shirt sleeves, and stretched out his right arm in a fashionable manner, that he no doubt thought irresistible.

His story set out with describing the adventures of a Cornish captain, who went to London to persuade the Admiralty to adopt some new means

of throwing a line over a wreck; and who, mistaking a royal footman for the king, was humoured in his blunder.

The shrewd miner determined to push his advantage, and delighted with His Majesty's affability, goes down to Windsor to wish him good-bye, and to persuade him to take some shares in the Wheal Squiddler. He finds the king in his parlour, and thus the naive story went on with considerable dry humour.

“‘How d’ye do?’ said he. ‘How d’ye do?’ said I. ‘What will ’ee have to drink?’ said the King. ‘A mouthful of rum,’ said I. ‘Zacly so,’ said he. And with that he went to a cupboard, and took’d out a body of traade, sure enough—wine, and brandy, and rum, and gin, and biskies, and cakes and apples. Aw! such a sight as ’tis. ‘Thraw to un,’ said he; and thraw to ’un we did, too, and got quite cheerful, we did, and sing’d a bit, boath on us. But the King’s a poor singer, and a small drinker afore dinner; and I reckon the Queen (that’s the name as he’s wife) es rather partickler, for she had only waun glass of brandy and trickle, and two glasses of rum, and that was all she had, ’cause twas afore dinner,’ he said, ded the King.”

At this juncture Pentaluna had to be reproved for exuberant laughter, and the Rev. Mr. Waver-ton had become quite singularly hysterical, so that the tears ran down his eyes on to his plate.

Mr. Bradbrain, looking round in a gratified and

triumphant way, as if he was collecting notes, resumed his story.

“‘When are ee’ going hum?’ said the King. ‘To-morrow,’ said I. Aw! I thoft he wud have cried, I ded. ‘To-morrow?’ said he—‘to-morrow. Aw dear! that’s a poor job; to-morrow! aw dear!—aw dear! Then you caen’t have no dennar to-day,’ said he, ‘for the Queen waen’t never have no company ’pon a washin’ day, come who may; and I believe,’ said he, ‘’tis a *large* wash to-day, too. Taake another glass of rum,’ said he,’ and so I ded. ‘Put some biskies in your pocket,’ said he, ‘for the cheldren,’ and so I ded; and then I had a drop of brandy and trickle, and I cum’d away. But the Queen es too purteckler by hafe, that’s a fact, and she wadn’t hear of no shares in the Wheal Squiddler.”

The applause was tremendous; they all laughed till they cried. A sort of epidemic seemed to have seized the whole party. Even Miss Trevena had relapsed into youth and laughter. Only the narrator himself depreciated the story.

“It’s an old subject for fun,” he said; “and resembles the Yorkshire song, ‘The Coronation,’ and plenty of other things; but it is not the worst of its kind, I think. You see, I go about among the poor, professionally, and so I pick up their ways.”

“Capital! capital, indeed,” said Mr. Hookem; “now, pray don’t apologise, Bradbrain, my boy—but take some sherry. What are you drink-

ing? Here, Jackson, sherry to Mr. Bradbrain."

The ladies, not forgetting Mrs. Tolpedden, were enthusiastic at the doctor's story, and the thoroughly Cornish manner and dialect he had assumed.

The sunset by this time was burning upon the water, and casting a magic crimson light upon the cliff and ruin. Fisher was almost certain, as he said, that a glaze of rose madder would do it. Everyone turned round to look. The grey bars of cloud turned scarlet, and then fused into volcanic heat. Far above, the little plumage of cloudlets caught one by one the same momentary colour, and little tinges of golden tinsel broke out upon their edges. Last of all the east became suffused with the tints of a second daybreak. Then slowly the phantom splendours mouldered out, and passed into quick pearly grèys as twilight's first little star came blossoming in the air with a pale sparkle.

Miss Tregellas, gazing at that pageant, the last scene of all, standing poised on the edge of the cliff, her bright brow and enthusiastic eyes tinged with that supernatural colour, looked like a young sibyl or a prophetess, rousing the sea by her spells. Something of the kind Arthur Tolpedden had found an opportunity to say, when Mr. Hookem called out,

"Take your seats again one moment, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, as I have an intellectual treat for you."

Here he drew a rolled-up magazine from his pocket, to Arthur's intense horror.

The party sat down again in a picturesque circle, that Dodgeson instantly began to sketch.

"The poem I am now about to read," said the remorseless patron of Arthur's muse, in his grandest and most robust voice, "is founded on one of our most remarkable Cornish superstitions, 'The Merman's City,' and refers to Tintagel, one of our sea-side castles. Silence, if you please, Mr. Waverton."

Arthur was in torture ; but the twilight sheltered him. Mr. Hookem went on—

“ King Arthur stood on Tintagel,
And looked out on the west,
Where the crimson sun was burning,
Like a phoenix in his nest.
The fern grew green and fretted thick
Upon the castle wall,
And on the outer rampart's ledge
Nodded the fox-glove tall.
The gulls were whirling in the bay,
Screaming their wild complaints,
And on the sea-cliff church's porch
Mouldered the silent saints.
King Arthur, mailed in gold and steel,
Stood gazing silently ;
Upon his helm the sunset light
Shone blood-red as the sea.
Far out, absorbed in the great light
That fused the west to gold,
There rose a city fair and bright,
With turrets manifold.

‘ Out with the galleys !’ Arthur cried,
Still gazing eagerly,
As the knights leaped downwards to the boats,
And hurried to the sea.

But they saw no more that city’s walls,
That rose so fair and bright,
Nor the golden roofs and stately towers
Wrapt in enchanted light.

Look ! yonder still the castle stands,
Mournful among its graves,
And from below there rises up
The clamour of the waves.”

The applause was great, as Mr. Hookem rose, bowed with comic grandeur, and pointed out Mr. Arthur Tolpedden as the author.

“It’s vigorous,” said his father, “picturesque, and not too long ; but Arthur should try a more severe metre—the heroic syllable is better discipline. Ballads were, after all, only street songs, and they lead to a shambling style.”

“Oh ! it’s so beautiful !” cried the ladies, in chorus.

“Those verses of Tolpedden’s were poor stuff,” said Fitzhugh, in a whisper, to Mr. Waverton.

Mr. Waverton only hiccuped, and said,

“Yeshitwash,” which could be hardly taken as answer.

And now a round of small speeches began. Mr. Hookem, in eloquent terms, proposed “The ladies who have honoured us this day with their presence, and delighted us with their society,” and described how the vessel, in his imagination, had

appeared surrounded by flocks of little Cupid archers, who had lulled the waves to music, &c., &c.

Mr. Bradbrain returned thanks for the ladies, in equally flowing terms. They were the sunshine, the flowers, the music of the earth, &c., &c. Without them earth would return to chaos, and life be a burden, &c., &c. They refined all amusement, and gave increased zest to every pleasure, &c., &c. He summed up a most brilliant speech by eulogizing their host's generosity, kind-heartedness, and hospitality, and ended by proposing his health.

More enthusiasm, and several glasses broken by chinking applause.

"The Clergy and the Fine Arts," followed, and "Our Sailing Master;" the latter toast was bluntly, but pleasantly responded to by the lieutenant, who remarked that it was all plain sailing when the sea was like a mill-pond and the vessel was so well victualled.

Then came "The Future Double Firsts" (meaning Arthur Tolpedden and Lucas). To this toast Mr. Lucas replied, after much pressing, and, being once on his legs, was kept up for some time by the goading of a sharp pin, held secretly by Mr. Fisher.

He hoped that the two horses about to start for the University Stakes would go the pace for the "great event," and, if they did not turn out High-flyers, would, at least, stand well at the winning post. He introduced many more such metaphors, at

which Mr. Tregellas frowned, bit his lip, and shook his head.

The last toast was proposed by Mr. Hookem. It was "The Younger Poets of England," coupling with them the name of Mr. Arthur Tolpedden.

There was a rustling among the ladies, and an expectant hush. Arthur made a short and modest speech. He said he was a mere esquire, who had not yet even won his spurs, and could boast no cognizance on his shield. But he remembered his father's motto, "*Tenax Propositi!*" and meant to go on, and perhaps do better things some day. He wanted to see old conventions broken up; they had, he presumed to say, heard almost enough of knights and monks, and the middle ages——

Here Mr. Waverton shed tears, and moaned,

"Shink of barefootedsh friarsh?"

"He wanted to see expressed in verse," continued the speaker, "the hopes, and joys, and sorrows of our own days."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Hookem, who, as he lived by the present, patronized the present.

Arthur Tolpedden, then, apologizing for his presumption in hazarding such heterodox opinions, and thanking the company for so kindly coupling his name with such a toast, sat down, amidst loud cheering.

The moon having now risen, it was time to embark for Endellion, and, once embarked, Mr. Hookem loudly proposed music. Out came Mr. Fisher's violin, and Mr. Hewer's cornet, and Lord

Camperdown's friend's flute, and the Miss Wavertons kindly volunteered a lugubrious Russian hymn to the Virgin. The three gentlemen then struck up that fine glee,

“Could a man be secure that his life would endure,
For a thousand, a thousand long years ;”

Arthur helping with his fine baritone, and Messrs. Hookem, Bradbrain, and Tregellas, with their strong bass voices.

Then the elder Miss Waverton, suddenly lassoing herself with a band of broad blue ribbon, broke forth with a notable Spanish song, with a “tra la” accompaniment of almost hysterical gaiety.

Mr. Waverton proposed “Gregorianshants,” but was quietly ignored. The fact is, such care had been taken to strengthen his nerves, that the champagne had got a little into his head.

The lieutenant next volunteered the old song of “Tom Bowling,” throwing considerable rough pathos into the concluding lines,

“Although his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.”

By this time the vessel had reached Endellion, and the anchor was at once dropped.

“Three jolly post-boys drinking at the ‘Dragon,’” was received with much applause, and then followed a beautiful regretful air, from *La Traviata*, by Mr. Bradbrain.

The moonlight was mantling the sea, and fell in almost equal lustre on the cliffs ; some por-

tion of its light irradiated the faces of the singers and their audience on board the *Flying Fish*. Miss Tregellas seemed, to Arthur Tolpedden, like the ghost of Dante's Beatrice, as she sat there with Milly Waverton, now tired and quiet, resting her head on her lap.

"Now, Arthur, we *must* have a song from you," cried Mr. Hookem, taking him by the collar. "Come, no excuses allowed; don't be like the man in 'Horace!'"

Arthur thought a moment, and fixed his eyes on the Mermaid Rock.

"I have just set a fine old Scotch ballad," he said, "that I have condensed, to an old German tune, but I fear it 'll be far too long."

Arthur launched boldly forth into the fine old Galloway ballad already familiar to us. The ballad described the mermaid sitting on the sea-side rock, shedding "her golden hair with a pearly comb," and how the young knight, on the eve of marriage, was tempted by her, and lulled into a magic sleep, during which she bore him to the sea, and so disappeared, exulting over her victim.

"Oh! how beautiful!" cried Milly Waverton to Miss Tregellas, as Arthur concluded; "isn't it, Lucy—wild and charming?"

"Very," said Lilly, thoughtfully, her eyes turned towards the shore.

"There's a cold very! I call it very, very beautiful, Lilly!"

As the ladies stepped from the boat on to the

soft sand, for the disembarkation now began, Mr. Hewer was playing a retreat and other points of war on his cornet, seeking and wooing an echo ; the various traps and carriages were already visible on the upland road, and upward toiled the laughing party in merry groups.

Arthur lingered behind till Miss Tregellas passed him, then, quickening his pace, he joined her. The slightest, faintest turn of the head showed him that she was conscious that he was close behind her. They were now close to the pyramidical rock on which Arthur had seen the "beatific vision." The moonlight fell on it, and glorified it ; it seemed, to his excited imagination, like a silver altar erected to Diana.

Far above them Milly Waverton could be heard calling "Lucy, Lucy, isn't this beautiful?" Then a voice began to sing the air from the "Tempest,"

"Come unto these yellow sands, and then join hands,
Curtsied when you have and kissed—the wild waves
whist !"

"Mr. Tolpedden," said Miss Tregellas, with her clear, silvery voice, "will you carry my shawl for me, it drags so?"

There was a dangerous silence.

Then she added :

"Will you sing me the first two verses of that curious old Scotch ballad? It is so very curious. I don't think, in all poetry, the mermaid was ever so well described."

“With pleasure, Miss Tregellas.

‘There’s a maid has sat by the salt sea-side,
These ten long years and mair,
And every first night o’ the new moon
She combs her yellow hair.

And while she sheds the burning gold,
Fu’ sweet she sings o’ hie,
Till the fairest bird that’s i’ the wood
Is charmed wi’ her melodie.’

You see,” said Arthur, “this old poet, whose very name is forgotten, has made the mermaid a sort of siren, doomed to beguile and destroy men.”

“Should you really like to see a mermaid?”

“I *have* seen one.”

“No. Oh! you’re teasing me. You know there’s no such thing. It must have been a seal—the fishermen say that seals sometimes look quite human when their heads bob above the waves.”

“The mermaid I saw,” said Arthur, fixing his eyes on the rock, in a low earnest voice that made Miss Tregellas stop and look where her companion was looking, “sat there on that rock in the moon-shine, and sang a tune I shall never forget.”

There was silence. Then Miss Tregellas, stooping to pick up a fragment of dead fern that scarcely seemed worth preserving, said in a voice with hardly its usual *timbre*—

“Then it was you who frightened us so? Oh! how could you fire that horrid pistol? Well, I did wonder.”

Arthur was just pouring forth an earnest apology for firing his pistol in the air, when a sturdy voice shouted—

“Lucy!—you lazy Lucy; we’re waiting for you!”

“I mustn’t stop and tell you now, Mr. Tolpedden,” she said as they walked upward, “how terribly frightened the children were. We thought it was a drunken preventive man firing at us. We little thought to whom we owed the honour.”

She had now resumed her bewitching, mocking manner.

“That’s the way she makes slaves and Gibeonites of all of us,” said Mr. Tregellas, as Arthur and Lucy reached the spot where the rest of the party, all but Lucas and the artists, were assembled. “She’s little and lazy.”

“I am so sorry poor Mrs. Tregellas didn’t come,” said Mr. Hookem. “I really hope when you return you’ll find Clara better.”

“Oh! it’s only a touch of the mumps—it’s nothing,” said Mr. Tregellas, who hated a fuss about illness.

“But there is so much diphtheria about,” kindly suggested Miss Trevena.

And now the hand-shaking began, and the collecting plaids and wrappers, and the adjusting shawls, and the thanks for the pleasant day, and the packing music and baskets in boots and wells of dog-carts, and the lighting cigars.

“But where’s Bernard?” said the eldest and

most practical Miss Waverton. "Who's seen dear Bernard?"

Somebody thought they had seen him sitting on a rock watching the tide.

Arthur volunteered to go for him, and down he dashed with his usual energy and good-nature. He found the Rev. Bernard sitting on a rock, his feet in a salt pool, and very melancholy. He refused positively to return home while the Church was "forlornsh and desholate." But he was eventually coaxed by Arthur on to his feet, and led to the chaise, where his sisters awaited him impatiently and anxiously.

"I shall drive home with Bradbrain," said Arthur to his father; "he wants to show me a new breech-loader he's got from London."

"Nought never came to danger," said Mr. Tolpedden laughing, as the lieutenant tucked in his wife, and slammed up the carriage-step. "Don't be late, Arthur."

"Take a weed, Arthur," said Mr. Hookem, offering a cigar, as Arthur Tolpedden shook hands with the Tregellases, and the rest, and took his place in a smart dog-cart.

"Bradbrain," said Arthur, when they were well under weigh, "I never did see anyone flirt so outrageously as you did with my aunt to-day."

"Well, it passes the time, you know," said Bradbrain, in a *blasé* voice, as he buttoned the apron of the dog-cart closer. "By-the-bye, isn't

that female Tregellas charming? She only wants a little faster style."

"She is charming, and so perfectly unconscious of being so; but Milly Waverton is more sparkling—little eyes—more in the Marie Wilton manner." (The hypocrite!)

"What a pity it is," said Bradbrain, after a considerable pause, during which he retied the lash of his whip, "that there's something so flighty about the Tregellas. People about here do say that some sister of his, you know, went rather queer in the top story; but there's no believing half one hears."

At that moment the hand of a corpse seemed to entangle itself with Arthur's, he shuddered involuntarily.

"It has turned rather cool," said Bradbrain, tipping off the ash of his cigar with the little finger of his right hand. "What a blessing it is, Arthur, that we men have learned to carry about these little hot stoves in our mouths to keep us warm."

CHAPTER XIV.

OLD ROBY'S COTTAGE.

IT was early in the morning after the pic-nic that Mr. Bradbrain, having heard, and derided the Dowser, whose visit and mysterious

proposal had been narrated to him by his sepulchral partner, sallied out to make a round of professional visits, in order to have the rest of the day free for a "lark," as Mr. Lucas denominated it, at the fair at St. Tudy's.

He went on foot, hunting crop in hand, and "knocked off his business," to use his own expression, "in a brace of jiffies." A gratifying case of brain fever at the tailor's was going on well; a bad leg at the Post-office could walk about a little; the Income Tax Collector's dropsy was no worse; and the scarlet fever amongst the Dissenting Minister's large family was spreading through the house as quickly as even a medical man could well hope for.

He was about to return and order his horse to be saddled, when he remembered that Roby Rogers, an old miner down in Dunchine, had sent for him that very morning, the messenger reporting that he was breaking up. Now, everyone knows that doctors are like lawyers, and care as much for their poor as for their rich clients; but charity in this case might perhaps have left Roby Rogers alone for one more day had not curiosity suggested that Roby was uncle to the Dowser, and might, in a moment of weakness, be perhaps tempted to disclose his secret, if there was any secret—or at all events, he hoped, by some stealthy manœuvre, to outflank and chase away that contemptible enemy the Dowser. To some minds scheming is a positive pleasure, just as it is perhaps a pleasure to the mole to burrow after worms in the darkness.

It was a fine autumn morning. There had been a slight frost in the night, and the white dust lay still on the grass and on the road, wherever the shadows still were. A tall holly bush, in the sunshine of Mr. Hookem's garden, tossed up its great bush of prickly glossy green leaves, studded thick with berries, scarlet as so many drops of sealing-wax. The little stream that ran to the sea was glazed over here and there with thin glassy sheets of ice; and thin ice lay also in the ruts of the path, and shivered like crystal under Mr. Bradbrain's feet.

The bright frosty air, or perhaps the prospect of a successful trick, had had an excellent effect on Mr. Bradbrain's spirits, which rose like barometer mercury in the sunshine.

The old miner's cottage was a little stone hut half-way down the pathway leading to Dunchine Cove. It was in fact the same little white-washed house, with the stone roof, at which the Tolpeddens had stopped a few days before, to inspect a beam of shipwrecked timber. A small black peat stack was built near a pig-sty and facing the road; the entrance to the cottage being behind, facing a small paved court, which led by an irregular flight of stone steps down to a small cabbage garden. Under an elder-tree in one corner of the court clucked a grey hen, that was fussily announcing the fact of a new egg having lately been laid.

There were no signs of life about the house as

far as flowers went, except an autumn rose, that displayed two or three pale pink blossoms, that seemed mere mockeries of summer, over one of the windows. Below, near the door, there grew a rosemary bush, whose stiff evergreen leaves defied the winter. A large yellow cat sat at the threshold, drowsy after a night's campaign upon the mice.

Mr. Bradbrain knocked at the door, and being invited in a faint voice, at once accepted the invitation.

In the corner of a large, open fireplace, a smoky cavern, watching a great black iron crock, which stood on a tripod over the embers of a gently smoking turf fire, sat the old miner, his hands on his knees, and his grey head bent forward. Behind him, on a dresser, stood an earthenware pot of pilchards and a loaf of barley bread; while the window-board displayed a half-dead geranium, stuck in a broken tea-pot.

Mr. Bradbrain was as full of *finesse* as an election canvasser. He took off his glossy hat, tossed his gloves into it, laid down his whip as carefully as if it was glass, and rubbing his hands, seated himself cozily on a rickety chair opposite the invalid, as if he was settling down for a comfortable evening.

"Well, Roby," he said, "and how do we find ourselves to-day?"

"In a bad shaape, my dear—all groans and pains, in screeches with my head and back, and no how anywhere."

"Let's feel your pulse?"

Roby put his hand languidly out, with that quiet sense of enjoyment that your real invalid always has in medical ceremonial.

Mr. Bradbrain felt the pulse with one hand, and held his gold hunting-watch in the other. When he had completed the operation, he smiled.

“Well?” said the old man, querulously.

“You’ll do very well,” said the doctor, smiling away every thought of death; “but have you no one—no one, Roby, to look after you? Where’s Un (Aunt) Jinny? I thought Sampy Sandoe, your stepson, was stopping with you?”

“Un Jinny daren’t come when Sampy’s here.”

“And where’s the excellent Sampy?”

“Down to the church town—gone to minister’s, to see how the seck cheldren are. I am alone now, my dear—wife dead, cheldren dead, kinsfolk all dead, with the black slate stones keeping ’em down. I’m like that glass there,”—here he pointed to a broken hour-glass on the mantelpiece, near which Mr. Bradbrain’s quick eye observed a large stone of copper ore—“simly all but run out, and no sperits or life left even to keep this fire going, blow (I believe).”

“Cheer up!—cheer up, man, there’s ten years of life in you yet.”

“Aw that, sir, goes for nothen—what deceit et is!” sighed Roby.

“I’ll send you some stuff to hearten you up, Roby.”

“Don’t you b’lieve it, sir, my rope’s nearly run

out, and there's no working it back again. It is not like a well-rope, zackly."

"But why didn't you send for me, Uncle Roby, you're on the club?" said Mr. Bradbrain, removing a broken pitcher, with a rope-yarn handle, that was dangerously near the fire, and affecting an air of intense consideration and sympathy.

"There's norra doctor cares for poor men—norra doctor. I've sent up by Sampy twenty times to 'ee—always same answer, 'Coming.'"

Mr. Bradbrain's handsome wild eyes enlarged.

"Why, I assure you, Roby, upon my honour—as a gentleman, Sampy has never left any message with me. He must have some motive in deceiving you."

"Sampy, my dear, is not what he used to be—he's hard on me, and he don't simly like other folk near me; but I don't think he'd tella lie, not I."

"As I suspected," thought Bradbrain; "and now I must bring him to the point, for I smell a rat here, if there ever was a rat."

He rose, and first looking about among the basins and teacups on the dresser, passed on to the mantelpiece, where two gull's eggs, a peacock's feather, a brass candlestick, and a plaister ornament formed the decorations round a smoke-dried red and blue picture of the Nativity.

Mr. Bradbrain took up the lump of copper ore, and eyed it with the appreciation of a connoisseur.

"You've got a specimen from a fine lode here, Roby. Where is this from? I've speculated in

my time, and know good copper as well as I do good calomel."

The old man looked up, and his dim, watery, blood-shot eyes glittered with a faint phosphorescence of cunning, as he looked up, and then stooped to throw a square black peat upon the fire.

"Don't 'ee ax no questions, my dear, and I'll tell 'ee no lies. Though I'm old I still know a salt pilcher from a live one!"

Then the old man rocked himself over the fire and groaned.

"I'm a desmal and dreary man, doctor, and I get weakerer every day."

"I thought I knew what was the matter with you, Roby," said Bradbrain, blandly, "and so I brought some medicine for you in my pocket. Where do you keep the cold water?"

"In that pitcher behind the door," pointing to a great earthenware jar, plaistered with pitch, and tied with cord; "if you want a glass, there's norra glass, take a tay-dish off the dresser. Mind! that there blue waun es broke inside. The yellow waun will do, I reckon, and kind et is of 'ee, for I'm sick sore, and sorry. 'Tan't feet for a genleman like you to turn tender (waiter) to a poor knocked-to-pieces old man like I!"

Bradbrain turned his back to Roby, and pouring a wine-glass full of water into the yellow saucer, let fall into it ten drops of a thick cordial, mixed with *sal-volatile*, from a case which he drew from his breast-pocket.

The old man drank it; almost instantly his eyes brightened, and his senses began to clear and concentrate. Bradbrain's attention had won the neglected old man. He drew his chair closer to the doctor's, and laid his hand familiarly on Bradbrain's knee. Then he looked at the door.

"Doctor," he said, "my dear, I didn't thoft (thought) to tell 'ee anything when ye first came in, but sooner or later I must tell it, for Sampy's sake—for what one man can't do, three may."

Bradbrain was all attention. At last he thought he had got the knife into the oyster.

The old man went on, his eyes fixed on the turf-smoke, as if it helped to concentrate his thoughts on the past. I will paraphrase his narrative, in order not to tease my readers with too much of the quaint but somewhat unintelligible Cornish dialect.

"You, who have been but twelve years in these parts, may not know that, forty-five year ago come next Bodmin Fair, Mr. Herbert Tolpedden (that's the father of the present squire) spent a great deal of money in looking for copper and tin ore about this country. I was one of his captains, till the mines began to run to horse, and not one of us who'd take the pitches. The squire, getting poor-tempered, stopped the engines and left the country. It was then I and my comrades had an offer to go to South America, to the famous Rio del Monte mines, as you may have heard of. Come nearer, my dear, for I can't speak loud. Well,

off we went from Plymouth—kibbles, spades, whims, and all complete.”

At this critical moment Bradbrain's quick eyes observed a dark shadow cross the window; the next instant the door opened, and Sampy Sandoe entered; his face was pale and worn, his cadaverous eyes were red as a ferret's, and restless with suspicion. As he held the door with one hand, and with the other tore open, half nervously, half angrily, the greasy breast of his dirty brown great-coat, he glared first at the old man, and then at Bradbrain.

“We want no doctors here,” he said; “we want no blood-leeches here. Who sent for you, Mr. Bradbrain—who sent for you, sir?”

“Roby himself sent for me,” said Mr. Bradbrain, boldly, for he had instantly recovered his balance. “Mr. Sampson Sandoe, you are forgetting yourself.”

The Dowser had scarcely even by this time regained his usual equanimity.

“Sampy,” said the old man, “there's no harm done; don't be in such a taking. Sit down, Sampy, there's a dear!”

The Dowser rapidly lapsed once more into the itinerant preacher.

“Better is a pilcher with yarbs,” he said, “where peace is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith! Let there be no words between us, Mr. Bradbrain—no envy, hatred, or uncharitableness. What I meant was this heer, let Righteous-

ness and Peace meet together, and let the banner over us be inscribed with the words 'Brotherly Love!' and 'Temperance for Ever!' Healing men is a power, Mr. Bradbrain, but that of discovering metal is a greater."

"Sampy! Sampy!" moaned the old man, who considered the Dowser's jargon to be a series of aggravations.

Mr. Bradbrain bore the warnings against quarrelling very creditably. All he did was to carefully adjust his gloves as if they were boxing gloves, to brush his hat with his arm, and to tap his corded trousers with his whip; then with a careless "good-morning" to Sampy, and a more friendly parting with the old miner, who seemed cowed by his stepson, he took his leave.‡

But it was not easy to daunt Mr. Bradbrain. He strode out of the garden with a jaunty air, stopped to admire a yellow crysanthemum at the gate, and humming an air from "Lurline," stepped smartly out on the path to St. Petrock's. There was a mischievous triumph in his eyes as he walked along. "There is a secret, then, after all; but I've outflanked the rogue," he thought to himself, "though the canting fellow is as cunning as a weasel. Old Mordred will be glad to hear of this; and we'll soon smooth Sampy down, for he evidently wants our help. By George! I'm a good pilot fish to the old shark—curse him!"

Then the current of his thoughts changed, and he kissed his gloved hand to a thorn-bush. It

was not lucky to be beloved by Mr. Bradbrain—woe betide the poor silly woman to whom that volatile kiss was tossed!

“It will be a waste day for me,” he thought; “but if I win five guineas at billiards from that fool Lucas, it will help to make it up.”

There was not a fine, pure, nor generous feeling left in that bad man’s heart.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FAIR AT ST. TUDY’S.

THERE were signs of the approaching fair when Arthur Tolpedden rode up to his tutor’s gate, about ten o’clock in the morning after the picnic.

A cart was just then passing the house laden with long painted poles, and bundles of dirty canvas. A dingy drum hung to the shafts, and the vehicle was drawn by a fighting-looking gipsy, who asked the way to St. Tudy’s. This cart was followed by a house on wheels, over the half-hatch of which leant a brazen-looking gipsy woman, who was busy dressing up an effigy of Aunt Sally; and this was succeeded by a jostling drove of small fiery Exmoor ponies, driven by two men with long rods, to which small red flags were attached; close after these came a smart van, labelled “The

Flying Cutter," conducted by two sporting-looking costermongers, with flat noses and villainous-clenched mouths. Fairs are not improving to a neighbourhood. They were all very well two centuries ago, when roads were few and bad, and railways unknown; now they serve only to bring together thieves and cheats, gulls and fools.

Arthur hurried in, for he was late, and already he heard a low hum in the study, that indicated that the preliminary reading had begun. In a moment he had quietly taken his place at the study table, and joined with the rest.

Reading over, Mr. Tregellas announced that he had written that morning to the master of Baliol, to ask when his two pupils could go up.

"Lucas and Fitzhugh, you have my permission," he said, "to go to this fair, as you both express the wish; but only on condition that you return to our five o'clock dinner—mind, on no excuse later. As to Mr. Tolpedden, I have no right to dictate to him, as he is not residing under my roof."

There were murmurs of approval from the two gentlemen.

"As for Mr. Maclean, he very wisely prefers stopping at home, having no wish to fill his pockets with penny pin-cushions to see twopenny tragedies, or to buy gilt gingerbread."

"Muff!—duffer!" muttered Lucas, to his enormous Lexicon.

A knock came at the door.

"If you please, sir, here's old Lawrence come about the oak paling."

"Not a moment," groaned the worthy tutor. "Have your Terence ready by the time I return, Tolpedden; pray, Lucas, stick to your Homer, and get it a little more correctly, so as not to have to look out quite every word—it wastes my time. Maclean, get your Herodotus—we must do that story of the ring before they go to the fair. Remember matriculation."

The moment the door was shut, chaos began.

"Where do we three meet again, Tolpedden?" said Lucas.

"At the 'Three Choughs,' at two. I have to call with a message from my father for the Trevenas."

"We'll have a stunning day, I tell you—pool first, a brew of that glorious stuff, that 'Rumfustian,' that Bradbrain makes; then a dog-cart to the fair, and a regular spree! We'll see life, my rosy tories!—we'll put them up to the time of day, my kicksy wicksy!"

"By Jove! sir," said Fitzhugh, "we'll go the whole hog—by Jupiter! sir, we'll open the natives' eyes!—egad! sir, we'll civilize the Celtic aborigines in these parts!—we'll patronize the tragic muse, returned to her original Thespian rusticity and the vagrant waggon; no longer, in purple robe and jewelled buskin, she waves the dagger incarnadined with the blood of tyrants!—"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake shut up, Fitzhugh!" said Lucas; "how can that fellow there sap, if you make such a blatant row as that? Old fellow, mind, I drive to-day—or we'll toss up, odd man out. Keep that spouting for Westminster and the Divorce Court. I say, that was very slow yesterday—no go in it—not the right style. I say, Fitzhugh, wasn't Bradbrain hard hit yesterday by a certain fair lady?"

"Oh! Bradbrain," said Arthur, "is one of those butterfly fellows who are never happy unless they are fluttering about some woman. There's no harm in it. It is part of his professional work. I suppose people like it."

At this juncture Mr. Tregellas entered and resumed his throne. While Fitzhugh was translating his Homer, Arthur strolled into the garden. It might have been that the possibility of meeting Miss Tregellas had passed across his mind. On the lawn Mrs. Tregellas met him; the children were all dancing and leaping around her, on their way to dress for a walk.

"Good morning, Mr. Tolpedden," said that worthy lady. "Will you kindly go and explain a passage of Schiller to Lucy. She is down on the seat by the walnut tree. I was just coming for you."

"I hope Clara is better?"

"Much better, thank you. She will be down to-morrow, I hope. And so you are going to this foolish fair?"

"I must go ; I want to buy a pony for my little nephew, Johnny."

"Buy *me* a pony," said Herbert.

"Herbert, I'm ashamed of you !" said his mother.

"Play at Hiding Seek with me and Ethel, Mr. Tolpedden, do?"

"You'll play at nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Tregellas, hurrying Herbert away.

When Arthur reached the strip of turf, the Campus Martius of St. Petrock's, there, on the seat under the little arbour, sat Miss Tregellas reading.

There was no coquettish art about Lucy Tregellas ; she had not arranged her attitude, nor were her eyes cast down with studied Madonna plaintiveness. On the contrary, she rose when she saw Arthur approaching and frankly held out her hand.

"Mr. Tolpedden," she said, "pardon my using Schiller as a pretext in order to ask a favour of you. A mermaid, you know, has a right to exercise power over ordinary mortals. I thought you would oblige me. The fact is this, Kitty has overheard Mr. Lucas talking about the fair. I am so afraid that he will get into some trouble, and make my father angry. He is very imprudent, Mr. Brad-brain leads him into gambling, and, I fear, drinking. Will you try and keep him quiet ? I don't like to ask Mr. Fitzhugh, he is so grand ; and—and—I'm afraid he would laugh at me, and I daren't tell papa."

Arthur promised; all the time being terribly jealous of the interest Miss Tregellas seemed to take in Lucas.

“And Mr. Fitzhugh’s own safety does not interest you?”

“Not so much as Mr. Lucas’s, because I know the eloquent gentleman will take good care of himself,” replied Lucy, laughing; “but you will do what I ask, won’t you?”

“I promise you, Miss Tregellas; who can resist the spell of the mermaid?”

“Oh! don’t tell papa about the mermaid, or he will laugh at me so, and say I deserved to be frightened for my folly.”

Arthur promised that he would not, and seeing Miss Tregellas stooping to pick some Russian violets, set to work, and, stooping, gathered a large dewy purple bunch, which he presented to her with a bow of feigned awe.

“Will Her Majesty, the Queen of the Mermaids, accept these poor flowers from one of the humblest of her subjects?”

Lucy laughed, thanked him, apologised for hurrying away, and ran back to her music.

It was about half-past one when Arthur, having called on the Trevenas, arrived at the “Three Choughs Inn,” at Boscastle, and inquired for Mr. Bradbrain and his friends.

A shout from the billiard-room announced the whereabouts of the party. The waiter passed him at the moment, strutting with a tray full

of glasses and soda-water bottles before him.

The billiard-room was lighted up, for the day was dark, and this room had only one window, and that looked out on a back alley. The fatal green cloth shone out luminous under the strong glare of six lights. Lucas and Bradbrain were busy playing, and Fitzhugh was haranguing and looking on with beaming spectacles.

The slate showed two games for Lucas, and three for Bradbrain. The score marked for the current game was fourteen for Lucas and forty-two for Bradbrain.

A roar of welcome heralded Tolpedden's arrival.

"How are you getting on, Lucas?"

"Tol loll. I beat Bradbrain all to fits at first, but now he has begun to pick up. Please attend to the score, Fitzhugh, and pray remember I'm spot."

"Double or quits on the next game, Lucas," said Bradbrain.

"Done. I owe you ten—now if you win this—"

"Then here goes. That's a very tidy break," said his adversary, making a sequence of cannons, and ending with a five stroke.

"Game!" cried Fitzhugh.

"You're deuced lucky, Bradbrain," said Lucas, grinding his cue into a hollowed piece of chalk till it squeaked as if in pain.

Bradbrain played a good game; the white and red balls seemed to gather or disperse at his wish; they flew off in swift angles—they dashed into

pockets—they tipped off in marvellous “screws.” Even the sleepy marker was in raptures, and doled out the games with louder and quicker mechanism. There was a long shot to be made; the red ball was about a foot from the right-hand corner pocket. Bradbrain was down at the left corner pocket. The stroke to get both in required a steady careful “follower,” and once made, there was a losing hazard to make off Lucas’s ball into the right-hand middle pocket.

“A fiver you don’t do it,” said Lucas.

“Done!” cried Bradbrain, chalking his cue, laying down his cigar, and arranging himself for extreme care.

A long, rolling stroke; in fell the red, after it toppled the white.

“Good for our side!” said Bradbrain. “Bravo us!”

There were now losing hazards made twice running.

“Forty-eight!—sixteen!” cried the marker.

“It looks bad for you, you duffer,” cried Fitzhugh, to encourage his friend.

“I can’t get a good cue,” said Lucas, making a cannon. “Game’s not lost yet!”

“But now it is, old boy!” cried Bradbrain, with triumph, as he clipped the red into the right top pocket, and his own ball into the left-hand net.

“Game!” cried the marker, rattling up the two score pegs. “Eighteen, game!”

“Let’s have another!” cried Lucas, weigh-

ing a fresh cue in his hand ; "I want my revenge!"

"All right, for another five, I give you ten and break."

"Done!"

"Now don't play any more, you fellows," said Tolpedden. "We shan't have too much time for St Tudy's."

"This is a free country, isn't it?" said Lucas, half-angrily. "Who made you a ruler and a judge over us? I've quite enough nagging from the little man. Come along, Brad, we don't get the snaffle off every day!"

"Don't you put your oar in, Tol," said Brad-brain, laughing. "If I want to pluck Lucas, and he like's it, I'll do it, don't you be afraid. Lucas, you owe me thirty, and here goes for another five."

"Trap's at the door, sir," said a chambermaid, looking in.

"Then let it wait, my beauty," exclaimed Brad-brain, eyeing the girl. "Fitzhugh, touch the bell for the materials ; we must have that champagne punch, I want a stimulant."

The bell was rung.

"To use the language of the classics," said Fitzhugh, who was balancing a church-warden pipe on his forefinger, "'Rum, aqua, dulci miscetur acetum, et fiet ex tali fœdere nobile Punch.' And here come the materials. Look alive ; waiter, where's the *capillaire*?"

The waiter, a mere lad, repeated the request in

intense bewilderment, as his boiled gooseberry eyes passed over the contents of the waiter that he bore before him, laden with jugs, lemons, bottles, and spoons.

"Begone, sirrah !" said Fitzhugh, with affected grandeur, "and send us up an older and a drier waiter."

Arthur laughed.

"Why, one would think the waiter was a bottle of sherry !"

"He's not half such a good thing, *mon chéri* ! Come, Tolpedden, help us in brewing."

And to work they went, for Tolpedden was, after all, only a son of Adam !

They pared two lemons very thin, grated the peel on lumps of sugar, scraping it off as it became yellow into a pint of old rum ; they then added a wine-glass of sherry, half a pint of brandy, and the juice of four lemons.

"Ring again for that *capillaire*," said Brad-brain, as he lay swimming on the table, to reach a distant stroke ; "that ass has forgotten it."

The landlord entered in a moment, bowing and apologizing.

"Very sorry for delay, gentlemen ; waiter—
young waiter——"

"To use the Greek language, he is an infernal fool, landlord," said Fitzhugh. "Hot water, please—mind, screeching hot."

In came the water. The old China bowl gleamed red and blue.

"Now for the champagne," cried Fitzhugh, unwiring a silver-headed bottle, and letting the cork fly dangerously near the billiard-room clock.

In gushed the scented nectar. Arthur put on the air of a witch who has completed her incantations, and chanted a fragment of "Macbeth," as he stirred round the smoking bowl.

"Though his bark may not be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed."

Then Fitzhugh, to cap him, shouted a passage of "Comus."

"Behold this julep cordial here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixt."

"Here, you gamblers," said Arthur, handing full glasses to the players.

"Not so bad," said Bradbrain, sipping.

"Tol-lol!" said Lucas, affecting the severe connoisseur; "but they've played old gooseberry with the champagne."

Arthur extemporised—

"Drink the punch, and think of life,
Sweet and bitter still in strife;
Blend the spirit with the sweet,
Weak things with the strong should meet;
When they happily unite,
The bowl is brimming with delight!"

In spite of the punch, Lucas again lost. Bradbrain made the whole game in four breaks.

Lucas was totally indifferent. The punch supported him under misfortune.

"Won by flukes, by Jove, sir! won entirely by flukes. Name your stroke, and I'll play you for another fiver; let's wind up with some Rumfustian."

"How do you make the stuff with the queer name?" said Arthur, determined to stop any further drinking, if possible.

"Yolks of twelve eggs, quart of strong beer, bottle of sherry, half a pint of gin, nutmeg, lemon, cinnamon, and sugar."

"Enough to kill a horse."

"Well, it does make a fellow screwy, I tell ye. That's why I left the old man in Leicestershire; I offered to fight him, and he wrote to my guardian, actually turned rusty, and gave me the sack. Did you ever hear such a thing?"

Fitzhugh was grand and eloquent, but rather too diffuse in his monologues.

"How we ransack heaven and earth for our pleasures. Here is the lemon of Italy, that land of volcanoes, physical and moral; the rum and sugar of the tropics, inheriting the fire of the Indian sun; the brandy of Bourdeaux, and the grape of beautiful Champagne, that has been nurtured in the blue air of Southern France. Delicious chemistry, exquisite nosegay of compounds, let me quaff thee! Tolpedden, another ladleful."

"Trap's ready, sir," said the ostler, opening the door.

"We must really be off," said Arthur; "here, ostler, here's a tumbler of punch for you; and ask for our bill."

"Hang the fair!" said the impulsive Lucas; "let's stop here, have a turn at blind hookey, and brew some Rumpfustian."

"Out upon cards!" said Fitzhugh, egged on by Arthur; "out on the black pips and the scarlet, red diamonds and black spades!—out on the armed knaves and the eccentric queens!—out on flushes, sequences, and see-saws!—out on sinks and caters, let us see life, my Trojans!—let us view the motley scene, my merry Greeks,

‘ For to-night we’ll merry be,
For to-night we’ll merry be,
To-morrow we’ll be sober.’

We will scratch pigs' backs and pinch fat cattle—let us witness ten minute tragedies, and observe the brawny Cornishmen wrestle—let us see the death-endangering riding in the ring, and listen to the baggy drum and the obtrusive trombone!"

"There is a good deal of the ancient Pistol about Fitzhugh, isn't there, Lucas?" said Arthur.

"A deuced deal too much jaw," said Lucas, lighting his fourth cigar. "Fitzhugh must have his jaw—I want brandy and soda."

When they got to the door, after Lucas had taken his restorative draught, they found the trap, with the ostler mounted on the driver's seat.

"Now then, get down, you fellow!" said Bradbrain, angrily.

"Going to drive, sir—master wishes it—horse rather frisky."

"You be hanged!" said Bradbrain; "my friend here drives. Get down, sir, or I'll pull you down!"

The man treated with such unnecessary violence, grumbled and got down. They all leaped up, Lucas took the reins, and drove off at a furious pace, swerving round the corner at a dangerous speed.

"They're a wild lot, simly," thought the ostler, as he threw the striped red, yellow, and brown blanket over his left arm; "but there's young Mr. Tolpedden—if there is any row about the bill, he'll see master right, I know. Lord! there I shouldn't wonder if the two wheels are all that come home of that 'ere gig. My eye! wasn't that a pretty tippie they gave me!—couldn't I worry down a small washing-basin full of that? I wonder if there's any more left—zackly so. Perhaps Mary would let me have a drop more—I blow (I believe) she will."

It was a delicious November morning. The sky was clear and blue; there were no clouds but two or three, and they were scarcely larger than white roses. The ivy leaves glittered in the sun; the dead leaves blew playfully about the hedges, as if they had got a second lease of life; the road was dry and hard, and the horses beat

out pleasant music from it. What music can be beaten out of even simple things by health, youth, and good-nature !

Bradbrain sang a pretty Andalusian song, that, paraphrased, ran thus :—

“ I'm here at the grating, Pepita,
 The loose roses drop on my face crimson sweet :
 Your dragon duenna is gone to confession,
 In a moment you'll hear the drum beat,
 That'll call all the priests to procession,—
 The crosses and candles are filling the street :
 I'm here eager waiting, Pepita,
 If they stab me, 'twill be at your feet.”

Bradbrain threw a peculiar fervour into this passionate song, which he translated for the benefit of his friends.

“ *Isn't* the doctor a regular ladies' man ?” said Lucas. “ Why not sing ‘ The Cure,’ or ‘ Polly Perkins ?’—something with go in it, instead of that spoony stuff. Let's have ‘ A Thoroughbred Oxford Man,’ or ‘ Campdown Races,’—let's be jolly—now, boys, all together—

‘ Campdown race course two mile long,
 With a doodah ! doodah !
 I spent my money and I sang this song,
 Doodah ! doodah ! day !
 I've bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,
 Who will bet on the bay ?’

“ Chorus again.

‘ I'll bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,
 Who will bet on the bay ?’ ”

The fair at St. Tudy's was held at a place that could hardly have been found anywhere out of Cornwall. It was a wild, grassy moor, near the edge of a sea-cliff, not far from an old irregular Druidical circle of grey lichened stones, known as "The Merry Maidens." These said maidens, according to the local legend, were certain foolish virgins, anterior even to King Arthur's time, who had been turned into stones for having mocked at St. Tudy, one of the early missionaries to Britain, and having, in defiance of that good man, danced and revelled on the Sunday. On any other day of the year but the 28th of November, this moor would have been occupied by nobody but a few sea-gulls and rabbits—now it was busy enough; and if it was ever possible to count the merry maidens (local tradition said it was not), there were plenty of persons to do it now.

Miners, fishermen, farm-labourers, pedlars, acrobats, recruiting-sergeants, horse-dealers, showmen, were there, elbowing, cursing, cheating, treating, greeting each other, between the rows of dirty white tents, flimsy booths, show platforms, and merry-go-rounds. Above the din and clatter of hucksters, showmen, and drunken farmers, arose the bellow of the showmen's speaking-trumpets, the sullen bang of the drum at once threatening and inviting, the crack of the nutmen's rifles, and the blare of trombones.

In one corner of the fair a dozen rough, excited, crimson-faced Somersetshire men, half

grooms, half poachers, dressed in stable jackets or short smocks, rode about like madmen, dashing long poles, with torn red flags at the end of them, in the eyes of fifty or a hundred fiery little Exmoor ponies, shaggy as Brownies, and restless and mischievous as goblins, that clustered together in one rearing, biting, neighing, kicking tumultuous writhling mass ; now breaking off across the moor in scuds of ten or a dozen, now falling back on their haunches, and doing battle with their fore feet, like so many professional pugilists, as one of the wild men who steered them dashed in with a halter to secure one of his rebellious cavalry regiment.

“It really reminds me of a Spanish bull-fight that I saw in Rio,” said Bradbrain—“the picadores were not bolder than those men. ’Pon my word, I think we shall have a stampedo soon of these little beasts.”

As the three friends stood (for they had left the trap in the care of a man outside the fair) to see the little shaggy wild creatures fret and gambol and toss their long manes, and thick, uncombed tails, and paw and kick, as the men dashed and charged in among them, Arthur observed a pony suitable for Johnny.

It was a little reddish-brown, fiery pony, frightened and angry ; its hair all over its eyes. Directly he looked at him a man darted upon it, and brought it out struggling and engagingly vicious. Arthur was treated as already a purchaser, and

was entreated to look at the pony's teeth, coat, hocks, chest, barrel, and legs.

"Which *are* his hocks?" inquired Fitzhugh, adjusting his spectacles.

"You duffer!" said Lucas, "you'll ask which is his head next."

"Too rough a coat," said Arthur in subtle depreciation.

"Don't judge a book, zur, by the cover," said the Exmoor man, with some readiness.

Eventually the man came down from twenty to eight pounds, and received the earnest money according to the old custom, on which Fitzhugh delivered an eloquent harangue, as indeed he did on most subjects when he could find an opportunity.

A few minutes after he stopped and delivered a similar discourse before a huge boat-swing, laden with Cornish youth, noisy—screaming, happy, but rather unwell.

"Observe these people, Tolpedden," he said, "seeking pleasure in a most unlikely place—the old delusion of blind and restless humanity—seeking and never finding, yet still deriving a pleasure from the search, if not from the discovery."

"Move on, move on, gents," said the proprietor of this machine of torture; "if you ain't got the needful to enjoy yourselves at the Royal West of England Swing, don't prevent them as has."

"Come along, Fitz," said Arthur, "you're only throwing your philosophy before swine."

A "knockmedown" proprietor, evidently from the "little village," with a bundle of bludgeons under his arm, had entered into treaty with Lucas, while Fitzhugh philosophised.

"Now, my noble lords," the man bellowed, "three shies a penny; one hit in twenty secures you property worth all the outlay. Three shies a penny! fortunate is the noble lord, and lucky is the sportsman. If you never von't risk, you never can't vin. Three shies a penny, my noble lords! All right, Mister; Sal, look alive with them there sticks; and set up the coker-nuts, and the three pincushions."

It was wonderful to see the enthusiastic Sal, a copper-coloured gipsy woman, dodge about, calm, rejoicing, amid a rain of bludgeons. Arthur split a cocoa-nut, and tipped off several wooden pears. Lucas filled his hat with pincushions, and then gave them away in a scramble.

Fitzhugh was less fortunate. In vain he adjusted his spectacles to an exact focus. He secured only one wooden apple, value one penny, and that after an outlay of two shillings; but then he bruised several bystanders, and nearly killed a stray dog that ran across the line of fire.

"Now for a tragedy," said Arthur, as they followed a crowd up the steps into a penny theatre to see "The Orphan of Samarcand, or The Tyrant of the Burning Sahara." The result was not gratifying, as it consisted entirely of single combats between men in chintz bed-gowns.

The rival speaking-trumpet next door promised better things. That establishment announced "The Colleen Bawn, or the Beautiful Maid of Killarney." That thrilling play was of course much condensed in order to render it actable in the rather short space of ten minutes. In fact, the whole play of poor Gerald Griffin's consisted of one love scene, the attempt at murder, the celebrated header, and the final arrest and disclosure.

The chief fun of the performance consisted in the undue prominence of the candle-snuffer, the fatness of the heroine, and the bluster and violence of a rather overdone *Miles na Coppaleen*, whose face was pure crimson, and whose blue great-coat reached to his toes. This man's "humour," as Nym would have called it, consisted in knocking down everybody without any provocation, especially poor sordid Corrigan, who, in fact, led the life of a Pantaloon, without the compensating fun and thievery. Miles must have been the manager, for he had turned the whole play into a self-glorifying monologue of brogue and bad jokes.

Fitzhugh got melancholy, and discoursed on the drama of Greece; Lucas was outrageous, Bradbrain offensive and bullying. The former encored the candle-snuffer till he grew quite sulky, and would snuff no more. Then they shouted "Music!" and applauded the fat heroine ironically, especially when she fell "thump" perceptibly in the header scene, and in the finale dashed off into

an impetuous jig. Lucas's cries of "Go it, old lady! Hurrah! Three cheers for the ten stunner!" brought forward the manager (Miles, of course), who offered to return the money to any person who was dissatisfied with the performance.

"Oh! yes, very likely! Where is my penny?" cried Lucas.

Shouts of "Shem!" "Shaame!" "Shem!" "Turn him out!"

"Who'll turn us out?" cried Bradbrain, throwing himself into a fighting attitude. "I'd like to see 'em do it!"

"I'm all there!" cried Lucas.

"Let loose the dogs of war!" said Fitzhugh.

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility," shouted the doctor.

'But when the blast of war sounds in the ear,
Then imitate the action of the tiger!'

"Don't have a row," said Arthur. "What is the use?"

"Bonnet 'em!" said a voice. But as the audience was now dispersing, no conflict took place for that time.

"If that had been in San Francisco," said Bradbrain, who had a little of the bloodhound in him, "there would have been an inquest on somebody before night. By the Lord Harry! you should see how the knives and pistols begin to show when there's a row at a monte-table. Ha! I was a different fellow in my hot youth! Yes! I could

show my teeth then ! Now I'm a poor sneaking pill-maker, at every fool's beck and call !"

"You don't mean to say, Bradbrain," inquired Lucas, with almost boyish horror, "that you ever used a pistol to a blackguard, when a fist would have done?"

"The less said about that the better!" said Bradbrain, turning his head away, and lighting a cigar with a mysterious smile. "The fact is, old man; I have a dash of the Creole tiger in my blood, and I can't forget injuries very quickly."

Arthur had not before seen this side of his friend's character, and he tried to excuse it to himself.

"Bradbrain," he said, "want's to make himself out worse than he is. I don't believe he'd kill a fly if he could help it. We all, at times, like to be thought Laras and Corsairs."

"There you're cursedly mistaken, Tolpedden. There's no d—— sentiment about me, unless I put it on for a purpose. I've got a rough side, like other men—here it is my business to be smooth. I live by my smooth side—once upon a time my rough used to come more into use."

"Well, well, we won't quarrel about it," said Arthur. "There is a ruffianly old Adam somewhere in the shadow of all of us; but neither yours nor mine will ever come into view, I hope."

"I hope so too," said Bradbrain. "Enough of that ! Come, let us see the cads wrestling."

The young doctor, like most parvenus, had an insolent horror of the poor. Men born in cities are apt to associate the poor with thieves, beggars, and a dangerous scum with whom they have nothing in common. The true citizen is more struck by the differences between himself and the poor ("the lower classes!" as he persists in calling them) than the resemblances. If such men as the Doctor governed, or if papers like the *Forge* attain the power they covet, but will never possess, we should soon have an agrarian revolution; for a time of revolution is only a period when the inward mental resemblances between the rich and the poor strike men, who become mad at seeing the outward differences enforced by a selfish society.

"Come, let's go and see the louts," said Lucas.

"I expect my father will be here soon," said Arthur; "he talked of taking a holiday, and riding here with Trevena."

"What a quiet fellow your father is, Tol," said Bradbrain. "Why, he's as absorbed in work as old Mordred. One would think he never got ruffled."

"A sign you don't know him," said Arthur. "My father is dust and ashes above, fire below, like a volcano. An old officer, who was with him in the Affghan war, told me he showed the most reckless and desperate courage. He had just lost his wife, my mother, in a decline, and they used to say, in the regiment, he was 'dying to get killed.' Even when he was a clergyman he once kicked

a doctor down-stairs for complaining of his interfering with his practice; they fought with pistols. Before that, when he was quite a young man, he fought a desperate duel with sabres about some love affair."

"Nice material for a clergyman, who ought to turn his left cheek when you hit his right!" said Bradbrain, rather spitefully. "They say that fire-heat spoils cooks' tempers, but your father's seems to have improved over his furnaces and sand-baths."

By this time they had reached the wrestling-ground, a circle set apart with ropes, whither now the great mass of the crowd was hurrying, to see Cornwall wrestle Devon.

Just as they elbowed their way into the crowd, the third pair of wrestlers had begun. Two little thin men, stripped to the jerseys, were butting, heads down, locked in each other's grip, and swaying to and fro, waiting for an advantage.

"*Robur et æs triplex*—the English is a tough breed after all," said Fitzhugh, as suddenly the thinner and more wiry man shifted his grip, and in a moment his astonished adversary flew over his head and rolled on the grass, bruised, angry, and breathless.

"He's a beauty, sir, he is," said an energetic old Cornish man close to them. "I never saw a neater 'flying mare' in my born days—he's like your soort."

A roar of applause from an adjacent crowd

drew off half the bystanders, including Bradbrain and his two friends.

They found a noisy crowd assembled round a fine athletic young Cornishman, a miner by his look, who stood erect, and with clenched fists challenged all the world in general, and St. Tudy's fair in particular.

He was no mean antagonist, for his arms were like a tiger's fore-paws, thick, hard, and banded with ropy muscle; his brow was the true athlete's, bumping out to protect the endangered eyes; his nose small and thick-set, was proof to all blows.

"Come on, ye buffleheads!" he cried, "won't 'ee? I fight for Boscastle, and the man that gets this out of my fist shall have it—it's worth twenty shillings, I tell 'ee—this is what I come to grass for!"

As he said this, he opened his fist and showed a bran-new sovereign.

"Now for the mill!" cried Bradbrain, with a cruel delight.

Into the ring at once leaped a heavier and taller man, with arms swinging like a windmill.

"Come on!" he cried; "I'm for 'ee! Bodmin for ever! Here I am, the fighting butcher, known all over Cornwall! Come on, youngster!"

"Beautiful counter!" cried Bradbrain, as the Boscastle champion drew the first blood, and his adversary staggered back against the ropes. "Ten to one on Boscastle!" cried Bradbrain.

"Pound him!" "Strickun!" cried the bystanders to their respective champions.

"Hurrah! there goes the mulberry!" said Fitzhugh, "the true ichor is the blood of heroes. It's a staunch breed the English—look how the dogs take their blows in the face!"

"They're certainly gluttons for punishment," said Bradbrain, rubbing his hands, as the butcher fell for the fourth time, under a stroke that seemed to come from a steam-hammer rather than a human arm.

"It makes one feel quite cruel," said Arthur, as the butcher reeled back, faint and drowsy with beating, to his second's knee.

His head drooped on his breast, out came the watch, up went the crimson sponge.

The Boscastle hero, with his face, chest, and hands all gory, was not a pleasant picture, let alone his puffed eyes and lips, and his swollen brows; but he looked a very bull-dog, staunch and invincible, as he stood there tossing his red arms, holding up the sovereign, and crying,

"I'm ready for another!—come on, any of 'ee!"

The three friends strolled on, tired of waiting for the next fight. A tremendous din, uproar, and jangle of voices arose at that moment from a distant part of the fair. Presently from a sea of heads up went a hat, then some angry arms struck out above the heads; there was a yell or two, and a dull sound of blows. Next came a scream of women, a flight of children, and a rush

at some obnoxious central figure, that seemed struggling against a mob of assailants.

"What's the row?" said Bradbrain, to a farmer, who just then emerged from the tumult, hot, his coat torn, and his mouth bleeding."

"Row!" said the angry farmer; "why, it's only them London buffleheads, that want to duck a ranting passon (parson), because he's been cursing the tragedy plays—aw! Lord a marcy, I think they'll kill him, for they're dobbing him with stones!"

"Strickun!" "Dob him!" "Duck him!" roared the mob, as they came, trailing along a black heap of something human, covered with mire and blood.

"Knack hem in jowds!" cried some cruel voices; "it's all for gammut (fun)."

Only a few brave, intrepid men were found to stem the tide, and cry,

"Shaame!" "Let go the passon!" "What harm's the passon done?" and then to jostle and push in to rescue him from his cruel persecutors, under whose hands he could be still heard from time to time to cry very faintly, groaning out some such perverted prophecies as "Curse ye! Meroz! bitterly!" or, "Lift up your voice against those who wear women's apparel!"

It was the fat heroine, whom he had supposed to be a man, that the itinerant preacher had denounced from the centre of the pit, and the low comedy manager it was who had hounded on this cruel mob of gipsies and costermongers. No Cornish-

men would have been found to initiate such brutality.

"Bradbrain," said Arthur, his eyes dilating and his chest heaving, "I can't stand here and see these brutes trample this poor fellow to death. I shall make one trial at least to save his life from these blackguards."

"Well, I suppose I must go in for it if you do," replied Bradbrain carelessly, as if he was not very zealous in the cause.

"It'll be a regular lark, and I'll back you," said Lucas, stripping off his coat.

"I don't seem to see it," said Fitzhugh, as his three friends rushed into the thickest of the fray, leaving their coats piled up and under his care.

There was a moment's lull in the crowd as the human waves received the new comers. Then a furious, tigrish yell broke out, a dark ebb and flow round the fallen preacher showed where the fight was now waging.

"They'll be broken into jowds," said the farmer.

Fitzhugh's blood began to boil as the war increased. He first carefully deposited all the coats on the farmer's shoulders; he next solemnly removed his spectacles, and handed them to the same bystander, then dashed off to the help of his friends, exclaiming—

"A good man struggling with adversity is a sight beautiful in the sight of the gods."

Nor was his help premature. Already Lucas was down, and Arthur and Bradbrain were

struggling against half a dozen furious gipsies, who were only impeded by their own eagerness to bruise and crush, and trample down their antagonists.

In vain three or four of the Hydra's heads were felled ; on pressed the brute crowd, closer and closer. Already Bradbrain's mouth streamed with blood. Arthur, preparing for one last desperate rush upon the manager and his swarthy friends, was gasping for breath, when the crowd before them swayed, opened, and broke, and in rode four horsemen, who laid about them fiercely with the butt ends of their heavy hunting whips, and drove forward to where Arthur stood over the preacher's body. Behind them came three or four young men with heavy oak sticks, who struck out right and left with much good will, and considerable effect, shouting "Down with the cads !—down with the cads !" defying the stones and other missiles.

"Why, it's my father," said Arthur, as the leader of the horsemen pulled up a powerful grey horse, and raised his hat which he had pulled over his eyes.

"Just in time, too," said Bradbrain. "By Jove ! Mr. Tolpedden, I felt very much inclined to draw my knife on a gipsy fellow that cut at me with a tent pole ; but I'm glad I didn't, for a knowledge of anatomy is apt to make one's blow rather too sure."

"I gave one or two their gruel," said Lucas, as he rose with a very palpable black-eye ; "but one

of them got home on my right peeper. Such is life! Have you any brandy, Bradbrain?"

"I am glad I came up," said Mr. Tolpedden to Arthur; "just in the nick, too. What were they doing with that sop of clothes down there? Lift it up, Arthur."

The Gridiron Club, for to that august and talented body belonged Mr. Tolpedden's detachment of infantry, lifted the groaning man, and held his face upwards.

"Why, father, it's the Dowser!" said Arthur.

"We mustn't leave the man here," said his father to the Cornish farmers he had gathered to the rescue of his son. "Put him on your horse, Mr. Vivian, if you please."

"No; he shall go in our trap," said Bradbrain, kindly feeling the Dowser's pulse.

"I shall walk my pony home," said Arthur, "so he can have my seat. I suppose you men will be off soon—it's past four."

Bradbrain, Lucas, and Fitzhugh were putting on their coats, shaking hands, and thanking the Gridiron Club.

"We're off!" said Bradbrain, who had been whispering to Lucas. "The man 'll do, bless you, well enough, if one of you gentlemen give him a mouthful of brandy presently, when he comes to, and see him put to bed. Come, Lucas, you and Fitzhugh mustn't be late at Tregellases. As for the Dowser, he's more frightened than hurt. That extravasated blood on the eyelids is nothing,

gentlemen. I'm more hurt than he is—curse them !”

As Arthur, leading his new purchase, walked home beside his father, chatting about the fight and the fair, he was feeling a quiet pleasure at the way in which he had attended to the wish of his fair petitioner in the morning—“dear Lilly,” as he already presumed to call her in the sacred stillness of his own heart.

Good, simple-hearted fellow ! he little knew that at that very moment his three companions were seated round a bowl of that detestable “Rumfustian,” in the parlour of the “Three Choughs,” and getting rapidly tipsy.

CHAPTER XVI.

KING PIPPIN.

“**M**OVING house” is an event about as momentous now as a pilgrimage to the Holy Land must have been to our ancestors in the thirteenth century. “Three removes are as bad as a fire,” says the proverb. Broken jugs, cracked looking-glasses, scratched furniture, carpets that won’t fit, and beds that prove too large for new rooms, are not the least of the annoyances attendant on our increased wealth and our luxurious civilization.

“Much money—much trouble,” says the proverb. The Tolpeddens, not being ballasted very heavily with that Satanic metal called gold, escaped many of the troubles incidental to ponderous wealth. A house cannot, of course, be changed as easily as an Arab tent can, but the lieutenant, being active, energetic, and accustomed to rough it on a “sufficiently” small income, had transferred his household gods from Dorsetshire to Cornwall with considerable ease and rapidity; and, what is more, a few weeks after his arrival had insisted on leaving his brother’s roof and sheltering his noisy family in a small cottage in the same village which a farmer, who had emigrated to Australia, had lately quitted.

The energetic lieutenant had already sent Johnny to a day-school at Boscastle, and, what was quite as important in his eyes, had erected a flag-staff on the lawn, on which he hoisted signals to his brother. He had also knocked down a partition between his three ground-floor rooms, in order to have what he termed “a clear deck, fore and aft,” where he might pace up and down after dinner, and on wet days. These changes and additions, together with the cultivation of his garden, had kept the lieutenant in an agreeable bustle, much to the delight of his good, but not over-wise little wife.

The cottage was a sturdy little oblong stone chest, covered with thatch, and trellised with apricot trees. It is true that thatch is always untidy

and dangerous—that rats and sparrows burrow it into holes that let in the damp, and that birds tear out the straws and litter the lawn with them; but then it is such a simple and honest covering, warm to look at, pleasant in colour, so snug and so sheltering, that it will always compete with slate and tiles, to which it is in many practical points so inferior.

The cottage had a pretty little green velvet carpet of lawn before it, and a large Portugal laurel, round as a dumpling, and fifteen feet high, a perfect bower pot of evergreen; there was also a tall, clean-rinded beech tree, whose crisp, glazed leaves in summer dappled the sunshine on the grass very charmingly with patterns of moving shadow. The walk up to the front door wasavenued with standard roses, that the next June promised to toss their crimson plumes bravely in the air, in all the scornfulness of proud and self-conscious beauty, so that the house was not without personal attractions, and was not bald, prosaic, and dull as farmers' cottages too often are.

There was a paddock and orchard and stable close to the garden, and from the high ground near the lieutenant could see the gable-ends of his brother's house rising through the pine trees a little lower in the valley. The garden itself was a pleasant little imitation, on a small scale, of Eden. It had its rows of snowy broccoli, in whose leaves the dew rolled into great pearly drops, clumps of sweet marjoram, and bosky thyme, and wrinkled

sage; and plots of those improved thistles, artichokes, and, above all, a filbert walk, where the nuts crackled under your feet as you walked. There was a pond, too, over which drooped the sweeping, grey, sharp-leaved branches of a willow. On a slope of turf at the side of the cottage, near a root house built of split fir trees, with the bark on, the lieutenant had hung a hammock between two old apple trees. It was a great net of South American grass string, about twelve feet long, and it swung in a fine swooping curve between two stalwart mossy branches. This hammock had been sent him by a friend, a merchant in Nicaragua, where the lazy Indians spend half their lives swinging, eating, and sleeping. A stout "Mathew Walker" knot, combined with a "French Shroud," had rendered the running rigging of grass cords perfectly safe, and yet easy to take down.

A clear, fresh, sunny November afternoon had tempted the lieutenant to rig up his old sailor's bed, much to the delight of the children. The last rope had just been "hailed taut," and the lieutenant, serene and satisfied, was swinging slowly, his head leaning up against one end, as he smoked a cigar of enormous size, that had been given him by Mr. Hookem. Near him, on the top of an almost leafless elm, sat a thrush singing positively as if it was spring. Twice already had the lieutenant cruelly fired an old horse pistol with which he had been practising at this bird; but

still the bird sang on in impudent enjoyment of the blue sky and pale winter sunshine. How little it takes to make some simple hearts happy, when your wise and great men cry for whole kingdoms, new planets, or peerages, and still remain discontented !

The children were hunting out Russian violets under the marbly spotted leaves of the ancubas in the shrubbery, pretending to sell them to each other, and laughing, crying, quarrelling, and wrangling, after the manner of most young Adams and Eves.

Mrs. Tolpedden sat on a camp-stool not far from her husband making some alterations in a little black silk mantle of Kate's. She had been discussing boys' schools with her obdurate husband. In the intervals of the argument she was reading poetry from a small volume bound in green silk. On the grass near her played Bobby.

"Polly," said the lieutenant, suddenly "sheering" round, in his hammock, and fixing his cold, clear eyes on his wife, who shut her book in rather an alarmed way as she looked up. "Polly, you haven't been yourself for the last few days. What is the matter with thee, mother ? You have not been so much with the children, and even my own Bobby there in the grass (don't pick those flowers, Bobby) has been quite left to Liddy and me. What makes you so silent, little woman ? Now, tell me, do you dislike our new quarters ? Come here, Bobby, and have a swing."

Bobby toddled up to the hammock, and was instantly snatched up, and covered with kisses by her father.

"I have had a headache, Nel, for the last few days," replied Mrs. Tolpedden, with a sigh, as she slowly resumed her work, but without raising her head. "I suppose it's the change of air—that's all!"

"Then I will go over this very afternoon to St. Petrock's, and tell Bradbrain to call—that's what I'll do. A stitch in time saves nine. You women don't take half exercise enough. Why, I should pine away if I didn't have a cliff walk at least once a day. Come with me to St. Petrock's?"

"No, no, I can't, Nel," said Mrs. Tolpedden, anxiously, "for I've promised to go and call on the Wavertons."

"Why, you were there on Tuesday! Don't you know there's scarlet-fever in the village?"

"Oh! I have no fear about infection. I don't go into the cottages, you know, and I shan't take the children, you dear old goosey!" (As she said this, the young wife rose, and leaning over the hammock, kissed her husband's honest, bald forehead, and patted his frosty cheek.) "Besides, I want to get some crochet patterns from Milly Waverton. Now, promise me truly not to send for Mr. Bradbrain!—promise me, Nel!"

Hannibal split the heated Alps with deluges of vinegar. The more fool he, for one drop of oil would melt a dozen mountains in half the time! The

lieutenant was conquered with that single kiss, and ceasing his opposition, gave his promise to forego Mr. Bradbrain.

At this moment the garden-gate opened, and in strode Mr. Henry Tolpedden, grave, stern, and collected. He had been working hard all the morning, and had come to have a chat, and to breathe a little fresh air and blow away the acid fumes of the laboratory.

“Do you want any broccoli-plants, Nel? Why, sister, you’re a perfect Penelope at needlework. I declare I believe you undo at night the sewing that you have done in the day, in order to keep up a character for supernatural industry, like the men in Halloway’s shop, who are said to empty the boxes in the cellars that they have been filling in the front warehouse windows. What’s your book? Oh! Byron!—the ‘Corsair!’ Fie! I dislike that unhealthy, vain, and dangerous poet, who boasted of vices that he did not possess, and tried so hard to become a Satan among the dandies.”

Mrs. Tolpedden’s face slightly crimsoned as she thrust the book into her pocket.

“A friend,” she said, timidly, “wanted me to read ‘Parisina.’ I never read Byron before. It’s very beautiful! There was no harm in what I’ve read.”

“A globule of arsenic will poison; a cobra is very beautiful, so is fire, and so are the nightshade flowers. Don’t read him, sister; he was a bad, selfish, mean man. I once knew a very intimate

friend of his, and from him I heard how unutterably bad he was. A bad man cannot write honest verse."

"Give me the book, Polly; by Jove! I'll burn it!"

"No, no, papa; it belongs to a friend!"

"Who's your friend, Polly?"

"Don't you ask questions, Nel. I won't read if you don't like it—that's enough!"

"I hate this perpetual reading of people now-a-days, Harry; it sets them dreaming, leads them away from working the ship, and their proper, every-day duties. We get more ideas, I find, from talking than reading. The rubbishy mares' nests in the papers take up half my day alone, without any other business."

"What I've come to talk about, Nel," said Mr. Henry Tolpedden, resting himself against the trunk of an apple-tree, and taking Bobby on his shoulder, "is Johnny's school. I don't think it is quite the thing—too much Latin exercise, stupid mythology, and nonsense verse-writing, in the upper classes. My Arthur had too much of that at Rugby, and what was the consequence?—he has had to educate himself, and now he turns poet and writer, never looks into a classic voluntarily, and Heaven knows what profession he'll take to. Education is all on the wrong tack. How could the monks who framed it know what the nineteenth century would want?"

"I don't know anything about the monks, and I

don't want to know, Harry, so avast there ! I'm not going to send my King Pippin to a low commercial school, where he will forget the manners and traditions of a gentleman."

"Thoroughness in Greek and Latin is better than shining in twenty imperfect sciences, that I admit ; but I know what schools are. A boy comes home, and can neither read well, speak well, write well, nor do a sum well. He knows nothing of geography, or modern history, or the literature of his own country ; but he can tell you of the amours of Pan and Jupiter, and write useless nonsense hexameters. His Greek and Latin he forgets in three years, all but a dozen Greek words, and a few stale parliamentary quotations from Horace ; and so he begins life with positively less real useful knowledge than many a sailor, mechanic, or farmer's bailiff."

It was a remarkable thing that the soldier brother should be a Liberal reformer on this, as on other questions, and the smaller-brained man the Conservative.

"It's all good training ! The ship is there ; the rigging can be fastened up at any time !"

"Training ! Yes, my good man, but a lad has no time for education when he's once out in the world. The ship has no stores in the hold—it is unvictualled, and without guns ! Nine out of ten men have no time for further self-education, and the tenth has no inclination for it."

"It did for us."

“Yes, and so did mail-coaches ; but we’ve railways now ! It’s all our pedantry, and stupid dislike to healthy change. A boy reads Thucydides—why not Froissart and Clarendon ? A boy writes hexameters—why not blank verse ? A boy reads legends of Jupiter—why not legends of Thor, the god our ancestors worshipped ? A boy learns the windings of the Tigris—why not the windings of the Humber ? A boy learns to parse, and pick to pieces sentences of Virgil—why not those of Shakespeare ? A boy learns the Ionic and Doric dialects—why not the differences and origin of Wiltshire and Yorkshire phrases ? Pshaw ! brother, I am sick of discussing the question ! Saxon and Celtic would be more valuable to most men than Greek and Latin, and German and French than the four put together.”

“But boys would not apply themselves to the living languages—so the *Forge* says.”

“Don’t you believe it, Nel ; there’s as much to study in the origin and progress of the English language, and more, too, than in all the Greek that exists. A boy should know every classical English writer, every change of dialect, the etymology of every word. Good gracious ! Nel, why could not all this be learnt as thoroughly and deeply as Greek roots or Latin idioms ? If all this was hammered into a boy at school, even against the grain, what a capital of practical knowledge he would have in after life—what an armoury to go to—what a granary to feed from !”

"They certainly do neglect the sciences too much, Harry—there at least I'm with you. A boy should know more than the elements of chemistry, natural history, and medicine—those things ought to be in the hold, and 'next the skin,' as we sailors say. I did once think of sending Jack to a good school of your sort that there is at Donnington, near Chichester, but it was so out of the way."

"Why, here comes our Johnny!" cried Mrs. Tolpedden, as the garden door opened, and in rushed King Pippin, crying, his jacket torn, one eye blackened, and his lip bleeding.

"You dreadful boy!" said his father, leaping at one bound out of the hammock; "oh! you dreadful, dreadful boy, what have you been about?—here, somebody get me some small stuff, and I'll horse him!"

"Oh! Johnny! Johnny!" cried his mother, holding him by one hand, and with the other brushing back the hair from his face; "and your lip is bleeding—are you hurt?"

"Don't be frightened, ma, I'm not hurt much; it was all that bully Cotes—he's a West Indian, we call him 'Yellow Jack.' I and Dawson were playing at marbles, and up he comes, and calls out to little Pod Minor, who was going to join, 'That's not fair, Pedden's taking you in;' and I said, 'You'd better not say that again,' and he did say it, so I pitched into him, and I gave him a punch in the eye, and then he kicked me, for he's

a great black fellow four years older than I am, and Mr. Coultherd came up and caned me, and let Cotes go; and all because he'd given him a pot of preserved ginger from his parcel that morning; but I gave him a oner between the eyes, ma, and he says he'll lick me, but he can't. Ugh! Yellow Jack!—he can't lick me, all the school say he can't lick me! But no one likes him, because he bullies the little boys, and is such a bad temper."

"A young Harmodius—a born Aristogiton, 'pon my word, Nelson!" said Mr. Henry Tolpedden; "you mustn't flog him for that—this was a resistance to oppression, and must rank in history with the deeds of William Tell, Wat Tyler, Brutus, and M. Gallenga!"

"I've a good mind to seize you up, Johnny, my boy!" said the delighted father, who felt it, however, necessary to assume anger.

"Oh! you mustn't hurt him, papa," said the interceding mother, kissing the belligerent; "he won't be naughty and fight any more."

"If he does, I'll keelhaul him—by Jove! I'll keelhaul him, and then rub him down with a cat-of-nine tails—so mind that, Master Jack. Come here, and give me a kiss, and be a good boy, and don't fight unless some one hits you first. Come along, Harry, I'm going to measure out a cliff walk, that I can take regularly, to remind me of my old work; and I want also to spin a yarn with Jackson, my old boatman, the fellow that Arthur met. How late, Harry, that lad always stays now

at the Tregellases; do you know, I half suspect there is something in the wind. I wish it was near Valentine's Day, I'd be hanged if I would not send him a valentine. Well, I never really fell in love till I saw my little Polly here, and I pity the poor devil who never has. Love, take a trick at the wheel of his heart. Come, Harry. Good-bye, Polly darling; and mind, poppet, throw away that rubbishing book of Baron's."

Baron!—Alas! for a poet's hopes of immortality!

For ten minutes after the garden-door closed upon the two brothers, Mrs. Tolpedden remained lost in thought, leaning with her forehead against the mossy trunk of an apple-tree.

A little robin, singing its innocent little carol on one of the leafless boughs above her, must have awoke some painful thought, for she suddenly turned, stooped, kissed Johnny, and then burst into a passionate agony of tears.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MESMERIC LECTURER.

WORTHY Mr. Bradbrain's semi-discovery of the Dowser's secret had led to very angry disputes between the impulsive doctor and his older and more wily partner. Belial the young, and Satan the old, had indeed all but quarrelled

about the affair. Bradbrain was for instantly getting hold of Sampy, or secretly bribing old Rehoboam ; Mordred was for delay, inquiries, undermining, and intrigue. He had been bitten before by the Dowser, and he was not going to be caught again. If there was anything in it, they might by delay find some means of discovering the secret without the Dowser's help ; and even if the secret was a valuable one, and worth the purchase, it would be better, argued the old banker, to fight off, and affect indifference—as nothing brought a bargain sooner to a satisfactory completion for the purchaser than a well-affected indifference.

“You know how sanguine these searchers of metal always are,” said Mordred, one morning at breakfast, to his partner ; “ten thousand to one there's no metal after all, except that specimen lump you saw at the old fool's cottage—you're too hasty by half, Bradbrain. It was you, remember, who let us so neatly in for that four thousand pounds at Redruth.”

“And you're as slow as an infernal old snail ; you know very well you lose five things out of six by your suspicion and that cautious dawdling that you call prudence. Where's that letter that came for me ? I had forgotten it.”

“Stonecot has it.”

Bradbrain rang the bell savagely.

A lifeless, pale butler, who looked like a chronic patient kept to practise new medicines upon, ap-

peared, treading as noiselessly as if he wore velvet-soled shoes.

“Bring me that letter that came last night. It is in the surgery, on the mantelpiece.”

Stonecot glided out, and presently glided in with the letter on a silver tray.

“D—— the tray, you know I don’t like all that foolery—keep that for Mr. Mordred.”

The butler bowed, without signs of a smile, and disappeared.

Bradbrain, whose face was gashed in two places from the effects of the fight at St. Tudy’s, a fact which had not improved his temper, tore open the letter, glanced at it, and then threw it into the fire.

“Your beloved wife again, I presume,” said Mr. Mordred, sneering, as he wiped his lips with a napkin, and rose from the breakfast-table with his usual pre-occupied composure.

“Yes, curse her! whining for money, as usual, of course, and complaining of my neglect. The old story. She is always talking of going to Heaven and bliss. Why the deuce doesn’t she make haste and go—I won’t stop her, I give my Bible oath—a canting fool! I’m sick of her, and all her canting relations, and I’ll write and tell her so.”

“Going to Heaven might not be the handiest way of meeting you again.”

“I wish I’d the mixing of her medicines—I’d give her a tonic to start her off,” said Bradbrain, grinding his teeth; “and look you here, Mordred,”

(here he turned fiercely on the elder man,) I don't trouble myself about what became of your charming wife or her rich sister, and I'll just trouble you not to sneer at me or my concerns, or it may be the worse for you."

"Why do you go to low fairs and get into rows, and then come back in such detestable tempers—what have I done? Do you never sneer at me? I want you to go and see that sick girl at Camel-ford—will you go?"

"No, and that's flat. I don't go out till my face is well. I'll see patients here, but I won't go beyond the door to please you or any man. If I was to go out, I should ride to the Tolpeddens—one of their servants is ill."

"And has been so for some time, I should think," said Mordred drily, "from the number of times you have ridden that way lately. You see, it's no use hiding these things from me, Brad-brain. I can always read your hand, and draw your trumps too."

"Yes, d—n you—who ever doubted your cunning?—why, you'd give a fox forty points in fifty up, and beat him then."

"I don't understand your gambling terms, but I admit your superior amiability—a most obliging partner you are, I must say, especially when suffering from pugilistic encounters."

Bradbrain made no answer to this taunt, but lit a cigar, put his hands into his pocket, and strolled growling into the surgery to measure out some

quinine, and get his bruises painted by Stonecot.

It was on this very morning, three days after the fair, that Mr. Sampy Sandoe, very bruised and slightly lame, hobbled up the steep High Street of Boscastle, in the direction of the post-office, humming to himself a lugubrious hymn, set to the tune of "I'm going into the Wilderness." The street was steep, so it took the maltreated preacher some time in effecting the ascent, and cost him many groans.

The post-office was at a small grocer's shop, situated at the corner of a short turning to the left of the main road. At the door—a half hatch, to which a bell was fastened—stood a tall, elderly, military-looking man. He was our old friend, M. Achille Chatelet, inquiring for letters. The post-mistress handed him a long narrow letter on foreign paper. He bowed, then instantly tore open the seal, and walked away down the street, devouring its contents.

Mrs. Davis's shop was a crowded, busy little place; the roof was hung with bunches of candles, hams, and crockery; the shelves were laden with soap, blue, spices, raisin boxes, and loaves of sugar. Bundles of brooms filled the corners of the room, and left barely space to pass into the little back-parlour, where a canary sang like a transmigrated prima donna. Behind the counter, where Mrs. Davis, a neat, good-natured, bustling little woman, stood, were compartments for letters, while the wall towards the window was hung with

large lettered notices about changes in the time of posting letters for Belize, Borneo, and such out-of-the-way places—notice remarkable as showing the vastness of our Colonial empire, but not probably important to many of the inhabitants of that humble Cornish town.

On the little counter, near the official-looking scales, some sheets of postage stamps, and several packages of Emden groats, lay a large posting bill, printed in black and red, which instantly caught the Dowser's eye. It ran thus:

PHRENO-MESMERISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.

THE FUTURE REVEALED AND THE PAST DISCLOSED.

Mr. Horace Beaumont Belleville will have the honour to deliver a lecture on Spiritualism and Table Rapping in the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday next, November 3. Admittance 2s., 1s., and 6d. Reserved Seats, 3s.

Gilbert Mordred, Esq., has kindly promised to take the chair on the present occasion. The celebrated and world-known clairvoyante, Miss Juliana Beverley, will assist Mr. Horace Beaumont Belleville in his attempt to illustrate the wonders of the mesmeric state.

There was something in this advertisement that seemed to rivet the Dowser to the spot, for Mrs. Davis had twice to ask him his name before he turned round to answer.

"What name did you say?" inquired the post-mistress, who was a new comer to Boscastle, and knew Sandoe by report, but not by sight, as she

shuffled a bundle of letters as if they were cards.

"Sampson Sandoe; there was a letter for me to be left till called for."

"What, bless me! are you the Dowser, who discovers things with the divining rod?"

"That is my business, marm. The Lord be thanked for all his goodness! I have been blessed in that work; yes, I have. Blessed to the discovery of much hidden vally; and hope for a continuance of that blessing. It's a marvellous work!"

"Penrose—Trelyn—Sanders. I hope you weren't hurt much, Mr. Sandoe, by those cruel folk at the fair."

"No; the Lord delivered me from the mouth of the lions, thank ye, marm, and hallelooliah, be it said. They were pressing me sore, they were like wild beasts at Ephesus; but young Squire Tolpedden rescued me out of their hands, sharply though they cried and roared for the space of a whole hour—'Down with him! Down with him! even to the ground!' But, I am thankful to say that my trial has been of use, as a warning and example; for Brother Jones, from Birmingham, preached on it yesterday at the Ebenezer, and took for his text, 'They came about me like bees'—a beautiful discourse, that did me good to hear."

"That young Mr. Tolpedden's a fine brave young gentleman; I love to have him ride up to our door—there's no pride about him. Tregarth—Trelawney—Hawkins; no, Mr. Sandoe,

there's no letter for you. What do you want, my little girl?"

"Two red herrings, and an ounce of Scotch snuff, please, Mrs. Davis, mem," said a little girl, whose chin just rose over the counter.

"Surely there must be a letter, Mrs. Davis?"

Mrs. Davis ran them over again most obligingly, but with no better result.

The Dowser groaned, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Christian people," he said, "Mrs. Davis, have much to bear, I tell ye, in the valley of the shadow. But he'll repent it—he'll repent it. Oh! he's a backslider, and a scoffer, if ever there was. What! no letter? His thoughts are only of this world!"

As the Dowser, groaning and muttering these words, left the shop, a tall, stout, clean-shaven man leaned over the hatch, and inquired for letters with a sonorous voice and in a grand dramatic manner.

"Have you any letters or papers, madam, directed to Mr. Horace Beaumont Belleville, Post Office, Boscastle?"

Mrs. Davis handed him a copy of the *Spiritualist*, and a letter with the postmark, 'New York.'

"May I ask, madam," he said, adjusting a large sham turquoise scarf pin, "who that strange individual, so wild in his attire, is, who left the shop as I entered? He looks as if he had been lately engaged in some pugilistic encounter. Yet

his garb is, I should say, that of a preacher—whence this discrepancy?”

“That is Sampy Sandoe, the Dowser, sir,” replied Mrs. Davis, as she shook out the snuff from a brass scoop. “He makes his living by discovering copper and tin for the miners with his divining rod. Some drunken folk at a fair the other day beat him because he began to preach against the strolling players.”

“The very man I was wanting,” said Mr. Belleville. “Good morning, madam.”

A sharp three minutes’ walk brought Mr. Belleville up to the Dowser.

“He’s evidently poor, that’s in my favour,” thought the lecturer, as he eyed from behind Sampy’s greasy brown great-coat and dirty rope of a neckcloth. “The divining rod, too! Why, the fellow is one of the profession already! He’ll be useful to me to tell me the history of some of these Boscastle people. I’ll pump him over some grog.”

Clairvoyants always see best what they have resolved to see best. A clairvoyant among strangers, and without zealous Mr. Bellevilles at their back, would give us but scanty glimpses of the past. Nature is capricious in her gifts; but still it is singular that she should generally choose her clairvoyants from the ranks of low actors and second-rate jugglers. Mr. Belleville was wise in helping Nature, for young sciences need fostering from the blighting winds of scoffing prejudice.

"I believe," said Mr. Belleville, stepping before the Dowser and removing his hat, "that I see before me the Reverend Mr. Sandoe, the celebrated employer of that extraordinary Cornish phenomenon, the divining rod?"

"Zactly so, sir," replied Sampy, at once taking the lecturer's measure; and planning how to use him.

"I am indeed fortunate in meeting with so eminent a man. I, sir, am a lecturer in mesmeric science, and a student, a humble student, of all that tends to a more intimate acquaintance with the supernatural. We are not children, my friends, I am perpetually saying to my audience, and we must not be afraid of lifting a corner of that sable and inscrutable curtain that partly hides from us the mysteries of the unseen world. A century ago the moon was a mystery; now we read its face like a map. A century ago we laughed at the thought of propulsion by steam. Very well, then——"

"Ha! when I was a slave of Satan and the pomps and vanities," said the Dowser, "I used to go round the county with a lecturer on musmerism. He used to say my bump of veneration was the largest he had ever seen; that was before I was converted, mister. I was a sinner then, and awful bad, and hadn't the gift of finding metals."

"Then, my dear sir, you are one of us," said Mr. Belleville, shaking hands with his new friend, "and there ought to be no secrets between us. Come

to my hotel, do me the honour of sharing my humble meal, and afterwards, over a tumbler of pineapple rum, we will discuss the wonders of modern science. There was too much of artifice, and what almost might be called imposture, my dear sir, in our profession years ago. It is all altered now, but we are still only at the threshold. Mental phenomena are now better known and understood. Pardon me if I stop for a moment at my printer's, and make a slight alteration in my circular. You will excuse, I'm sure, the selfish pre-occupation of a man of business like myself."

Sampy was not in the least able to follow the meaning of this harangue word by word, but he cunningly deciphered, and with electric quickness, the salient points that concerned his own interest. Who has not observed how a wooden-headed servant, with no more intelligence than an apoplectic pig, will often work out correctly the most intricate subdivision of wages? Self-interest is the best educator, after all!

"This man," he at once decided, "wants to bribe me to tell him the secrets of the Boscastle people, for his clairvoyante to use. I shall get several good dinners—perhaps some money. If he stops long enough here, and does not stump me up enough, I'll squeeze more out of the fellow by threatening to expose him. He shall work out my purposes, too, for I won't move a step till he promises to make the clairvoyante whisper something that'll serve my turn in Mr. Mordred's ears,

for he'll be chairman. I know a trick worth any two of his, though he's a Londoner, and I'm only a stupid country Cornish man, under his thumb, as he thinks."

That night, in the privacy of the best room at the "Three Choughs," Sampy unfolded all the scandals of Boscastle and neighbourhood to Mr. Belleville for his note-book, and, in return, Miss Juliana Beverley, the daughter of Mr. Belleville's pianist, and sister of his young assistant, smilingly committed to memory the few mysterious words that she was to whisper, when in her clairvoyante state, into the chairman's ear.

Thus roguery is every day bartered, and thus the fact that the gulls are caught by the foxes is fully accounted for.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING SERVICE.

A RUSSIAN cathedral is a solemn place when the countless glowing lamps and starry candles light up the lapis lazuli pillars, and the altars of malachite. The worshippers beneath the golden dome, at the dread name of God, strike the pavement of porphyry with their abject foreheads. Much more majestic than any priest of Rome are those grave Slavonians, with the fair hair falling over their shoulders, as, in their robes

of golden and jewelled cloth, they chant from the massive silver-bound books of the Gospels. More solemn, less theatrical and restless, than those of Rome, are the pomps of that Oriental church what time the priest paces before the altar, and is seen behind the pierced gilt screen, which glimmers through clouds of incense. But holier, purer still, and surely not less acceptable to God, is the tranquil service in a quiet English country church.

In the town all outside a church seems Pagan and antagonistic, but in the country nature seems praying too with us. The robin on the mossy grave-stone, that slants against the window of the aisle, sings his little hymn that is never out of place, and the children hear it through the porous glass. In summer the swallow skims past the open door like some sinner's transmigrated, half-repentant soul. The very dandelion's globes of cobweb, that scatter in the breeze, and blow over the threshold, diffuse their silent sermons, and preach to us as they fly, from Time's old but never trite text. Everything is in accordance, nothing in disagreement with man's religious instinct.

The church at St. Petrock's was a little square fortress of grey-lichened stone, sunk in the ground, as if exhausted with standing for so many centuries. You came upon it unexpectedly by a winding road leading from a byway, and it stood in the pit of a little wooded valley, to which all sorts of secret and downward lanes converged, under beech-branches, hazel-boughs, and between coverts

of fern and bramble. From the valley below arose the perpetual sound of falling water, that, like a great clepsydra, kept count of man's wasted hours. The tower rose from a little grassy platform, that scarcely left room for the black slate tomb-stones, and the bricked and turf-piled graves, and sand-banks, hung with strings of ivy, pressed it so closely round that there was scarcely room to walk outside and look in through the low, dim, greenish glass of the windows. There was something secretive and sad about the sites of the graves, and their tenants seemed more in place there than the living visitors. The little church might have been built in times of old Pagan persecutions, it seemed so like a hermit's cell that had grown into a church. It needed all the sun our English skies can boast of to render the place cheerful, to lighten up the green sponges of moss that cushioned the roof, and the great rank tussocks of grass that rioted over the broken brickwork of the older graves, and to make the service seem otherwise than the faint echo of some earlier faith.

The congregation on the present November morning was unusually large, for by special compact by letter the Tregellases and Mr. Hookem had agreed to meet the Tolpeddens there, and hear a certain favourite sermon of Mr. Trevena's.

The worthy rector was not a rich man, and the patron being a non-resident, and a confirmed invalid, diluting his miserable and puny existence at the German watering-places, spent as little as he

could on his parish. Hence it was that, to the horror of the Wavertons, and all mere ceremonialists, the ivy grew in broad living tapestries on the chancel walls; that the old oak seats, carved with rude emblems of the Passion, were honeycombed and crumbly as old Stilton cheese; that some of the graceful early English pillars were green, shining, and dripping with damp; and that the only monuments of the church were memorials of the captain of a privateer (1811), and an old wooden escutcheon of royal arms, as old as the act of uniformity. An impulsive fanatic like Mr. Waverton would have run into debt to rebuild the church; but Mr. Trevena preferred paying his tradesmen, and letting the church wait for better days. His zeal was perhaps less conspicuous; but his honesty and common sense were beyond dispute.

The congregation was a very humble one—only a few labourers, a small tradesman or two, and a stray miner or fisherman from some solitary stone hut on the cliffs. It was the custom of those two or three who gathered together there to cluster round an old headless stone cross in the churchyard, and wait there, talking, till the clergyman appeared, with all sail set, floating along in his loose white surplice, and at that moment to dive into the church, just as frightened rabbits do into their burrows at the sight of an aggressive dog. Mr. Trevena was a parson who fairly drove his flock before him.

The instant he entered the church, the old bent clerk ceased dragging at the rope of the noisy bell, and mounted his desk eager for the fray; at the same moment a small but select band, including one snorting bassoon, one intolerable trombone, two restless fiddles, and a pompous violoncello, forming nearly one-third of the congregation, commenced a short and appropriate overture, which, indeed, was the only part the performers condescended to take in the service, the rest of the time being past in turning over music-books, whispering, tuning, repairing strings, wiping slides, and other professional preparations. Mr. Trevena being a musical man, though opposed to the fuss and pedantry of choral services, had made great efforts to start a single harmonium, aided by congregational singing, but entirely in vain.

At the first attempt to start a small night-club for practising psalmody, the church band had assembled in force, and performed the Hailstone Chorus outside his windows. Indeed, it was the universal opinion in the parish that the union of Church and State, and the paying of tithes, depended entirely on the existence of the church orchestra.

Yet Mr. Trevena, indifferent as he was to upholstery and obtrusive forms, had introduced many decorous changes. For instance, when he first came into the parish, the old palsied clerk used actually, at a critical part of the service, to be carried, like a second Anchises, on the shoulders of his sturdy son, Tom, from the organ-loft to the

desk ; and if by any chance Mr. Trevena grew impatient, and commenced the Litany before his clerk could get landed, he would from his son's back quaver forth his petulant and self-important "Good Lord deliver us !" to the astonishment and horror of chance strangers.

Mr. Trevena had also insisted on the church door being kept locked during the week, for the following strange and unprecedented reason. The first Sunday he preached at St. Petrock's, the clerk's wife had intreated him not to deliver his sermon from the pulpit. On asking the reason of such an extraordinary request, Mrs. Mechin replied,

"Why, sir, there's our hen pea-turkey a-sitting there simly on her nest, and it would spoil the brood if you disturb her, so dont'ee."

As pretty little Mrs. Tolpedden entered the church, with Arthur, Miss Tregellas, and Milly Waverton, who had ridden over together, no less a glossy person than Mr. Bradbrain, not usually very remarkable for his devotion to morning or any other service, started up, and stepping out of his pew, hat in hand, waved Mrs. Tolpedden smilingly to his own seat. A malicious person (say the elderly Miss Trevena) would have almost conjectured that the gallant doctor had expected the coming of the lady whom he ushered in with the swiftness and neatness of a drill movement. At the same moment, but in a less studied way, Mr. Hookem, stupendous in a buff Marsala waistcoat, and a drab great-coat, with brown velvet collar,

rose and made room for the two younger ladies, whose little hands he shook without speaking.

As for Arthur, obeying a stern and imperative nod of Miss Trevena's, in a no less quiet, quick way, he accepted a seat in that inexorable lady's pew, not the less willingly because it commanded a side view of Miss Lily Tregellas.

The service began with those beautiful short exhortations we all know so well ; and then commenced the prayers that were written by those who now see God face to face, and move in the brightness round the great white throne. Then with his deep, full, transparent voice, Mr. Trevena read the psalms of the day, with all their passionate sorrowings and ecstatic triumphs ; then came for the first lesson the chapter of Gehazi's punishment, which was neither acted, nor slurred, nor intoned, nor hurried, but delivered with feeling, earnestness, force, and power.

The only interruption to the reading was the occasional exclamations of the old clerk in the organ loft, who kept up a running fire of comment, undoubtedly ludicrous, but by no means meant to be irreverent, such as "Now, what do you think of that, Gehazi?" and winding up loudly with "That's a big lie, Gehazi, and so I tell 'ee!" at which outburst Mrs. Tolpedden giggled slightly, and Mr. Bradbrain hid his face in a scented white cambric handkerchief. The ordinary congregation was too much accustomed to the interruptions to regard them. Habit will do anything. Have

not boy midshipmen been known to fall asleep at the very foot of their powder chests during the lulls of battle.

It was of course very wrong of Arthur, but during the doleful hymns his fancy kept sometimes wandering. Now he fancied that the church was a large ship out at sea, and the little loops of windows were mere port-holes; but still more frequently his eye glided stealthily to where that innocent and simple-hearted girl knelt, bending over her little scarlet-bound prayer-book, repeating so earnestly, with that soft, clear, frank voice of hers, the responses of the Communion Service, that prayed Heaven to keep her and guard her from murder, theft, and all the brood of hell. How he loved, or fancied he loved, the very globules of gold that trembled in those rosy, shell-shaped ears; and then suddenly, when he marked the fair hair, paler and less golden where it was brushed back towards the temples, he felt that he would lose a finger for one thread of it, yes, even to invisibly smooth it with his hand; and lastly he withdrew his eyes self-consciously, and in an unnecessary and almost guilty hurry, when twice Milly Waverton turned on him her quick, arch eyes, that seemed to mock, elf-like, at a discomposure that probably she did not by any means discover. But never once that he clearly saw—never once did Miss Tregellas turn to where Arthur sat; that threw him into tortures of doubt and misery, so quick are lovers in erecting

air-built Houses of Correction for themselves.

The sermon came in due time, after a hymn and a preliminary rustle of arrangement among the school-children in the aisle. Mrs. Tolpedden tossed her red geranium-coloured ribbons coquettishly into order; Miss Trevena braced herself to attention, in order to discover whether the sermon was not "a heel tap;" Bradbrain crossed his arms with reckless patience, and fastened his eyes not far from the geranium ribbons; and Mr. Hookem got into a corner, looked at his gold hunter watch, made a mental note of the time, and prepared to be critical, and yet comfortable. The old clerk, in a deep pew, set in for steady hybernation, and felt prepared for anything, the longer the better, so his dinner did not spoil.

Mr. Trevena walked calmly into his pulpit, leaving the door, perhaps unintentionally, open in a draughty and unpractical way, which set Mr. Hookem's teeth on edge, and gave him a lower opinion of the man. The sermon was a very good one—only twenty minutes. It was concise, vigorous, and drove home to the heart. The text related to the widow's son at Nain, comparing it to the raising of Lazarus, and the recovery from the dead of the little daughter of Jairus. In these three miracles the preacher found obvious types of the three great classes of sinners. It threw new light on Christ's miracles, to discover that they were all typical.

As they came out of church, Mr. Hookem slapped Mr. Trevena on the back.

“I will say to you, Trevena,” he said, “what an old farmer used always to say to our rector at Little Mudcombe, ‘Thankee, parson, for good doctrine.’”

“It was all St. Augustin,” said the honest man, coolly; “some of us Low Church people are too apt to snub the fathers; so when I find Augustin treats a subject better than I can, I always use him.”

“And very wise, too, isn’t it, Miss Waverton? Why, what a charming effect the fresh breeze has had on you and Miss Tregellas to-day! Where is the worthy lieutenant, Arthur?”

“My uncle insists on keeping to his parish church—it is one of his superstitions; and my father stays to keep him company. Of course you will come to this mesmeric lecture everyone is talking of?—we are all coming.”

“Oh! certainly,” said Mr. Hookem; “things one despises in Babylon assume an interest here. I want to see how the Cornish folk regard the pretentious humbug.”

Arthur ran on, to help the two young ladies to mount; but to his extreme vexation, being in a hurry, they were already in their saddles, and starting. Milly Waverton smiled and waved her whip; while Miss Tregellas turned, bowed coldly, but without looking directly at anyone.

As he ran, half-angrily, to overtake Bradbrain and Mrs. Tolpedden, who were laughing and

chatting in the most pleasant way with Mr. Hookem and Mr. Trevena, an unpleasant thought struck him that something had gone wrong about St. Tudy's fair.

"How did you get home the other night after the row?" he said soundingly to Bradbrain on the first opening.

"Well, to tell you the truth, that silly fellow Lucas did get awfully screwed, and I and Fitzhugh had to carry him back. Those two owls would stop and brew some more of that infernal liquor. I know you are angry, Arthur, but really it wasn't my fault."

Arthur saw in a moment that Lily considered that he had broken his promise; and the pang and anguish of that thought convinced him, for the first time, that he was on the point of falling into love.

"And a pretty faction fight you young gentlemen seem to have got into at St. Tudy's," said Mr. Hookem.

"Well, I forgive them, because it was to protect the weak," said Mr. Trevena. "I have never struck a blow since I fought a big bargee in a town and gown row at Oxford in '47; but I think I'd have tried the logic of a closed fist on this occasion."

"You wouldn't hurt a fly," laughed Mrs. Tolpedden—"you know you wouldn't; would he, Mr. Bradbrain?"

"Not he."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LECTURE.

THE little Assembly Room at St. Petrock's had as many phases as the moon. At Easter time it was tenanted by a stupid hypocritical orrery ; at Christmas it was enlivened by the annual ball, ventriloquists and jugglers. Geology explained in an hour and a half gave way to private theatricals, and other amusements quite as profitable as diluted science.

Formerly persons had to digest their own food, now the lecturing sciolist gives you his pepsine lozenges, and digests it for you. If Plato lamented the introduction of books because they injured the scholar's memory, gracious heavens ! what would the stern Athenian sage, in his intense earnestness, have said of our popular lectures ?

The gaunt seedy room, that smelt of damp, was tolerably full—a few farmers and small tradesmen, some townspeople ; the smaller gentry filled the first benches. The Tregellases were there, and the Tolpeddens, and Mr. Trevena ; but not the Wavertons, they being just then intent on preparing a procession for St. Lucifer's day.

Mr. Hookem, too, was present, looming out very large, in a white drill waistcoat, and between Miss Tregellas and Mrs. Nelson Tolpedden sat Brad-brain, highly dressed, and highly contemptuous,

tapping his small bright boots with a riding-whip, or putting on his dog-skin gloves as usual as pug-naciously as if they were boxing-gloves.

The small gas chandelier cast a rather pale and insufficient light through the cold room; and the night being a damp and chilly one, the audience muffled up in thick shawls and great-coats, did not look by any means easy to amuse. The talking was loud and sceptical. The Boscastle people did not seem by any means likely to bely the old taunt of Froissart, who describes the English people as taking their pleasure in a gloomy way, after their manner. Mr. Hookem said to Arthur that the clairvoyante would perhaps see better if the gas burnt clearer, while Bradbrain whispered to Mrs. Tolpedden that the dim light was, no doubt, part of the trick of the thing. Then commenced a clatter of sticks and umbrella ferules, impatient at the delay of the lecturer.

Roused by that, there suddenly glided on to the platform a pale, seedy man in evening dress, who sitting down at the piano in an injured, ill-paid sort of way, began mechanically, and with the intensest indifference to play the overture to "Zampa," followed by the "Mocking-bird," and lighter melodies.

The audience now began to buckle to for steady attention. Presently the door opened again, and in slid Mr. Mordred, corpse-like as ever, but smiling, in full dress, and trying to persuade Mr. Belleville, also in full dress, to precede him.

"The governor seems to like it, doesn't he?" whispered Bradbrain to Arthur, who had been trying in vain to draw Miss Tregellas into conversation. The piano ceased.

Mr. Bellville announced that Mr. Mordred, of St. Petrock's, had kindly consented to take the chair on that occasion, and see that there was no deception. Mr. Mordred expressed his pleasure to preside over such a large and intelligent audience, and seated himself in a horribly conspicuous chair facing the footlights.

The lecturer now advanced, and taking out a large gilt watch looked at it, replaced it, bowed, and began. He said that he was going to show them some experiments in phreno-mesmerism—experiments that he could perform but could not explain. Spiritualism had, however, shown that matter can become invisible in spiritual hands, and that spirits can pass through the most solid matter, as easy as light passes through glass. French mediums had also proved that spirits can converse with living persons by means of some combination of the fluids which belong to all bodies which surround us, and the especial fluids emanating from the bodies of the mediums. M. Hillaire, a sabot maker, of Sonnac, in the lower Charente, had walked in the air, discovered murderers, spoken to his father's spirit, and even received a heavy gold ring from St. Bernard himself.

Here the lieutenant took off his hat, and wiped

his forehead, for he felt giddy. Bradbrain laughed, and a cold, painful smile passed over Mordred's white face.

"They might laugh, but he had no doubt in his own mind that those manifestations were intended to nurse men's faith, and crush the materialism of philosophers like Darwin and Buckle, and of bold theologians like Maurice and Colenso. The unseen—if he might be allowed to say so—was once more asserting itself. They had learned to draw down lightning from a cloud, but did they disbelieve in lightning because they did not know why or how it was generated in the air?"

"The duffer!" whispered Fitzhugh, who was there with Mr. Tregellas, "he does not know the very elements of modern science."

"The crass ignorance of a fat-headed charlatan," replied Mr. Hookem, who sat next Fitzhugh.

The lecturer proceeded.

"Medical men, time-servers by nature, and too busy for either research or discovery, were the loudest in their sneers."

"A *loud sneer*—that's new, at all events," thought Fitzhugh.

"Yet he should just like to ask those gentlemen, with all their pill-making, sore-curing, grave-digging (laughter), what they knew of disease? Did they know what death was, or what constituted life? Surely life was something more than electric action, or motive heat! A man's soul was, he supposed, something more inscrutable than a clock!

(Renewed laughter). Still, ignorant as they were of these great secrets, no one doubted that those medical gentlemen could cool a fever, as well as subdue an inflammation."

"How do you like that?" said Arthur to Bradbrain.

"If he goes on much longer, I shall have to go and knock the dog down!" cried Bradbrain, as Mordred gave him a peculiar look.

"Medicine was studied in too unideal a way. They wanted theorists to study the great phenomena of Life and Death, Health and Disease. That was the only way to discover a universal remedy—that dream of great thinkers for so many centuries."

Here Mr. Mordred writhed uneasily in his chair, and protested against the possibility of such discoveries. Bradbrain ironically laughed and snorted.

The lecturer, twining his gold watch chain round his forefinger, bowed and smiled deprecatingly, and apologized for opinions that might be too daring for a mixed audience. He would now commence his series of experiments.

The last word was the cue to Miss Juliana, who instantly tripped on to the platform. She was a lank, ringletty child, with a London complexion, an enormous crimson sash, and a stiff white muslin dress. She ran up to Mr. Belleville with innocent and playful audacity, curtsied, and then struck a position of awe and humility. In a word, it was

a seedy Mignon to what actors call a "heavy father."

The mesmeric sleep was produced with singular and convenient rapidity; a few passes of the manager's jewelled hand, a few waves and shakes of fingers over her face, and off she too evidently was.

"Why, I do believe she's asleep!" said the lieutenant, who now sat leaning on his umbrella, profoundly interested.

Mr. Belleville then lifted her pendent arms, and made angry passes down them. They grew stiff as wood, and Mr. Mordred moved them like pump-handles. The sleeping girl was lifted from her chair—Mr. Mordred with gravity pinched her, she did not move or cry out. A chair was placed on the little legs, now also cataleptic, and she bore the weight as if she was of solid iron.

Loud cheers. The lieutenant hoped they would not hurt the child.

"I shall now," said Mr. Belleville, triumphantly, for he felt he had his audience well in hand, "I shall now proceed to show some of the more interesting phenomena of phreno-mesmerism—that is, ladies and gentlemen, mesmerism as illustrating the extraordinary science of phrenology."

At this juncture the suffering pianist began a selection from "Traviata."

"I will touch combativeness."

As he did so the sleeping child arose, and with petulant cries began to violently scratch and strike

the manager. (Loud laughter). Mr. Bradbrain shouted "Humbug!" and began to hiss, till Mrs. Tolpedden begged him to refrain.

"Acquisitiveness!" and the child proceeded to search round the stage for money, and to collect the music-books and chairs into a heap.

"Remarkable indeed!" said the lieutenant.

And so the lecturer went on through all the passions, ending with veneration, on which organ being slightly rubbed, and Mr. Belleville's fingers applied to Miss Juliana's closed eyes, to rouse "Language," that young lady fell upon her knees, not only with an audible thump, but in an exquisite attitude, and with hands uplifted to heaven, sang the "Rock of Ages," and after that "The Evening Hymn," amid enthusiastic applause.

"I really don't think I can stand this humbug much longer," said Bradbrain, with an angry groan, and an insolent, neighing laugh, as he stamped impatiently on the floor.

"Well, it is at least a very clever cheat," said Mr. Trevena.

"I shall now," said the lecturer, as the jaded pianist commenced "The Last Rose of Summer," *con molta espressione*, "conclude my lecture with some of the more remarkable phenomena of clairvoyance."

A burst of applause ran through the room.

"I shall place this young lady in the comatose state, in which state she will answer questions relating to the past, present, or future when put to

her through me. I must, however, first beg our honoured chairman to himself bandage her eyes most carefully, and in a manner to perfectly satisfy the most sceptical. I will then hand the young lady any card or letter that may be passed to me, and these she will read aloud.

The audience applauded the frankness and boldness of the lecturer, as Mr. Mordred rose in his imperturbable way and bound the clairvoyante's eyes close and tight with two handkerchiefs, one silk and the other cambric.

Unconscious of the science of secret telegraphy, the audience stormed their applause as the young prophetess read card after card, and even a paper of naval signals that Lieutenant Tolpedden handed up.

"The last experiments have certainly been most convincing," said the chairman aloud, as he stood up and addressed the audience in his cold, measured way. "But I will now, ladies and gentlemen, by the lecturer's permission and by your leave, try a final experiment of my own. I propose to whisper to the lecturer a question of importance, which he will at once communicate in a low voice to the clairvoyante. It relates to a matter known only to myself and three other persons in the world. I shall put this question in such a way that the answer, if correct, must proceed from some inscrutable spiritual instinct, and will, upon such answer being given, frankly own myself a complete convert to the new science."

As he uttered these words, the chairman sat down, and covered his face with one hand for several minutes. He then rose and whispered a question into Mr. Belleville's ear, who at once passed it on to the motionless clairvoyante.

"Now you'll see the little impostor in white muslin will come to total grief," said Fitzhugh to Arthur.

There was an intense silence for some minutes, a silence of almost superstitious expectancy. At the end of that time the clairvoyante moved her hands anxiously in the air, as if trying to touch some one who stood near. Mr. Belleville looked at the audience triumphantly, and passed his hand through his curled hair. Then he approached on tiptoe, and received the Delphic whisper. Lastly, with an air of solemn victory, he stepped up to the chairman, leaned over him, and whispered the spirit's answer.

Mr. Mordred's eyes stared; he remained petrified with astonishment. Then he rose slowly, and advanced to the very edge of the platform. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is something beyond nature. I am now entirely convinced of the truth of clairvoyance, and beg to propose the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Belleville."

While the cheers and stamping were still shaking the very walls of the Assembly Rooms at Boscastle, a man who had been listening at a window outside, patient in the cold and the darkness, glided off

before the doors could open, and chuckled and rubbed his hands as he stole away like a ghost at the daybreak.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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